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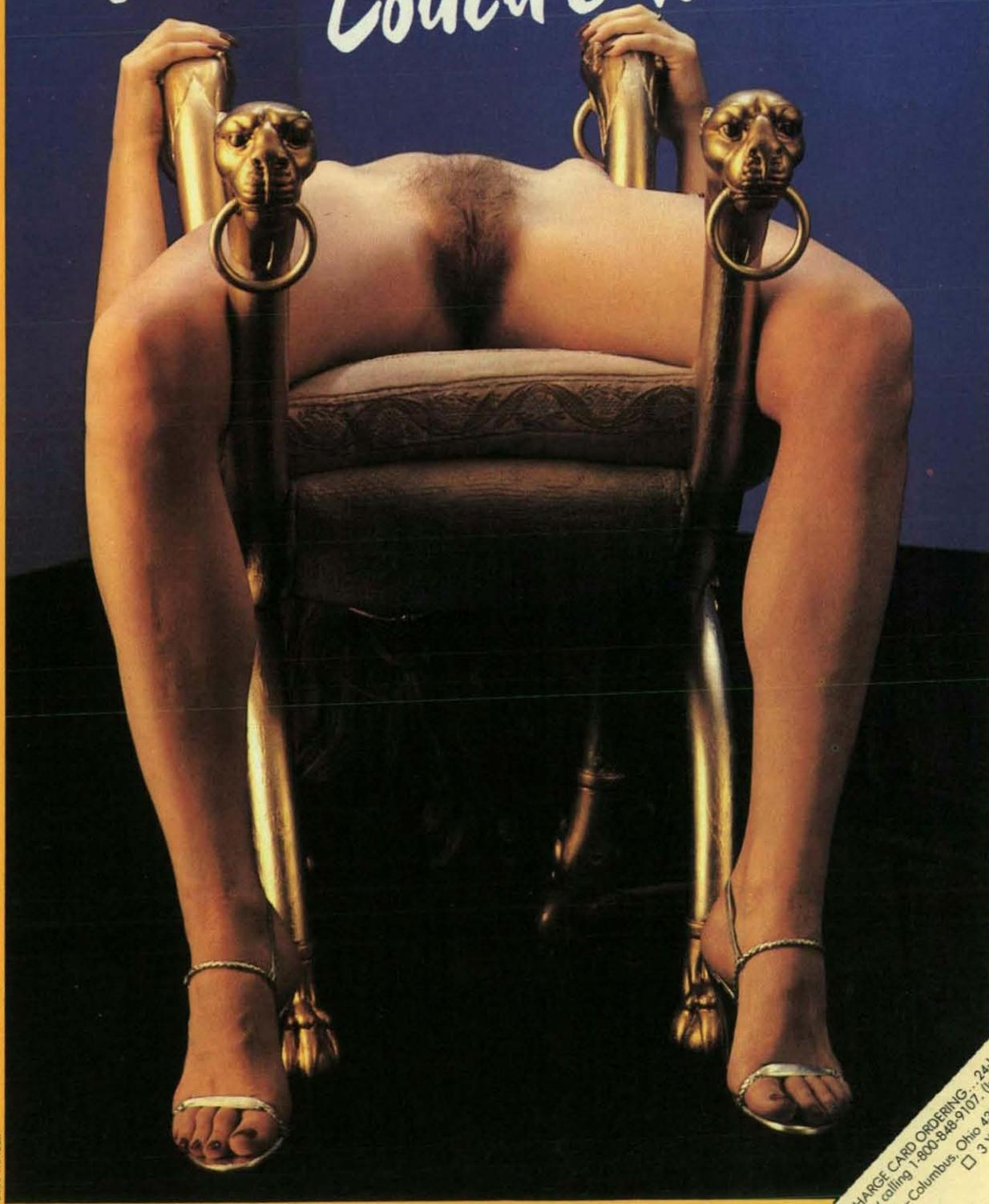
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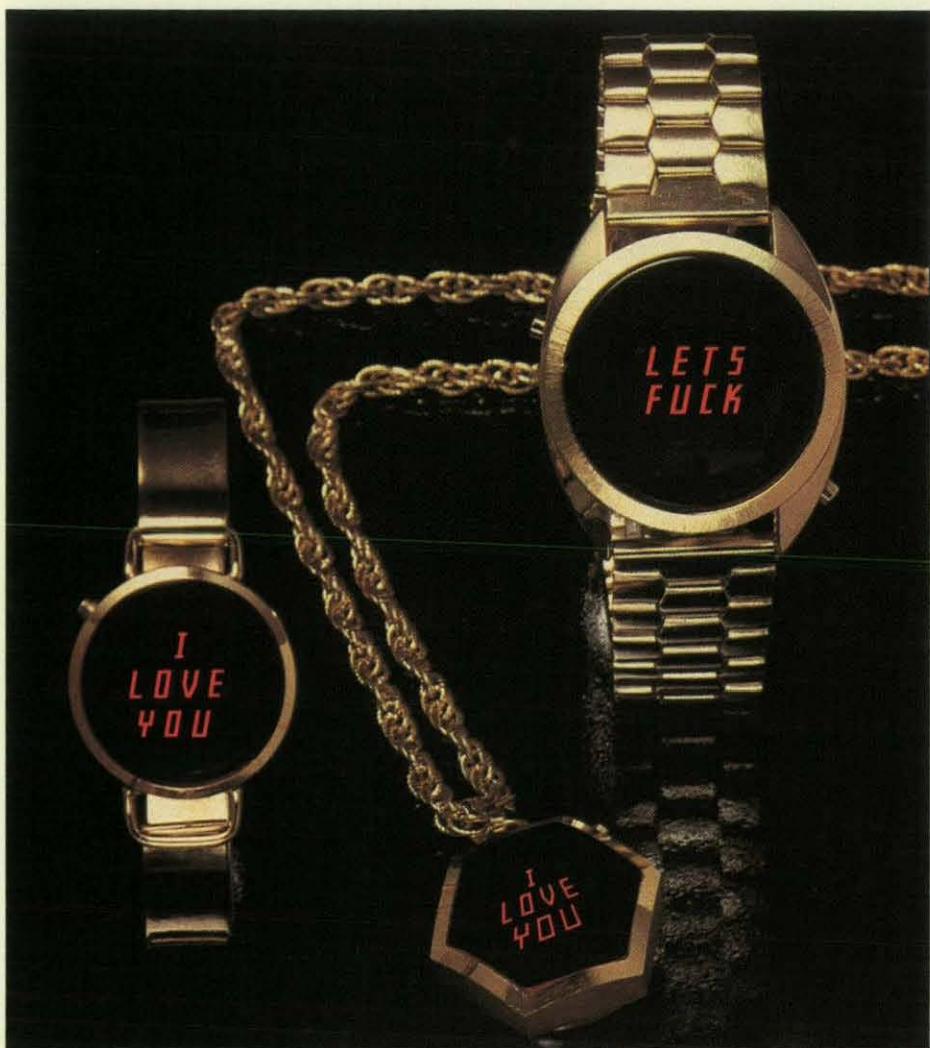
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HUSTLER OCTOBER 1978 VOL 5 NO 4

U.S. subscription \$22 for one year. Foreign \$28.
Direct subscription correspondence to HUSTLER Magazine,
40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.
Second-class postage paid at Columbus, Ohio, and at
additional mailing offices. Printed in U.S.A.

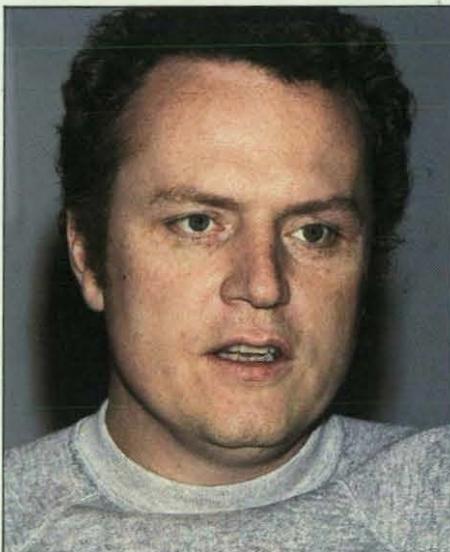


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PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



Glad to Be Back!

From the beginning HUSTLER was meant to be your magazine—created by the reader for the reader. For the most part I think we have succeeded in this goal; I believe that all of you out there who supported us and stuck by us through all the controversy and hardship of our development have made HUSTLER the success it is.

Any doubts I might have had about this were more than dispelled by the overwhelmingly generous outpouring of letters I received while recuperating from the almost-fatal shots fired at me last March. Because of these letters, I realized (more than ever before) that you, the readers, have shared the battles with me—enjoying the same victories and suffering the same defeats. In that sense it wasn't just me who was gunned down on the streets of Lawrenceville, Georgia; it was every American who holds dear the values that have made this country great.

I feel no regrets about my fight for free expression. Even though I have been crippled, I am not intimidated

by the people who shot me, nor will I be intimidated by standing trial in Georgia again. I will continue to fight for what I believe in, even if I have to stop another assassin's bullet as a result.

I don't know who shot me and I don't want to know. The important thing is the knowledge that a particular element living in America feels so threatened by our ideas that they will subvert justice and one of God's commandments ("Thou shalt not kill") to stop us.

These people are the real victims of society. They have been victimized by sexual, religious and political repression; by the lack of love inherent in sexual repression; by the fear of honesty intrinsic to organized religion in order to maintain its control; and by the hypocrisy of politicians who are not only lying to the American taxpayers but also lining their own pockets with *our* hard-earned money.

This is HUSTLER's message. It is not a very different message from

the one we started with; it is only more mature and more responsive to the needs of the people. HUSTLER will remain essentially what it has always been. The only difference is that I have a new set of values for myself, among them the desire to help eliminate discrimination against women.

HUSTLER will continue to be honest, sexually candid, outrageous and iconoclastic. We will continue to explore social and sexual taboos in the belief that an ongoing dialogue is the best hope for solving the problems that afflict our society. And it is you, our readers, who will still dictate our direction.

No single personality or ideology formed HUSTLER. It is a magazine for the average American, and it's put out by average citizens like you and me. I'm glad to be back.

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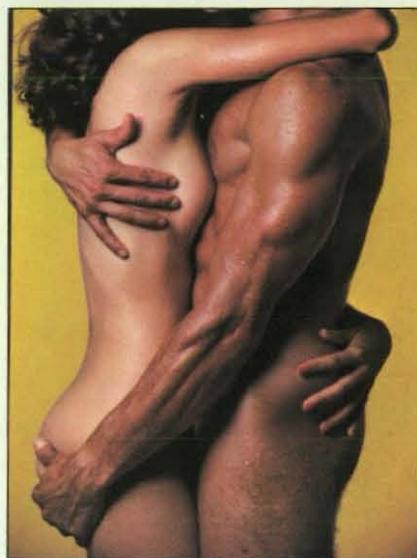
Cover by Frank Delia

One of the biggest cover-ups of recent times, a cover-up that continues on official levels to this day, is the web of lies and half-truths surrounding THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT JOHN F. KENNEDY. In this issue former New York State Assemblyman MARK LANE presents the results of months of new research into the murder of JFK. With his book *Rush to Judgment*, Lane was the first major critic of the Warren Commission Report, and is now the nation's leading expert on political assassinations. His recent work as head of a research team, directed by Larry Flynt, reveals startling new evidence that Lee Harvey Oswald was a CIA operative. This incisive article begins an ongoing series of investigative reports concerning recent political assassinations in the United States.

In a related photo-feature, we at HUSTLER ask if Lady Justice can survive the brutal attack of sadistic, leather-clad Count Repression. Photographer JAMES BAES was on hand to document the action in RAPE OF JUSTICE. Justice is always the victim when assassins attempt to subvert democracy by imposing a majority of one. Such violence can only be bred in a sexually repressed society.

Psychologists EBERHARD and PHYLLIS KRONHAUSEN are back in the October HUSTLER with proof that children have erotic imaginations and that sexual repression begins early in life. The Kronhausens were among the founders of the San Francisco Museum of Erotic Art and have published many books on sex and erotic art. Their piece on EROTIC ART BY CHILDREN is not, however, child's play.

Author and sports fan ED KIERSH thinks the major television networks are trying to pull the wool over our eyes with regard to the seamy world of professional boxing. Kiersh,

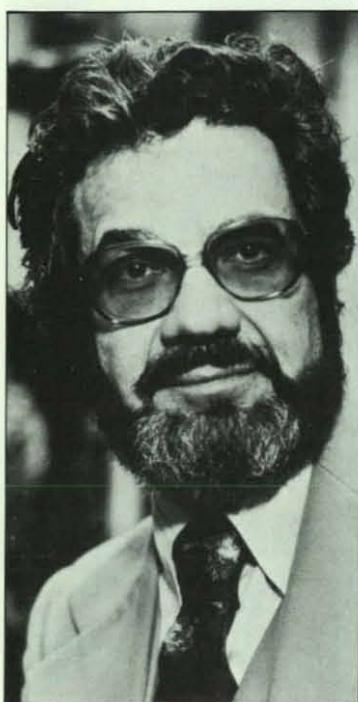


reporter and writer, taught English at the University of Akron. The accompanying art is by BOB GLEASON.

What was life like on the Left Bank in Paris in the '50s? HAROLD NORSE ought to know. The author of PARISIAN NIGHTS was in the thick of things in the heyday of Beat bohemianism in France. He spent 15 years in Europe and North Africa, and has written 10 books. He has also received a creative writing fellowship from the National Endowment for the Arts. Norse's story is illustrated by another frequent HUSTLER contributor, ALEX EBEL.

P. BOAS spent two years in Micronesia, and his observations of a SOUTH SEAS SEX RITUAL are detailed in this month's SEX PLAY. Boas has worked on his doctoral degree in anthropology and has a keen eye for the kinky. Some of the sexual practices Boas found among the Micronesians are so bizarre you'll never read about them in a travel brochure.

HUSTLER has concocted an Oktoberfest brew; turn the pages, and you'll discover this issue has a great head.



Mark Lane



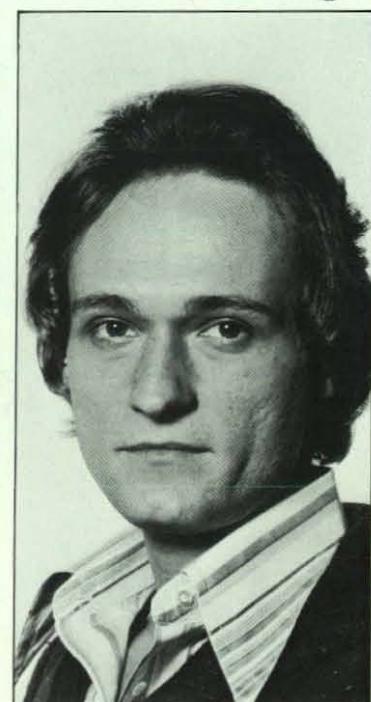
P. Boas



Harold Norse



Eberhard and Phyllis Kronhausen



Zbigniew Kindela

who has written for the *Village Voice*, *Black Sports Magazine* and *Crawdaddy*, says in TELEVISIONIZATION OF BOXING that the TV networks are leading the fighters and fans around by the nose. Frequent HUSTLER contributor OVERTON LOYD did the artwork.

Americans are starting to say "get off our backs" to the bureaucrats who have been duping us into paying for their tax-supported boondoggles and rip-offs while the fat cats have been sitting pretty—paying nothing at all. HUSTLER is sick and tired of the situation, and in this issue HUSTLER Articles Editor ZBIGNIEW KINDELA provides an in-depth look at TAX REBELS, who refuse to give their pound of flesh to the Internal Revenue Service. Before coming to HUSTLER, Kindela, an experienced

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FEEDBACK

Pit-Stop Memories: When my wife, Louise, and I saw your soda-fountain pictorial (*Parlor Games*) in the August HUSTLER, we got the shock of our lives. You see, those pictures came close to illustrating the first time Louise and I met. It was at a truck stop in the middle of New Mexico. I'd just got out of the Marines, and my car broke down in front of a gas station in the middle of nowhere. While waiting for the car to be fixed, I spent the afternoon in the arms of a very groovy waitress in an otherwise empty cafe. We fucked in the back room, on the countertop, and even under the counter when we were nearly surprised by a would-be customer. He looked around, and then split when he thought the place was empty! I married that waitress a month later, and we're still married after 30 years.

We're going to cut those photos out of HUSTLER and paste them in our scrapbook. Thanks for bringing it all back for us.—TED DONOVAN, Clovis, New Mexico.

Cheap Tricks: Why are you assholes using cheap tricks to get more readers? The front cover of your August issue is very deceiving. It said, "The President's Sister Shows Pink." Well, the President's sister didn't show shit! What that silly drawing inside told me was "Boy, you sure fell for this one, didn't you?"

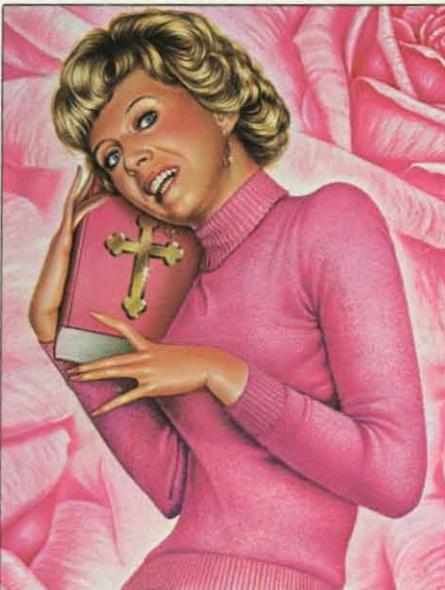
Well, looky here, I don't need this crap! I think that instead of snaring new readers, you just pissed off the old ones like me, who have been reading your mag since day one. If I wanted a fuckjob like this, then I'd read the *National Enquirer* or *TV and Movie Screen*, not HUSTLER. The guy who thought this trick up must be a real horse's ass! As far as I'm concerned, if this kind of shit keeps up, I'm gone. And then you can jerk off somebody else.—FREDDIE SCHWARTZZ, Kennewick, Washington.

Up Yours! Leave out the men! I'm tired of buying your magazine expecting to see pink and being disappointed by seeing some guy's hairy cock in the way. If you had to pay two models for your house painters spread, *Stirring It Up* (August), why couldn't you use two gals?—NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST, Portland, Oregon.

Your July issue appealed to me because it showed the male body as something beautiful to behold. I couldn't believe the complete spread-ass shot of the man in your life-size centerfold section (*Seat of Passion*). I've never seen this in a major publication before.

Please photograph beautiful *black* men this way. They're so godlike, whether hairy-assed or smooth-bunned.

Let's face it, what man doesn't like the idea of being bent over on hands and knees while a sweet little thing gazes to her heart's delight right up into heaven and then licks



and eats her heart out?—LADY BLACK-HOLE WATCHER, Detroit, Michigan.

Getting Billy's Goat: I sure hope Billy Carter reads your August issue, especially the *Asshole of the Month*. With HUSTLER's clout, maybe that no-good, rotten son of a bitch will get the point. I'm 100-percent behind Larry Flynt and HUSTLER, and I think it's about time you got around to giving that hayseed Billy Carter a swift kick in the ass. One of these days someone, maybe me, will shove an empty beer can up Billy's ass!—W.S.B., Montoursville, Pennsylvania.

Childbirth: Bill Nirenberg's article *Natural Childbirth* (August) blames the natural-childbirth people for a lot of the misinformation on the subject and lauds the doctors for their skill. What he doesn't realize is that the Lamaze teachers survive on medical referrals. If the teachers really told it like it is, their economic milk would dry up. All they can do is operate in a system run by the medical profession *for* the medical profession, not for the citizen.

The author is also uninformed when he talks about choosing a physician who really believes in natural childbirth. Hospitals using fetal monitors without telling parents of their effect on the infant or on the process of labor itself create the problems they seek to cure. It's amazing that doctors and hospitals use techniques that ruin the childbirth process and nearly kill the baby, and end up being praised for their competency and paid for their services.

Your readers should read Suzanne Arms's book *Immaculate Deception* and Marion Sousa's *Childbirth at Home*. As a psychotherapist, I find it clear that the family's attitude toward a child begins during that initial contact. Defects caused by many common hospital practices cost parents and children untold pain.—DONNA G. FOREMAN, Marina, California.

Born Again: After reading your July issue, I must say you're not the same magazine you once were. HUSTLER has definitely changed. You have taken a very highly regarded possession (your pervertedness) and thrown it away, or rather, traded it for something cheap: the new born-again HUSTLER.

The very reason I bought your magazine to begin with was the twisted and perverted atmosphere you created in your pages. I didn't buy it for the cunt, because I'm a homosexual. Still, I really enjoyed your magazine, until July.

I respect your stand in today's rigid society, and I realize most Americans need sex education. But you no longer turn me on. However, I'm sure a lot of folks will get some good from your changed format.

Thanks for the old issues I've collected,

FEEDBACK

and good luck in your efforts.—NAME AND ADDRESS WITHHELD BY REQUEST.

Naked Facts: I think the "Humanist Perspective" of the *Declaration of Sexual Rights and Responsibilities* (July) is long-overdue, as are the other perspectives presented therein. Nudists have been working out their problems since the inception of the movement, but many taboos still remain to be broken down or settled in nudist parks and clubs.

The simplest and most human functions—namely touching, embracing and sex—are suppressed in social nudism today, despite the fact that swingers have lowered many sexual barriers. I hope that in the future nudism's laws will allow more freedom to its members; and maybe then John and Jane Q. Public will be ready to accept nudism on a massive scale, with the assurance that sexual freedom prevails in a naked and free society.—STEVE LEACH, Fairmount, Indiana.

I picked up the July HUSTLER today and sat down and *read* a lot of it, something I'd rarely done before with HUSTLER. I noticed you'd changed more than I expected, and all of it for the better. I used to be ashamed to admit buying it.

You still have excellent humor, erotic and informative stories and columns, and explicit pictures, but the change I noticed was that somehow HUSTLER is now suffused

with a feeling of respectability. I particularly enjoyed the pictures accompanying Dr. Lester Kirkendall's *Declaration of Sexual Rights and Responsibilities*. The article and the snapshots of nudists seemed to express my own ideals: total freedom to enjoy life in all its peaceful aspects.—KIRBY G. MILLER, Hinsdale, Illinois.

We would like to apologize for not giving credit where it was due with respect to the snapshots mentioned above. These fine pictures are the property of Sensate Media Service; several of them were taken by Ed Lange, Sensate Media's executive officer. For information about Sensate Media write the service at 5436 Fernwood Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90027.

Drug Abuse: I got a good laugh from Chester in your July issue, but I have some questions about the drug-abuse insert. First of all, did those figures include *alcohol* cases? If alcohol isn't a drug, then marijuana sure as hell isn't.

I was a teenage drug abuser not long ago, and I remember how I felt at the time. I had to take all of this shit occurring every day stone-sober, while the adults who caused it "unwound" every evening with their happy hours and martinis. Fuck no! I said, and located my first pot dealer. In the long run I am glad that you older folks made it very hard for me to get liquor, or else I might have grown up to be a "respectable" alcoholic, denouncing those evil marijuana-

smoking brats. When I finally tried alcohol, I got sick enough times to realize that marijuana was easier on my body. Still, grass is illegal, so it isn't respectable, which is why a large majority of Americans still wake up with hangovers and accumulated brain and liver damage.

In my eyes, because I've been there, drug abuse is constant consumption of any drug, legal or illicit, if it interferes with a person's day-to-day functioning, as well as with his future health. The man who has a Bloody Mary with breakfast, a martini for lunch and several drinks through the evening on a fairly regular basis is just as guilty of drug abuse as any pothead. Drug use is not a bad thing if you control it and don't let it run you. One of my best friends once said, "Stay high, but keep your priorities straight." Now I know just what he meant.—WARREN MANZANERA, Phoenix, Arizona.

Babes in Arms: Though I didn't like the title, I enjoyed reading "Kiddy Kicks" in your July Feedback. I am all for accepting, permitting and *encouraging* a child's sexuality from birth as a part of healthy development. Of course, I'd provide a suitable place and time, and the proper information at a level the child can understand. I'd also provide the materials needed to avoid pregnancy and venereal disease—in short, responsible sex education at home as soon as the child can handle it, which is sooner than most parents think.

Naturally, parents would have to know how to devise such a home program. Thomas Gordon's book *Parent Effectiveness Training* is a good start.

I disagree with the idea of society setting an arbitrary age for adulthood, especially because this decision is made by politicians, who by the nature of their profession are not qualified to regulate our sex lives.—VALIDA DAVILA, San Diego, California.

Death Row: I'm on death row in Alabama, and my execution is imminent. Therefore, it is my profound wish to be put to death in such a manner as will benefit others. My proposal is that my execution be done on an operating table so that my vital organs can be removed for donation to the vast number of people so urgently in need of them.

I am writing to you to plead for your help and support in getting the legislature to quickly enact a law that will give a condemned man the choice of this form of execution.—JOHN EVANS, Holman State Prison, Holman Station, Alabama.

Like Larry Flynt, I'm a born-again Christian. I'm also on death row, and I may go to the gas chamber. If I do, praise God! Larry came to North Carolina a few months ago, and I read where some Christians spoke out against him. What kind of Christians were they?

I'll meet you in the clouds.—Your brother

... AND THEN THERE'S
THE ONE ABOUT THE
TRAVELING SALESMAN
WHO STOPPED OFF AT A
FARMHOUSE LOOKING FOR A . . .





"Arthur! I said I'd answer the door!"

in Christ, JAMES CALVIN JONES, Central Prison, Raleigh, North Carolina.

Banned Behind Bars: I'm a prisoner at the Dallas State Correctional Institution. After reading several issues of HUSTLER, I decided to subscribe to your magazine because I think it's the best on the market. Unfortunately, some people don't agree.

When my first issue was delivered yesterday, about 30 pages had been ripped out. It seems the assholes in the mail room felt these pages were obscene. I'll never know what the July HUSTLER looks like. I have filed complaints with the Commissioner and the Superintendent here, even though I feel these people are idiots and very backward.

Your magazine is a legal publication and should be allowed in the prison. We're men here, not children. I guess these people just don't know what real class is.—BRONSON, Dallas State Correctional Institution, Dallas, Pennsylvania.

Love Seat: In your July issue you showed a couple in the "Love Chair" (*Seat of Passion*). Why must you show a man with a soft cock? He was really sexy, but a hard, purple-headed cock would really have topped off the pictures nicely.

Sometimes my husband and I use your magazine in our lovemaking. He gets turned-on looking at your lovely ladies and begins playing with me, and I get hotter and hotter knowing what he's looking at and

how horny he is. We both really get off, again and again.

We are going to try to make our own "Love Chair," and if we succeed, we might even submit our picture to *Beaver Hunt*.—JANICE KEY, Brownwood, Texas.

I would like to know if the "Love Chair" in your July issue is for sale. If so, how much does it cost and where can I purchase it?—GEORGE BAKER, San Jose, California.

The "Love Chair" will soon be marketed by Leisure Time Products. For information write P.O. Box 16508, Columbus, Ohio 43216, or wait for an announcement in a forthcoming issue of HUSTLER.

Family Portrait: I buy your magazine every month and enjoy *Beaver Hunt* very much. I think more readers would enjoy HUSTLER if you had a "Family Beaver Hunt," where families could send in photos of the complete household, including Mom, Dad, the kids, the dog, maybe even Grandma.—T. J., St. Paul, Minnesota.

Not a bad idea, T. J. We're already receiving pictures of loving couples who are baring all.

Worst of HUSTLER: I have finally looked at your perverted and totally immoral magazine for the last time. BEST OF HUSTLER #3 is the creation of a sick and deranged mind. Larry Flynt and all of his

sadistic cronies are abusing their rights to freedom of the press, speech, etc. It is magazines such as yours that warp the minds of impressionable youth.

If Mr. Flynt wants to "tell the people" all there is to know about the Vietnam War (*The Real Obscenity: War*), I'm sure he could accomplish more with words than with gory photographs. If you want to see bloody war pictures so badly, why don't all of you just go to Siberia with your photographers and slaughter one another. Boy, I'll bet your magazine would really sell then.

Is there nothing you won't publish to promote sales? Did you really have to cover one of your earlier issues with a crucified rabbit (April)? Do you actually find humor in that? It was plain sick.

It's magazines such as yours that will eventually destroy the rights and freedoms of the American people.—A. B., Santee, California.

HUSTLER Magazine is not sold to persons under 18 years of age.

Disgruntled Vet: Since I'm one of those half-million Vietnam War vets still looking for a job, I'd like to thank you for that little note under "Movies" in your July *Media Takes*. At least somebody cares about us and is concerned about the bad break we're getting.—JOE CUNNINGHAM, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

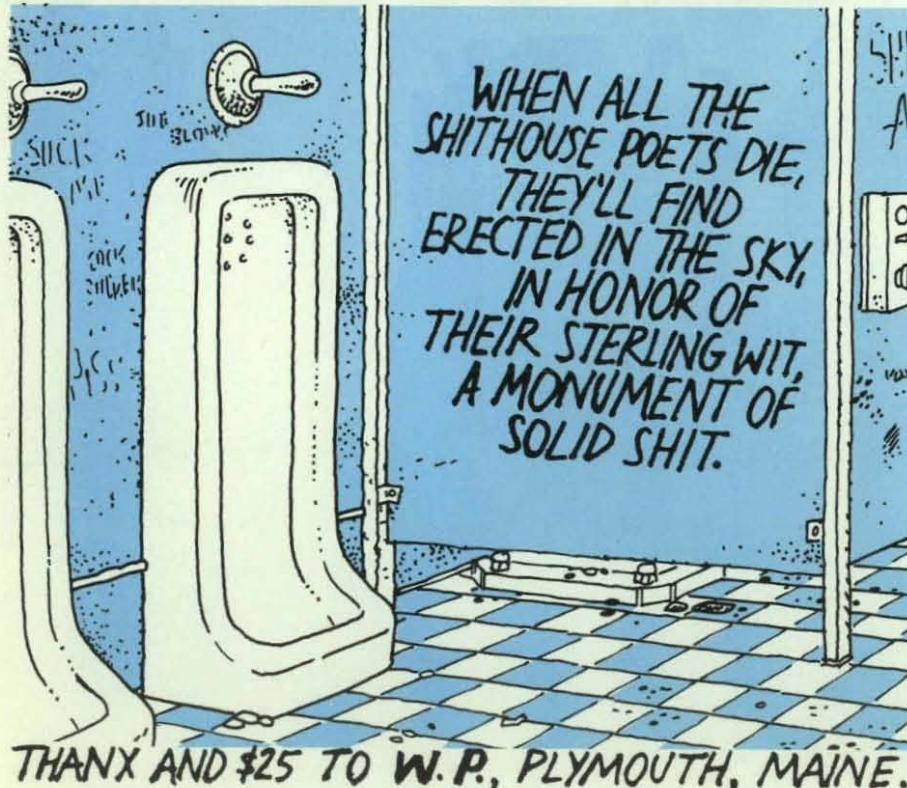
Thank you, sir. We care a lot about the current plight of Vietnam-era veterans, and we'd like to hear from more of you.

Getting His Licks In: I like most of what I see in HUSTLER, but there are some new things you should have in future issues. I dig watching lesbians. I like to see a woman licking another woman's clit. Why don't you show a woman licking the clit of an ugly, grotesque woman? The one doing the licking should be young, beautiful and sexy, wearing leather boots and with a pink ribbon in her hair.

I would also like to see a woman having sex with, and performing fellatio on, the following: an African cannibal, a devil, a donkey and a bald man with pimples, warts, scars and deformed ears. Some magazines only come close to showing clit-licking and clit-sucking, but close isn't good enough. I'm sure HUSTLER will go all the way.—JOE COHEN, Howell, New Jersey.

All those clit-nibblers and slit-slurpers who write into your magazine must be living in some smell-blind dreamworld, or else all the activity is only in their heads. The reality is that the smell would knock a fly off a shit-wagon, even after all those silly douches. So what are they talking about? Can't they smell, or are they shit-eaters?—NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST, Santa Monica, California. 

GRAFFILTHY



World News Roundup

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067

Half of the "sex therapists" now practicing are not qualified, according to the Family Service Association of America. The organization warns that quack sex therapists may pressure clients into activities that are not necessarily helpful, including group sex, pornography, prostitution and even intercourse with the therapist. Experts say persons seeking help from sex therapists should determine whether they belong to any professional groups, such as the American Association of Sex Educators and Counselors.

Information on subjects such as nutrition and nuclear power is being distributed free to schools in America--by corporations involved in the food and energy industries. "Environmental Action" magazine reports that students are being shown films sponsored by Union Carbide and other major firms in the energy business, while "Tony the Tiger," noted for pushing Kellogg's Sugar Frosted Flakes, which are 40 percent sugar, is urging kids to eat breakfast. And Westinghouse Electric is handing out booklets declaring that nuclear energy is economical and completely safe. This raises the question: Should education include barrages of corporate propaganda?

Proposals to reform some practices of the funeral industry are being considered by the Federal Trade Commission. But the reforms are opposed by the president of the National Funeral Directors Association. In a lengthy report the FTC suggests making it illegal to embalm a body without permission or to misrepresent the legal need and hygienic value of embalming. It would also be a crime to remove bodies from hospitals without authorization or to refuse to release bodies to families who want them taken to another mortuary. Stiff opposition has been expressed by Royal Keith, president of the funeral directors' group. He said the FTC report is "shrill, unfair and lopsided."

Famed striptease artist Tempest Storm--whose real name is Annie Ball--has filed for bankruptcy. The 43-year-old stripper, once queen of burlesque runways, said she owed more than \$72,000 and had only \$500 in assets. Recently she had been appearing at an adult theater in Miami, doing two stage shows daily.

Joyce McKinney, charged in England with kidnapping her lover and chaining him to a bed for three days, used to peddle her favors in kinky ads in the "Los Angeles Free Press." She offered services such as nude massage, erotic phone calls, nude wrestling and modeling. "Your fantasy is her specialty," one ad proclaimed.

One of the world's largest collections of erotica is kept at Indiana University. More than 20,000 volumes of erotic literature as well as numerous other erotic items are on file in the library of the Kinsey Institute for Sex Research, located at the university. Alfred C. Kinsey, for whom the institute is named, once said he believed the collection was probably the largest outside of the Vatican.

Questions on an employment application dealing with menstruation, pregnancy and birth control have been protested by a Pasadena, California, woman. Donna Lathrop applied for a job as a dance instructor in the city's recreation program and refused to answer the sex-related questions, which were obviously designed to discriminate against women who might decide to become mothers.

Declining sales of cigarettes in Western countries have led the United Nations and the U.S. government to push tobacco in Third World nations. That's the report of writer Erick Eckholm in "The Development Forum," a U.N. publication. Sales are down in the West as a result of health warnings; so, Eckholm writes, U.N. agricultural programs are being designed to aid tobacco farmers in developing nations, and the U.S. government pays for tobacco experts' visits to foreign trade fairs.



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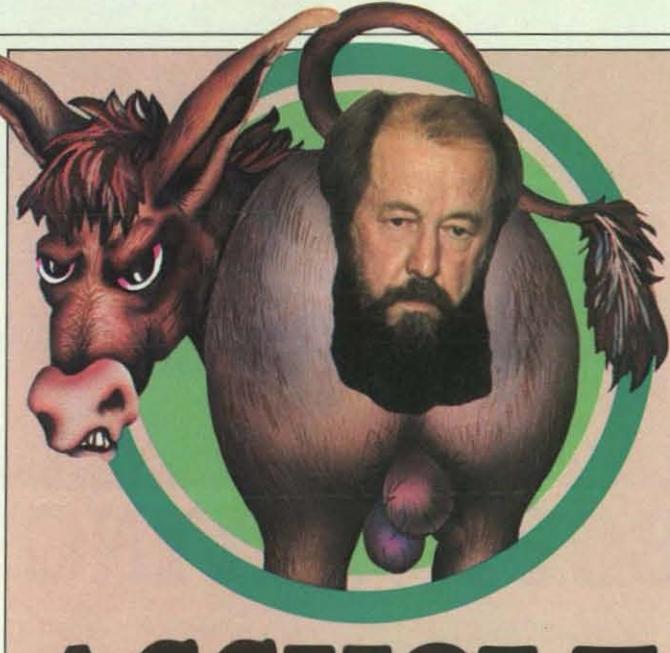
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Bits & Pieces

On June 8, Harvard University lured exiled Soviet writer Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn out of his high-walled, high-security compound in rural Vermont to make a rare public appearance. The bait was an honorary Doctor of Letters degree and the opportunity to address the graduating class. But when this bearded Russian arrived in Cambridge, he promptly bad-mouthed everything American except smog and beer farts. Solzhenitsyn called for censorship of the press, for less concern with material goods and for *fewer individual rights*. In doing so he qualified himself as HUSTLER's Asshole of the Month.

The press and other media provide Americans with the information we need in order to maintain ourselves as a democracy. The more we know, the better our decisions. Yet Solzhenitsyn claimed that the idea of everyone being entitled to know everything was "a false slogan" and that "a person who works and leads a meaningful life does not need this excessive, burdening flow of information."

We might have expected that kind of sentiment from Spiro Agnew or the late J. Edgar Hoover, but it sounds crazy coming from the mouth of this former political prisoner. The Soviet Union's censors reacted to his own books as if they were painful enemas, describing them as an excessive, burdening flow and banning them. Only in the West were his works allowed to be pub-



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

lished, so he could earn a Nobel Prize and a million bucks in royalties. And if it weren't for the "unfettered press" in America, Watergate would have gone unnoticed, the truth about Vietnam would still be laying under a pound of dust in the Pentagon's cellar, and the Korean CIA would still be exerting influence on our congressmen.

At Harvard this rectal Russki proclaimed that "the defense of individual rights has reached such extremes as to make society as a whole defenseless against certain individuals. It is time, in the West, to defend not so much human rights as human obligations." That sounds great,

but how do you do it? When you start to think in terms of censorship, where do you draw the line? When one man's rights get deepsixed, the next guy's rights move closer to the shitcan. When one publication is silenced, all publications become vulnerable—and the next thing you know, the government starts shipping us off to snowy camps in Vermont to shovel moose turds.

This anal ingrate called American freedom an "access to evil." He whined that "destructive and irresponsible freedom" has weakened us, while in Communist countries the comrades are growing stronger. Spouting the right-wing slogans of a 19th-century

czar, Solzhenitsyn went on to say in his commencement address that "decades of violence and oppression" have tempered the Russian soul to a peak of intensity, but in America our minds are turning into Silly Putty because of "mass living habits" and "intolerable music."

Luckily for him, the American press invaded his privacy and let him spout this crap to a nationwide audience. Back home, the KGB would have given him a one-way ticket to the privacy of Siberia. If Soviet youth have reached a higher spiritual plane, why do they wear blue jeans and pantyhose, spend big rubles on pirated Rolling Stones albums and guzzle some 30 percent more alcohol than their American counterparts? If the Russians are so steeled against Western materialism, why are they busting their asses to reach our standard of living while at the same time leading the world in alcoholism?

This guy's been boxed-up for so long that now that he's free he can't handle it. If this assholenik had his way, our government would ban rock music, modern films, HUSTLER Magazine, most best-sellers, commercial television and fruit-flavored douches. The press would go back to kissing the power structure's ass, and the rights of the little guy would go down the tubes in one big swoosh. No wonder the Russians dumped him on us—he's an asshole. We'd gladly trade him back for a couple of second-string ballet dancers and a juggling bear.

—Jim Dawson

UPDATE



MEN'S RIGHTS

HUSTLER: Nov. '77
The Office of Child Support Enforcement of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare (HEW) recently asked us for a reprint of our article on men's rights, which dealt with the legal hassles men face in divorce and child-custody cases. For example, author Jonathan Black exposed the selfish profiteering of divorce attorneys, whose fees are often a percentage of the settlement they obtain—almost always in favor of the wife against her husband. No wonder lawyers encourage an adversary relationship between splitting spouses! HEW thought the article might be of use to a man who had asked the agency for help because he felt he was getting the legal run-around in a child-support case.

From our fans in Washington, D.C., we take you to Atlanta, where the Center for Disease Control (CDC) was interested in the number of times we've written about topics the CDC deals with. Approximately 30 informative items regarding sterilization, contraception and abortion have appeared in only a one-year period, providing the CDC with lots of handy reference material.



VASECTOMIES

HUSTLER: July '77
Vasectomy, the male sterilization procedure described in *Sex Play*, need no longer be considered irreversible. Surgery to reconnect the tubes through which sperm flow from the testes has been successful in 80 percent of the cases at Hutzel Hospital in Detroit. While the vasectomy can be performed in a doctor's office in less than 30 minutes, the reversal requires more than two hours of microscopic surgery and a three-day to four-day hospital stay.

Doctors at the hospital report that most of the men who've undergone the successful reconnection are between their mid-20s and mid-40s, and most gave remarriage as their motivation.



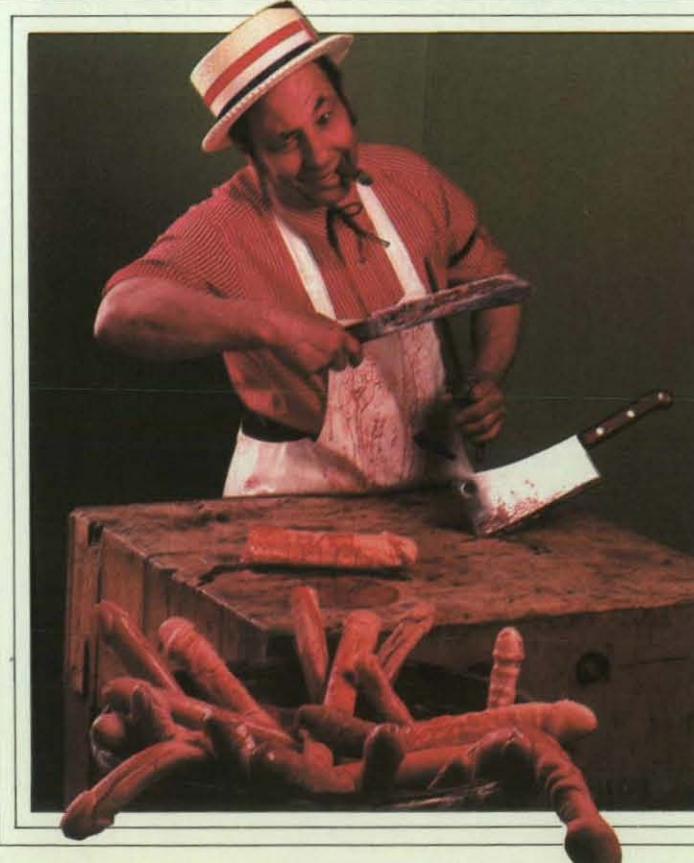
BODY SURFING

Upon our arrival in Los Angeles, everyone wanted to try out the local fun and games. But our crack Photo Editor, Frank (Cement Blocks) DeLia,

brought a hush over a beachful of spectators when he went body surfing.

"You're not supposed to use a dead body," we told him, but

Frank argued that corpses don't need waxing and they stay firm. "Plus, the girls all think they're neat," he intoned. We laid the matter to rest by telling Frank about something else California girls like. Now, if he could only figure out how to open his fly.



Blood Sausage

For a long time now some feminists have been doing their best to castrate the American male, and now it looks like the ladies may be able to make a profit on the operation.

Cock-dogs, shown here in production, are the first in a whole line of Fem Foods designed for the hungry, man-eating public.

Once Mr. Butcher chops up a barrel of boners, the flesh franks are sent off for packing and then shipped to Fem Food chains around the country.

A popular item at dyke diners, the dogs taste like a cross between kielbasa and your late Uncle Harry.

THE MEDIA'S BAD HABIT

We weren't at all surprised when *Mother Jones* (\$1.25 single copy, \$8.85 annually from 607 Market Street, San Francisco, California 94105) ran this illustration to open a recent article about Larry Flynt.

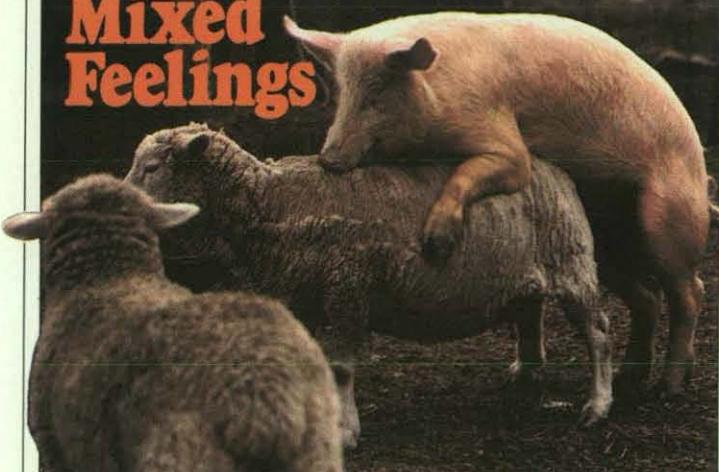
The artist may well have thought he was depicting a born-again Flynt, but we recognize that rumpled nightcap and the long robes Larry has worn to bed the past few years. The

magazine's writers might also have thought they were doing a story on a born-again Larry, but it seems more like they were trying to find a balloon soft enough to poke a pin into.

The media typically choose to do a story on Larry or *HUSTLER* after they've already decided what to say. That's why when it comes to getting respect from the media, Larry always says, "I don't get nun."



Mixed Feelings



Don't believe every label you see with the words "Virgin Wool."

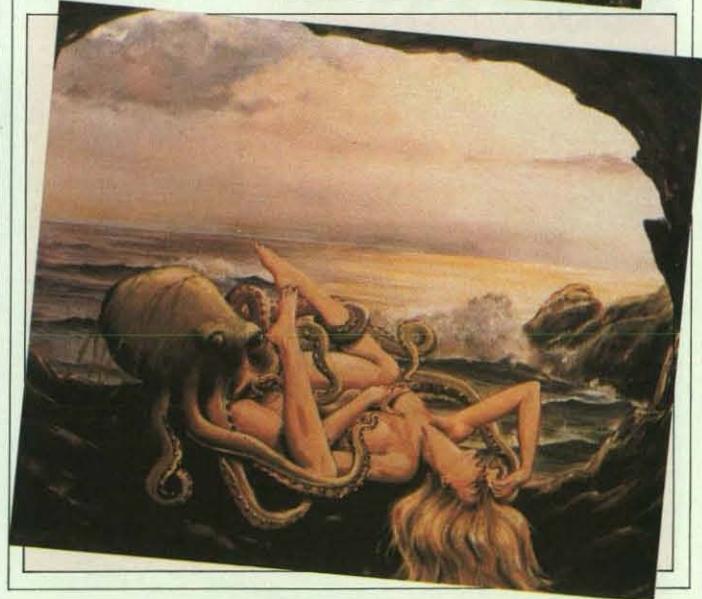
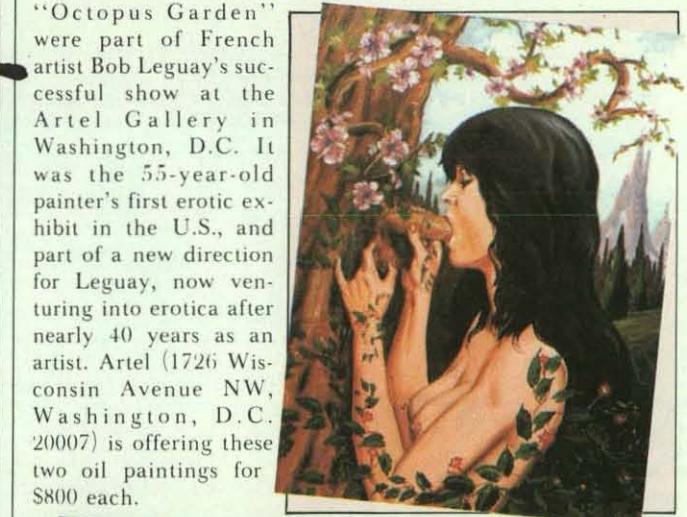
LATE-NIGHT PICKS



Because it has recorded one or two TV firsts, NBC's *Tomorrow* show has built quite a late-night following. Viewers of one particular edition witnessed another television breakthrough—a demonstration of nasal masturbation by *Playgirl* Editor Barbara Cady. Actually, the show was breaking for a commercial, and Ms. Cady thought she was clear to practice her hobby of tunneling.

NATURAL TURN-ONS

"The Tree of Life" and "Octopus Garden" were part of French artist Bob Leguay's successful show at the Artel Gallery in Washington, D.C. It was the 55-year-old painter's first erotic exhibit in the U.S., and part of a new direction for Leguay, now venturing into erotica after nearly 40 years as an artist. Artel (1726 Wisconsin Avenue NW, Washington, D.C. 20007) is offering these two oil paintings for \$800 each.





Some people just can't take a joke. For example, a group of feminists recently staged a demonstration outside of HUSTLER's Los Angeles offices to protest the cover of our June issue. The women were upset about an issue in which we highlighted Larry Flynt's pledge that HUSTLER "will no longer hang women up like pieces of meat." Maybe they

MEAT PARADE

liked that style better, and were angry to see it go.

In addition to not having a sense of humor, these ladies lose a few points in the accuracy-of-attack department. The protesters clearly wanted to blame HUSTLER for things like

murder, child abuse and rape. Of course, we've never condoned any of these acts, and our expose of child abuse (HUSTLER, October 1977) should be proof enough that we share many of the same concerns as our accusers.

Perhaps feminists would better serve their purpose by demonstrating outside the offices of legislators and judges who continually push repressive, "moral" legislation on us. We don't think women are pieces of meat, but someone who has grown up in a sexually repressive age is more likely to take a stab at claiming his pound of flesh.



FUNNY BUSINESS

Many cartoonists have commented on Larry Flynt's spiritual rebirth, but many of them have taken a condescending view of it. This *B.C.* strip by Johnny Hart was received

differently by the HUSTLER staff, and one worker here was particularly affected. Ever since the cartoon appeared, our advertising secretary has been waiting patiently by the phone.

JOGGER'S NIPPLES

Doctors are reporting an increase in cases of jogger's nipples, suffered mainly by braless women. Men are also affected by the constant rubbing of cloth against sensitive nipples, causing irritation and rawness.

Joggers who stay on their toes know how to protect their nipples by covering them with anything from Band-Aids to Vaseline to silk shirts or bras. Others are just careful not to stub their tits.

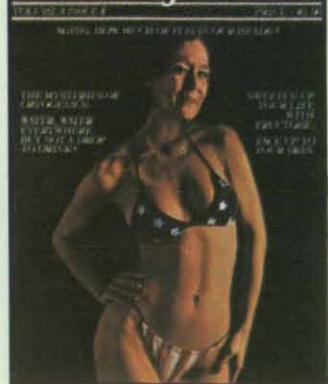


ADDING A NEW WRINKLE

The body seems kinda familiar, but we're having trouble placing the face. Then, of course, the people who designed this cover of *The Body Forum* (\$1.00 single copy, \$9.95 annually from 3100 Maple Drive NE, Atlanta, Georgia 30305) undoubtedly wanted you to take a second look.

The cover accompanies a story about aging in this monthly journal on health and nutrition. While we never believed it before, this photo seems to prove that the right bikini can really make a big difference in the way you look.

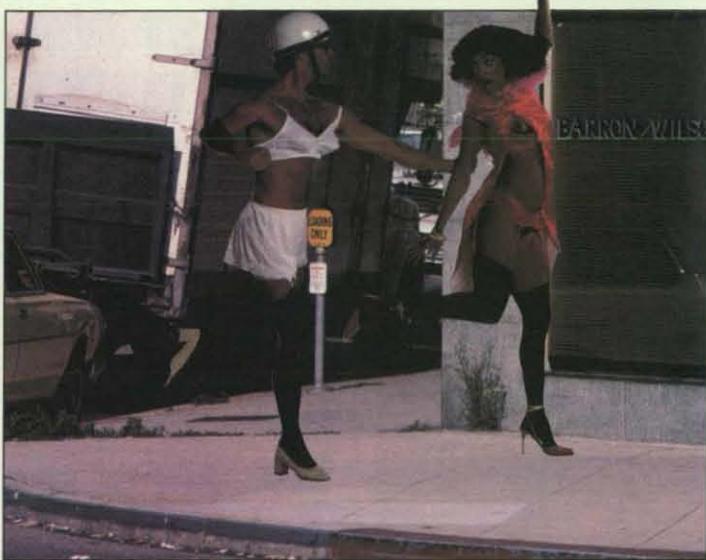
The Body Forum.



COPPING A FEEL

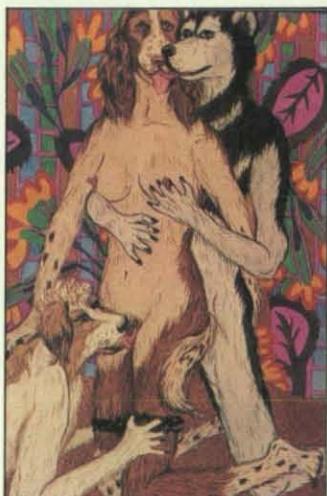
This is certainly no way to promote ticket sales for the annual policemen's ball. And as police found out in San Rafael, California, it's also no way to catch a hooker.

An unlucky and unidentified traffic cop was tabbed with the task of responding to an underground newspaper ad (placed by a woman) that offered interested readers the prospect of enjoying cross-dressing and sexual acts—for money. Although the plucky young



officer didn't actually chase the suspect down the street, he did dress up in feminine undies just to make a bust. But after all his trouble the police were too embarrassed to bring the case to court.

Of course, there may have been some other motivating force causing the cop to "go all the way" in his work, especially since he had enough information (a description of the act and price from the woman) to make a bust without cross-dressing. We don't know for sure what that motivation might have been, but we wonder if it had anything to do with the way the nylons set off the muscles in his legs.



DOGGY STYLE

Ever wonder what Walt Disney's dreams looked like? An artist who calls herself Irene Dogmatic (her watercolor "Lust" is shown here) seems to have the answer. We don't know whether Irene's last name has anything to do with her taste in mates, but from the look of "Lust" she's a woman who hasn't put puppy love behind her. Benji would probably rape a fire hydrant if he ever got a peek at this.

(Irene Dogmatic's originals are available in various sizes for from \$125 to \$350. Color photocopies of some of her works can be obtained for \$25 from Hank Baum Graphics Gallery, 3 Embarcadero Center, San Francisco, California 94111.)

PASSING FANCY

Those who say that vaudeville is dead haven't met Al Goldstein or tried to write on the subject for his new tabloid, *Death* (75¢ single copy, \$9.95 annually from Bad Seed, Inc., P.O. Box 432, Old Chelsea Station, New York, New York 10011). With all the sensitivity of the *National Enquirer* and the class of his own *Screw*, Goldstein is attacking our most inevitable taboo.

While Al feels he may have a captive audience with his new publication, we figure that it's only a matter of time before *Death* takes a permanent holiday from the newsstands. Meanwhile, at a news conference promoting the new rag, Al was ticketed for parking his hearse with a coffinful of issues of *Death* at a bus stop.

We don't mean to put a stranglehold on Al's latest venture, but we honestly can't picture *Death* enjoying lively sales. And we know that if *Death* doesn't come through for Al, he's surely got something else up his sleeve. Taxes, maybe.

"GEE, WILBUR..."



We don't know how Mr. Ed feels about this, but, according to the United States Department of Agriculture, the biggest new threat to horses in this country is our old friend, VD. That's right; if we can believe those smoothies at the USDA's Animal and Plant Health Inspection Service, the horse clap is called CEM (short for Contagious Equine Metritis) and is spread during mating.

The source of the infection seems to be those sporty imports from France, Ireland, Australia and Britain, and many of these are being tracked down by authorities. Concerned ranchers and horse-lovers should check for lesions and discharges in their creatures' privates—or just teach their four-legged friends to rein in their animal urges.



HAMBURGER'S FALLING STOCK

Is a constant hamburger diet driving you over the edge? You might not feel as badly about it as this fellow, but maybe you should.

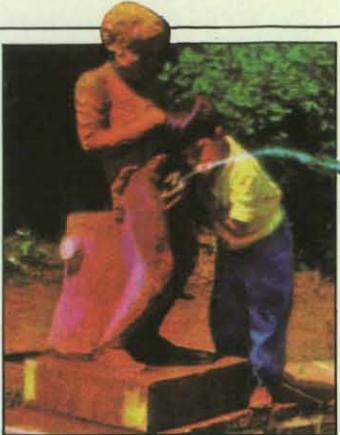
It's bad enough seeing reports on things like beef being contaminated with PBB, and even learning that such foul meat ended up being sold as hamburger in Michigan. But scientists are now reporting that hamburger cooked too long at temperatures over 300 degrees may contain mutagens (agents that cause genetic changes) which could produce cancer. A report prepared by Dr. Barry Commoner and a team of research biologists at the Center for the Biology of Natural Substances at Washington University in St. Louis recommends broiling hamburger or cooking it rare on a metal grill or stove or in a microwave oven. However, they also warn of possibly harmful radiation effects from microwave ovens.

Hamburger-chain operators aren't ready to line up on bridges yet. While some aren't talking about the cancer threat, others claim their meats are cooked at temperatures below 300 degrees. And Tom McDermott, spokesman for the Beef Industry Council of the National Livestock and Meat Board, pointed out that scientists found nothing wrong with the meat—just a few hazards inherent in the way it gets cooked.

There's no word yet on consumers' reaction to the news, but we know one thing: If they decide to boycott burgers, the entire restaurant business in Columbus, Ohio, will fold within a week.

THIRST FOR ADVENTURE

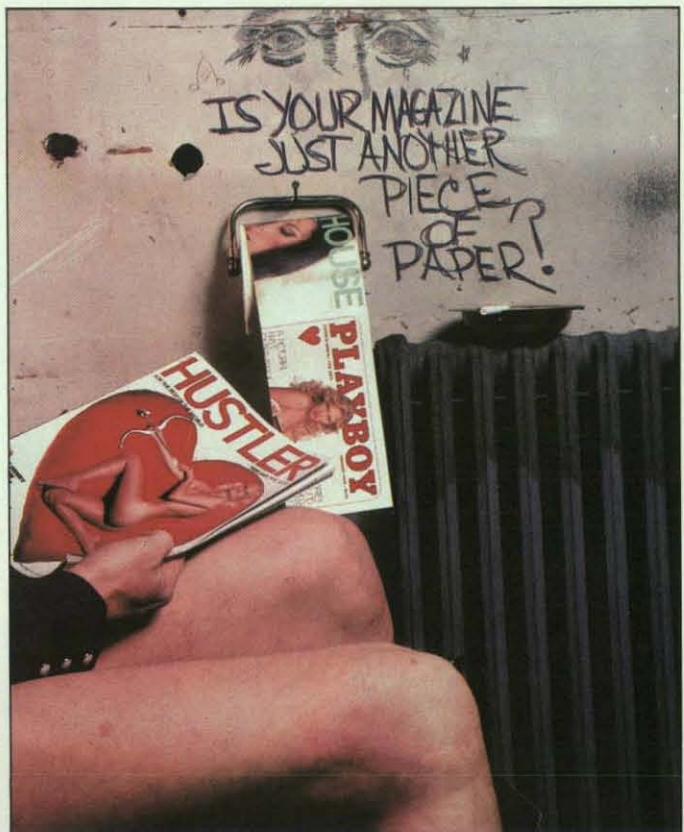
Our intrepid Production Editor, Rick Ostrander, recently went to Mexico, where he picked up this postcard. Since Rick and many other staffers had relocated in Southern California, everyone was curious about what Mexico is like. "It's OK," Rick told us, "but don't drink the water."



FEELING FLUSH

Called by whatever name, the family reading room is home to more printed material than most Alabama libraries. But what happens when the final

cover is closed? This reader says you have two choices: Keep the good stuff around to savor again, or dump the other garbage like so much shit.



TV STARS

Do you recognize these famous female celebrities? Neither did we, we confess. But these moustachioed minxes are supposed to be emulating their favorite female stars during an occasional knock-down-drag-out

fest in San Francisco's gay Castro barrio.

When the moon is full over Baghdad-by-the-Bay and the pansies bloom at night, these hairy apparitions step out of their usual macho garb and slip into something in a size 12—in shoes. It may not have been the most exciting event in recent minutes, but it must have been fun to watch.

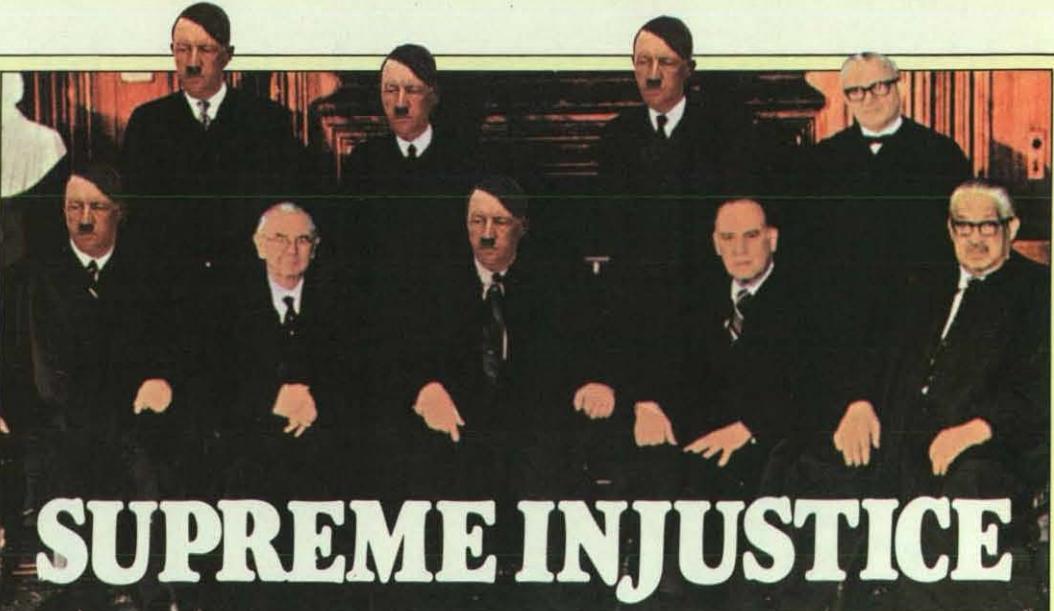
PRESS REPORT

HUSTLER has always kept its eye on America's media. In *Press Report* we continue this watchdog policy, covering developments—both good and bad—in this ever-changing and important field. We only know what we are told, and it's up to all of us to make sure we're told the truth.

Anti-Constitution forces have further eroded the First and Fourth Amendments as the U.S. Supreme Court's repressive majority has again reared its ugly head. With a vote of five old farts to three, the Court ruled that surprise searches of news offices do not violate constitutional freedoms.

Police now only need to obtain a search warrant—rather than produce a subpoena—to raid a news office in search of information they are otherwise too inept to dig up themselves. In fact, the Supreme Court's decision came in a case in which Palo Alto, California, police raided the Stanford University campus newspaper—and came up empty-handed.

The majority decision was delivered by Justice Byron White, a Kennedy appointee who nonetheless sides with conservatives on most issues. (He was joined by Nixon puppets



SUPREME INJUSTICE

Warren Burger, Harry Blackmun, Lewis Powell and William Rehnquist.) White shrugged off legitimate complaints that such a policy could dry up confidential sources, deter reporters from saving valuable notes and ultimately disrupt daily news-gathering operations by saying that "if abuse occurs, there will be time enough to deal with it." White also noted that a subpoena could be subject to challenge in the courts, a challenge which "could seriously impede criminal investigations."

While it's no news that the

National District Attorneys Association and other law-enforcement groups pressed for the ruling, it's interesting to note that Carter's Justice Department filed a brief commenting on the "impracticality" of requiring a subpoena and cautioning the court against barriers to the issuance of search warrants.

Intelligent citizens are outraged by this attack on the Constitution. Justice Potter Stewart said it is clear that such searches infringe on First Amendment free-press guarantees. Congressman Robert W.

Kastenmeier (Democrat-Wisconsin), chairman of the House Judiciary Subcommittee on Courts, Civil Liberties and the Administration of Justice, said these searches "not only have a chilling effect but also are somewhat suggestive of a police state."

If cops are so bad at doing their jobs that they need court-enforced aid from the media, then a police state may not be anything to worry about. However, making the press subject to easier police harassment is not worth the risk of finding out.

POPPIN' OFF

Another of *Screw*'s half-baked ads has made the paper the toast of the town. This little behind-the-scenes look at "Poppin Fresh" and "Poppie," the Pillsbury Doughpeople, caught the eye of the baked-goods company, which then raised a stink by getting a court injunction prohibiting further use of the ad.

If the folks at *Screw* had dealt with the Doughpeople as cleverly as we did in our July *Bits & Pieces* item "Jewish Wry," they might have heard no complaints. More likely, *Screw* publisher Al Goldstein expected no lip from a company that has been cited by the Federal Trade Commission and other government agencies for illegal and improper activities.

Still, it looks like it was the Pillsbury *real* people who got screwed. Not only did they put themselves in the embarrassing



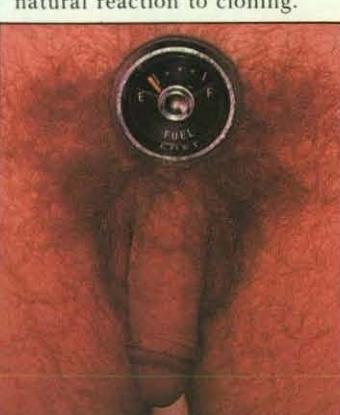
position of admitting the company spent at least \$70 million developing the Doughpeople's wholesome image, but now Goldstein has purchased Pillsbury stock and intends to hold them accountable for using all that bread. In fact, Al and his lawyer plan to attend the next stockholders' meeting to ask some pointed questions about what's cooking in Pillsbury's corporate oven. Al, be careful you don't get burned.

THAT EMPTY FEELING

The last time you laid back and pounded your meat, did you find you were pumping a dry hole? It's not unusual, according to tests on male sperm count conducted since 1950.

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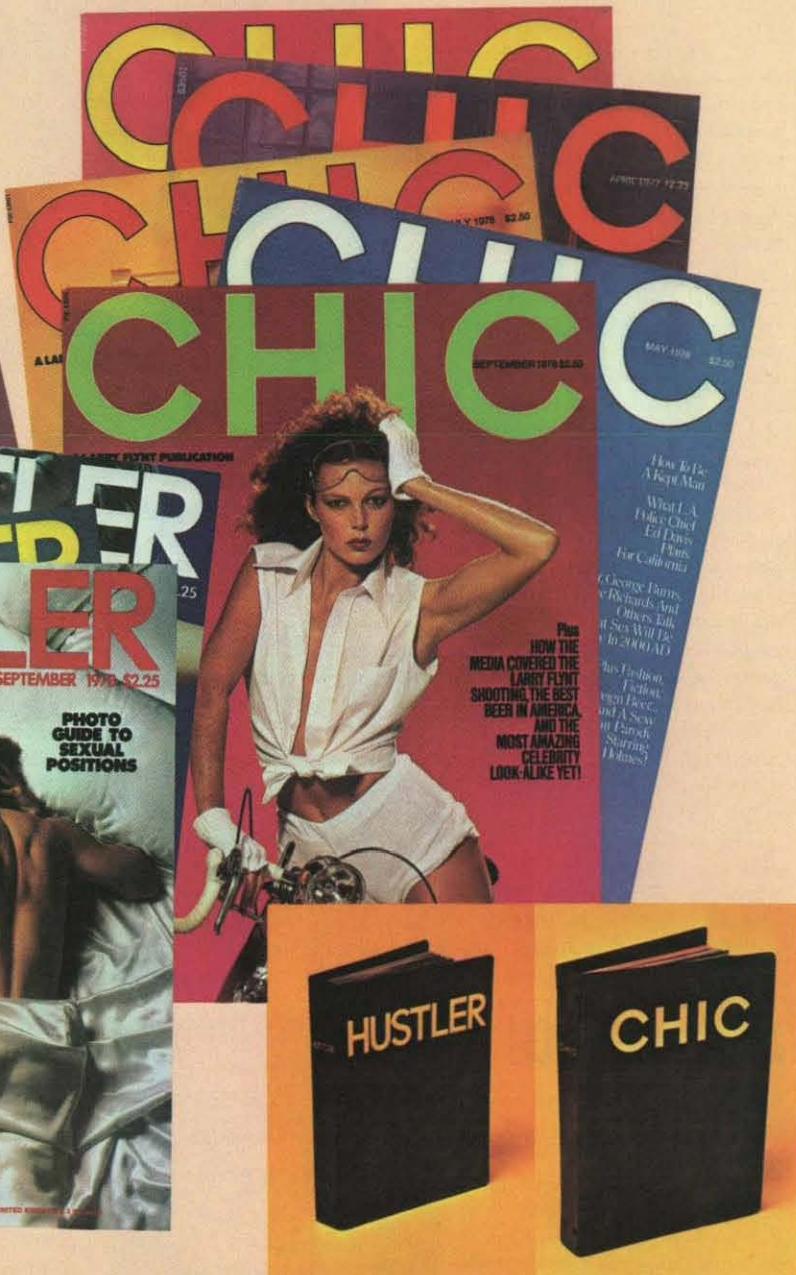
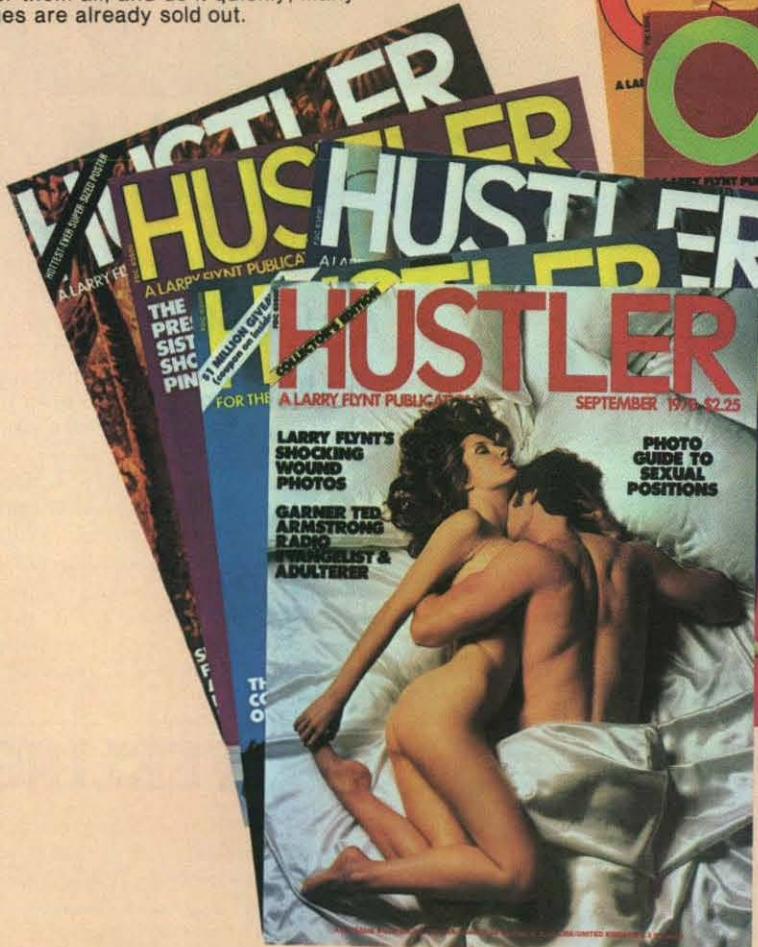
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ADVISE & CONSENT

Edited by Vicki Scott

Advise & Consent is a column that answers a wide range of reader-submitted questions, including sexual hang-ups, physical and mental hygiene, personal safety, legal rights, etc. *Advise & Consent* is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice of a physician or attorney. If you have a question on any topic, address your correspondence to: *HUSTLER Magazine, Advise & Consent Editor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.*

Cough Control: I haven't had that much sexual contact with women, especially since I joined the Army. But on my last leave I was with a woman who began coughing during our lovemaking. Her muscles tightened up, and it was as if her pussy was trying to shove my penis out. It felt rather nice, but it did surprise me. Do all women react the same way?—D. R., Fort Stewart, Georgia.

Since a woman's vagina is held in place by a wall of powerful muscles, it is not at all surprising that you were able to feel the contractions produced by your partner's coughing. As the muscles contract, whether due to coughing or conscious effort, the vaginal opening can be squeezed almost shut, and the walls of the vagina can be brought together with a strong force. If the woman learns to control these muscular movements, the sensation can be very gratifying for the man because it feels as though the penis is being stroked or squeezed rather than expelled.

Forbidden Fruit: I'm a 19-year-old female, and I've been married for a year and a half. My folks kicked me out because I was fooling around with my boyfriend, and I had to go live with him. Three months before we were married we became Christians and did not have sex until after the wedding. When we had sex before our marriage, I had as many as three climaxes in a row, but now the only way I can come is by having my husband go down on me. Why is that, and how can I overcome it?—T. S., Waterford, Michigan.

Perhaps you enjoy what is "forbidden," which could explain why you enjoyed premarital sex, and now cunnilingus. The repressions and inhibitions that your folks tried to instill in you (and that you, for a time, imposed on yourself) may now be taking their toll. Researchers consider repression and inhibition as two of the factors most likely to cause sexual maladjustment. Recognize that your sexual activity is now sanctioned, and you should be, if anything, freer to enjoy your human sexuality. It is a natural part of your total being, and you need not worry about feelings of guilt or shame.

Law-Abiding: I am presently serving a three-to-six-year sentence at the Logan Correctional Center in Lincoln, Illinois. It's been open since the first of the year, but it

still doesn't have a law library. I understand that the state of Illinois has a regulation that each detention center would have a law library to help inmates file appeals, petitions or writs. Many of the inmates were working on such things when we were transferred to this new facility. But without a law library, we will not meet filing deadlines. What action do you suggest we take?—S. R., Lincoln, Illinois.

The warden at Logan Correctional told us that the library system has been contracted for and that the law materials have been ordered. Funding, he said, would not be available until the summer, but officials hope to be able to hire librarians and have the library in full swing by the end of summer.

In the meantime, the American Civil Liberties Union says you might try writing to law schools in Illinois. Quite often they cooperate by sending law students out to prisons to help inmates with legal research. Also write the Notre Dame Law School Library (P.O. Box 535, Notre Dame, Indiana 46556), which does reference work and will photocopy relevant material without charge.

Family Feud: I am a 21-year-old white male, and I'm planning to marry a black chick my age. We are very much in love and don't want any trouble from anyone. The

problem is my parents. They are prejudiced and have done nothing but cause trouble since I told them about my wedding plans. They've even gone so far as to pay someone to tell my fiancee that I've been running around on her. We've thought about moving away, but I have a good job here and I own a house. I don't want to give everything up. Now my folks are threatening to go to court to get temporary guardianship so that I can be treated for my "mental problem." I'm afraid that next they'll try to bring harm to my girlfriend. Can my parents prevent a legal marriage?—K. H., Wichita, Kansas.

Probably, most of the trouble you'll encounter will come from relatives who feel they have an interest or a stake in your future and who get involved because they don't want to see you make what they consider to be a big mistake. Your parents and relatives foresee society ostracizing you, ridiculing you or generally making life miserable for you. What they don't understand is that society, for the most part, will ignore your state of affairs or, perhaps, consider you a curiosity. With care, you can pretty much avoid hassles with the public at large; it's too bad your family is quite a different matter.

You sound like a solid citizen, and you and your fiancee are both of legal age, so it seems unlikely that your parents could use the courts to



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prevent your marriage. If they threaten your fiancee, you can get a restraining order to keep them away from her (though the police can't step in unless a crime is actually committed).

It might be a good idea for you all to go for family counseling. This suggestion might show your folks that you are doing your best to consider their feelings. Also, a psychologist or psychiatrist may be able to help your parents see the light—that they cannot live your life for you and that you must do what you feel is best for you. Most of all, show them that you are determined, that you really love your woman and that you still love them as well. You may have to cut ties with your family for a while, but once your marriage has become reality, with time and patience on your side, they may eventually accept it.

Misery Loves Company: I am married and have a lover too. I can't stand it when my husband touches me, let alone when he makes love to me. My sex life with my lover is beautiful, and we're very happy. I left my husband once for him—but went back to my husband because all I could think about was how miserable he was without me; yet I feel like a prisoner at home. Should I stay with my husband, living unhappily for the sake of his comfort, or should I live with my boyfriend?—P. M., Arlington, Texas.

You're being very unfair to your husband by staying with him. We don't live in the "dark ages" anymore, when marriage partners were expected to stay on "for the sake of the children" or out of a sense of duty or loyalty alone. But the fact that you once left your husband and went back shows a lack of conviction and a great deal of doubt about your own emotional ties. Love and loyalty are not necessarily one and the same. Sort out your feelings, perhaps with the help of a marriage counselor, then act accordingly.

On the Rug: Ever since I was a kid I've been able to achieve orgasm simply by lying prone on the floor. I don't have to pump or massage my cock. But I do tense up, and afterward every muscle in my body is sore. The orgasms I have this way are among the most satisfactory ones I ever have. Often they lift me up off the floor, but I'm puzzled about why that should be the case.—A. J., Lexington, Kentucky.

Although most adult males masturbate using their hands, there are some who use stationary objects instead. For men the most common type of orgasm involves some body tension—rigidity, twitching and spasms. And about one-sixth find there is extreme tension with violent convulsions—muscles get knotted in the legs; shoulder and neck muscles stiffen; and the whole body heaves and jerks. It's just your own body's method of relieving another form of tension.

Bend and Stretch: I never noticed that I had a bad back until I joined the health and exercise nuts. The most exercise I had gotten before was pushing a pen. Since I started

doing more strenuous activities, I've found I can't sit at my desk long before my back gets sore. How can I stretch it safely? I've been getting into shape slowly because I've heard of the problems of overdoing it. I certainly don't want to throw my back out permanently.—V. O., Houston, Texas.

With the passage of time the natural vertebral spaces in your spine narrow somewhat, which, combined with daily pressures and tensions, causes back discomforts. There are some safe limbering exercises you can do to help. Stand straight, heels about a foot apart, toes pointing slightly outward, hands locked behind your neck. Squat down a little, then gently pull your head forward with your hands and hold for a few seconds. The squatting helps stretch the lower half of your spine, while the pulling stretches the upper half.

Another exercise specifically helps the lumbar spine (lower back): Lie flat, take a deep breath, then while exhaling draw your knees up and hug them to your chest with your arms. Hold for a few seconds, then relax.

While there are safe, simple exercises like these, you may also want to take more vitamin C. Patients with slight backache problems have reported that a dosage of 2,000 to 3,000 milligrams a day helps relieve the pain. Doctors don't have an explanation, but they have noted that in many cases people with deteriorated spinal discs have a vitamin-C deficiency.

A Closer Look: I understand that there is a kit on the market that a woman can use to give herself an internal pelvic examination. Can I get one without a prescription; where is it available?—Name and Address Withheld by Request.

More and more women are showing an interest in finding out how the female body operates and are accepting the fact that their external and internal genitalia are simply one more part of their whole being. Knowing what is normal for your own body will give you greater confidence in your ability to take care of yourself. It will help you to know you better.

The instrument you are interested in is called a speculum. You should be able to get one at a birth-control clinic or at a surgical-supply store. You will also need a light and a mirror, as well as a lubricant, such as K-Y Jelly.

Arrange the light and the mirror near the vulva (the external sex organs) and strike the classical gynecological-exam pose—knees bent, thighs wide apart. Lubricate the blades of the speculum (actually, the blades look more like large duckbills than they do knife blades) and slowly insert it into the vagina with the blades closed. Doctors will usually do this with the handle pointing down, but it may be easier for you to maneuver with the handle up. Once inserted, open the blades by pressing the lever on the handle and lock it into the open position. In the mirror you should be able to see the vaginal walls, the cervix (a smooth, pink dome at the end of the vagina) and the opening leading to the uterus.

Of course, you shouldn't give up going to a doctor for a regular checkup. Some problems aren't readily apparent to the untrained eye. But by regularly examining yourself, you will be able to tell when a physical change occurs, and you'll be able to seek a medical opinion.

Hung-Up: I'm not what you'd call a well-hung man. I have a six-inch dick, which, I am told, is average. I've been getting a lot of sex lately, but none of the women I've been with have said anything about my cock. Are they just sparing my feelings?—S. M., San Francisco, California.

The women haven't said anything because they haven't noticed any shortcomings.

Big Deal: Is there any way to shorten the size of a man's dick? In school I had the nickname "Horse." My dick is almost 12 inches long, and it is about two-and-a-half inches thick. The women I date enjoy oral sex, but they say intercourse hurts too much. I thought having a big dick would be great, but I'd trade mine for one half its size.—R. I., Crawfordsville, Indiana.

Perhaps you could work out a deal with S. M. of San Francisco. If not, then you might try working on your technique. A lubricant would certainly help. Remember that a very long penis puts pressure on the woman's cervix, producing pain, so try not to thrust too deeply. The woman-above position would give your partner more control over penile depth, while the side-by-side position is good because it offers little possibility for deep thrusts and penetration.

How To: I've been married twice. My first marriage didn't work out, but my husband had a six-inch cock and I loved to fuck him. My second husband has only a four-inch dick. To me, size does matter. There's a guy at work whom I find myself staring at all the time. By the bulge in his pants it looks as if he would have a monstrous cock. But we're both married. How do I go about getting fucked?—R. A., Vidalia, Georgia.

If you've been married twice, you know how to go about getting fucked. But what can your marriage be based on if size is so important to you?

Ass Fucking: Most things I have read about analingus, which I understand is fairly common among homosexuals, say that it's not really harmful. But I find it hard to believe that oral contact with the anus is completely safe. Can't a person get sick at all from it?—A. G., New York, New York.

Oral-anal contact, though common among homosexuals, is also relatively common among heterosexuals. The anus has a high number of nerve endings, making it easily stimulated. And as long as great care is taken to keep the area clean, there is little danger.

But within the last few years doctors have

noted an increase, especially among homosexuals, in a sexually transmitted intestinal disease called venereal amebiasis. Often the carrier of the disease produces no symptoms, while it causes diarrhea, cramps and gas in those who come into contact with the carrier. Venereal amebiasis is similar to a disease common in areas where water is polluted: dysentery. It is caused by the same kind of parasites. It's curable, and it's treated with prescription drugs only—Deodoquin, or the generic drug emetine hydrochloride.

In a checkup for venereal amebiasis a doctor makes a culture from a small specimen of fecal material or prepares a slide with a fecal specimen to be examined under a microscope. Diagnosis of the disease is sometimes difficult unless the patient's doctor knows what to look for or unless the patient goes to a parasitologist. The little organism generally prefers to remain in the warm mucous membrane of the gastrointestinal tract, but because it sometimes makes its way to the outside, cleanliness is once again stressed as a precautionary measure.

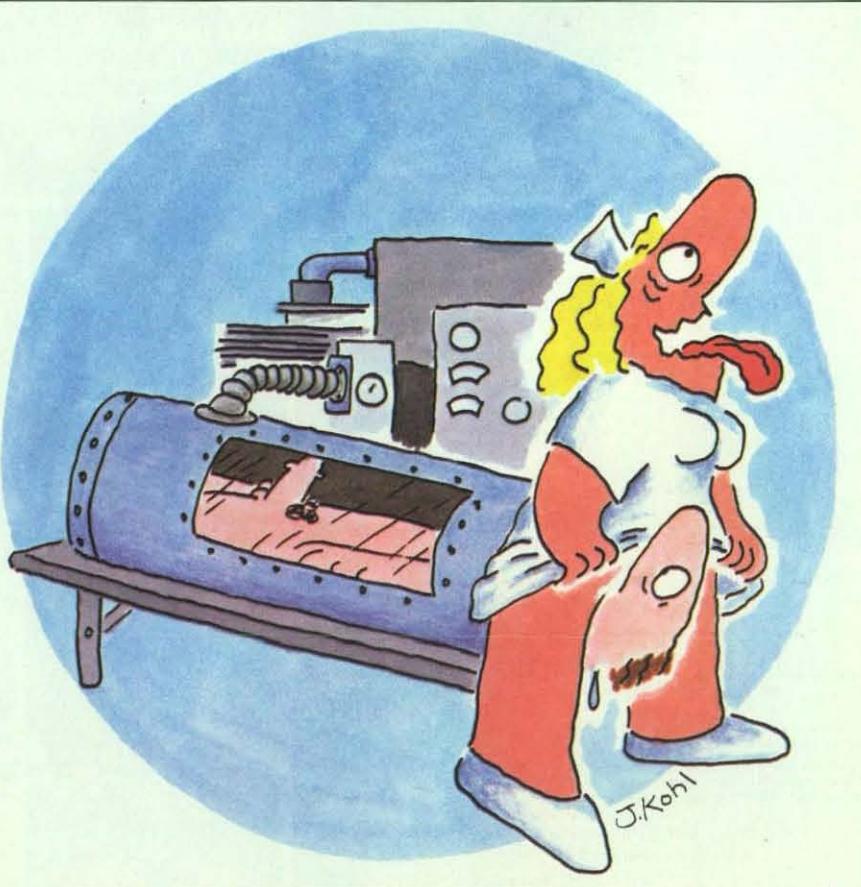
Missionary Malaise: The squeeze technique, developed by Masters and Johnson, has been described in your magazine and elsewhere. I know it is only one part of a therapy program, and since I am a premature ejaculator I'd like to know where I can find out about the total program.

I have another problem as well. My wife only wants to make love on her back—the missionary position. I'm interested in trying other positions, but I can't seem to persuade

her to try anything new. Do you have any suggestions?—S. H., New York, New York.

If you succeed in convincing your wife to try a position other than the missionary (man on top), you may not need the therapy program. Explain to her that with her cooperation, and perhaps for her own greater enjoyment, you might be able to get over your premature ejaculation. Part of the squeeze technique involves the man lying prone with the woman on top. When she mounts, she should position herself at an angle and move back onto the penis rather than sitting right down on it. She should be able to control her motions, and you too should try to remain motionless for a few minutes at the same time. When orgasm is near, she can use the squeeze technique on your penis.

Your mutual understanding, cooperation and communication may be the best therapy program for you both. Probably, your wife doesn't want to try anything different because it's over too quickly for her, but on the other hand, the fact that she wants to stick to the old standard may be the cause of your problem. It is sometimes said that a woman who always demands the top wants to dominate or even castrate the man. Perhaps your wife has discovered her own variation on this theme. Although the missionary position appears passive, she maintains her sexual superiority when you come too quickly. Then again, by refusing to try new positions your wife may, in effect, be telling you that she lacks any sex drive or that she has basic fears about experimenting. If the problem persists, a local clinic or marriage counselor might be helpful.



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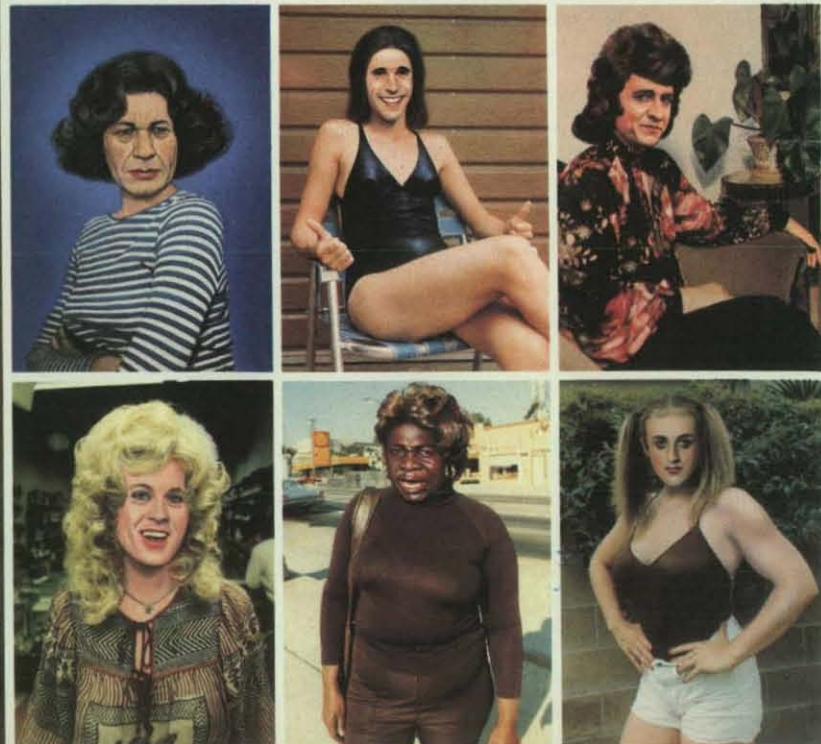
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MOVIES

They set us up for it in *The Omen*, teasing us into thinking that in the sequel we'd meet the devil head-on and vanquish him at last, after all these centuries. You remember that *The Omen* ended with little Damien, the Antichrist, walking away holding the hand of some unknowing grown-up, after having killed his own family and all their friends and acquaintances.

Well, in *Damien: Omen II* the ending has high-school-age Damien walking off (not holding anyone's hand this time) after killing his uncle's family, friends and acquaintances. Doubtless, the producers will do an *Omen III* and, if they think they can get away with it, an *Omen IV*, quoting from the Book of Revelations all along the way.

That book of the Bible gave them not only their subject but all their easy outs. If Damien is indeed the Antichrist, then according to prophecy there's only one being in the universe who can stop him: The Prince of Princes. Until He does, all these poor little people running around trying to bypass the prophecy haven't got a chance.

Yet they insist on trying. For instance, there's the lovely and sophisticated lady journalist who has seen the face of Damien on newly unearthed walls in Israel—walls that show the faces of the Antichrist as he grows up. If she believes the prophecies, she knows nothing can stop the devil until Christ appears; if she doesn't believe them, then what's she doing in this movie?

This is what the journalist does: She flies straight to the military school where she knows Damien will be, just to get another look at him before she tells everyone who he really is! You sit there thinking, "If I knew for sure that the devil himself was, for the moment, playing football at a military school in Wisconsin, and if I knew that anyone who has much to do with him gets decapitated or buried in the sand, or gets caught between



Damien: Omen II: Hideous proof of Damien's devilish powers, which the dear boy uses to eliminate anyone who gets in his way.



In this section we not only review films, books and the media in America today, but also comment on the state of the art with the goal of spurring the media on to better productions. As always, we'll present films, books and media items that will most interest, entertain and educate our readers.

two trains and has their insides squeezed out like toothpaste from a tube—then I'd get a job as a parking-lot attendant in some pleasant place like Miami, and wait things out; I wouldn't go anywhere near that military school in Wisconsin where the devil, for the moment, is playing football."

One by one they go and take a look. One by one they die: William Holden, Lee Grant,

Lew Ayres and a cast of minions.

And yet, for the first hour or so—before you get bored with how Damien always wins—this isn't a bad film. It's well-acted, well-directed, and at first Damien doesn't know he's Satan incarnate—he thinks he's just a kid. He's surprisingly unscarred by the fact that his mother died horribly when he was a child and that, at five, his

father died while trying to kill him—but all that was another movie. In this one, when he finds out he's the devil he's not very happy about it. He even sheds a tear when he has to kill his best friend.

In the first hour the film deals with real things. For example, Damien's uncle runs a corporation that Damien will one day inherit. There is a bit in which they discuss how one person dies of starvation in our world every 8.6 seconds—that amounts, they calculate, to 10,000 people a day. The devil's corporation wants to buy up food-growing land in India, Africa and South America because "Our future profits lie in famine—if you've got a knife at their bellies, they'll keep their hands at their sides." When someone suggests, with a dose of liberalism, that this will make them our "slaves," he is answered: "No, it will make them our customers."

The implication that being a customer might have much in common with being a slave is quite a thing to be said in any American movie.

And director Don Taylor has filmed one of the most extraordinary death scenes ever—an achievement, of sorts, in an age of violent films. The man who opposes the Famine Plan is playing hockey with Damien and his family on a frozen lake. The ice below him breaks, and the current drags him under the ice and the other players. We see him as they see him, looking down through the ice as he drowns in the ice-cold water. And we see them as he sees them, looking up through water and ice as his life ends. It is the most horrible death in the film, and there isn't a single drop of blood.

The victims in *Damien: Omen II* are praying not to die—as almost all of them do—just before their end. The film makes you wonder a bit about that Book of Revelations. Why will the Messiah come only after the Antichrist has wreaked havoc on the world? Why answer only the challenge of the Antichrist, and none of the innocents' prayers?

—Michael Ventura



'Jaws 2': Near Amity another Great White Shark is on the loose.

In the great Hollywood tradition of never underestimating the apathy of the American public, this Richard D. Zanuck/David Brown production takes up a previously successful formula and drops it in the surf with all the finesse of a

shit detail on a Lithuanian freighter.

With every comparison to its predecessor, *Jaws 2* sinks more gummily into the ooze. Where *Jaws* had a sphincter-puckering, staccato sound track that thrummed insistently into your

very bowels, the music in *Jaws 2* has the intoxicating turbulence of a supermarket serenade. Whereas the major conflict of the first film between the public spirit of Amity township's police chief (Roy Scheider) and the private greed of its mayor (Murray Hamilton) was both gripping and tragic, the copy-cat version, starring the same actors in the same roles, reduces their conflict to rigid, unbelievable posturing.

This fishy disaster was directed by French-born Jeanne Szwarc, a man whose television work on Rod Serling's *Night Gallery* and an occasional episode of *Baretta* has always been sensitive and exciting. The horrendous difficulties of filming at sea notwithstanding, *Jaws 2* should have revealed those same qualities. But Szwarc was facing a destructive force more powerful than a hungry shark—the combined

greed and stupidity of the producers and screenwriters.

The end of *Jaws 2* fully illustrates the creative paralysis of its producers. Desperately trying to rescue the teenagers marooned on the tied-together hulks of their sailboats, Chief Brody has managed to winch up an underwater power cable until it is about five feet out of the water. At the last second he shoves the cable into the shark's mouth. Not only is the shark electrocuted—it also bursts into flames, in one of the phonester process shots I've ever encountered on the screen.

Don't let those bastards at Universal get away with this! *Jaws 2* is an insult to the American filmgoer, and should be boycotted. If your kids plague you to see it, take them for a rowboat ride on a nearby lake. It'll be twice as real and twice as thrilling.

—Michael Stott

EROTIC FILMS

by Al Goldstein

Man does not live by bread alone; sometimes he has to turn to boobs, babes and the bawdy. As we don't want to frighten the HUSTLER reader into thinking we are merely stroking his cerebrum and cerebellum and won't stroke his sex drive, this section of Media Takes will, we hope, direct you to the very best in erotic film fare.

Carnal Games

As fuck films go, *Carnal Games* is not unlike a little puppy dog that has been maimed in a car accident. For the sake of the pup and yourself, you hope it will die a merciful death.

The main drawback to this film is that it stars C. J. Laing, porn's worst actress and most obnoxious cunt. The chief problem with C. J. is that she is a snotty, unfriendly bitch with nothing to be snotty about. Even her body is repulsive; her unappetizing pussy looks like underdone hamburger. (It's rumored in the business that anyone who goes down on C. J. will immediately be struck dead



'Carnal Games' plays its wild card, and two studs poke her.

This hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE



ERECTION

A constant turn-on. If this won't get it up, you may be dead.



THREE-QUARTERS ERECT

Worthwhile. Almost gets it up. But it can still be beat.



HALF ERECT

So-so. Probably get it up with a little help from your fist.



ONE-QUARTER ERECT

A poor turn-on. Just might get it up if you used a crane.



TOTALLY LIMP

A turn-off. This one couldn't get it up if you used a crane.

by a lethal dose of trichinosis.) The only thing that can be said in the woman's favor is that when she effortlessly takes a cock down to its hilt, she is at least in the proper position for supplication—on her knees.

The plot of *Carnal Games* is about as interesting as the "Smith" section of a telephone directory. As a child, George the aristocrat (Jake Teague) lives on his family's country estate. There he discovers his sister making love with the chauffeur—an experience that turns him into a lifelong voyeur. One day, years later, George sees a photo of a popular model named Chris (C. J. Laing). He is shocked by the uncanny resemblance she bears to his late sister. After Chris marries George for his money, he involves her in a series of sordid extramarital affairs. Gripping drama, huh?

One of the best sex scenes is one in which C. J. becomes a voyeur and watches two servants and a girl in a very hot scene. The trio manage to feign sexual interest, and the cumshot is major-league.

Two of C. J.'s solo masturbation scenes also pack a modicum of raunch. The first of these occurs 30 minutes into the

movie. While she brings herself off, the added tension of wondering whether she is going to lose her diamond ring in her crotch makes the scene palatable. For the second jerk-off, C. J. puts a dildo up her ass and then diddles herself while tying a dog chain around her clit. This porn "star" has a very big clit, and therefore uses a very big dog chain.

A scene near the film's end shows one of the more severe occupational hazards of appearing in X-rated movies. The cunt in this one almost gets blinded when the guy schtupping her shoots his load faster than a speeding bullet right into her eye. (I was told that the force of the ejaculation was so overwhelming that the actress's contact lenses were almost jammed down her throat.)

This movie is also helped by some great classical background music by Vivaldi. However, the pseudolyrical prose of the script is nothing but trash. For example, one of George's friends says, "I just heard a bird go by, and the bird told you to give me a blow job."

The problem with *Carnal Games* is the same as that plaguing most porn flicks—quick and careless production. It may satisfy the drunks in the audience, but that's about all. The film is like a tissue used to wipe your snot away—serviceable but not memorable. The casting of a loser like C. J. Laing and the *faux pas* of George losing his affected

accent as the film winds down are further proof of the shoddy effort by all, er, hands. In addition, the final, perfunctory orgy scene, in which everyone eats C. J.'s cherry-flavored panties, has all the verve and zip of a ride on the BMT subway. Miss it if you can.

Happy Holiday

Happy Holiday's primary problem, however, is its dubbed-in English voice track. When dubbing is not properly synchronized with the performers' lip movements, as is the case here, it intrudes upon the viewer's aesthetic sense and tends to tip the critical scale toward the minus side. But, despite this technical flaw, the simple accomplishment of seeing fresh faces and fresh bodies performing well-filmed sexual gymnastics in new surroundings is a joy.

The film opens with the scenic city of London. We come across Claudia (Olinka Jonsson), a zaftig and sensual starlet who is restless and in need of a vacation. She tells her boyfriend she's going to visit her father and stepmother, the Stillers, in Germany. On the boat trip she has a raunchy sex scene



'Happy Holiday': Elegant and erotic entree from West Germany.

in her cabin with a silent sadist. He grabs Claudia by her hair and pulls her down to suck his cock, then drags her by the hair into the bedroom, where he fucks the shit out of her.

When Claudia finally arrives in Hamburg, she meets her 15-year-old virginal sister, Doris (Karen Karlson). With very little hesitation the film quickly leads into Doris's masturbation scene and subsequent lesbian encounter with her piano teacher (Nina Lund).

As the film continues we find that the Stiller home is a general house of degeneracy. In one room, for instance, the butler is continually jerking off. Not wanting to feel left out, Frau Stiller runs a combination sex clinic/stud service on the side, and proceeds to help a sexually troubled married couple by employing Fritz (Karl Blake), an Aryan rent-a-stud, for some hot, three-way action.

Meanwhile, Claudia—who up until now has literally been holding her own, sexually—finally finds a lover. He takes her to a friend's apartment, where they gleefully get it on. However, unbeknown to Clau-

dia, the joint is a voyeur's wet dream, complete with screening room on one side of a one-way mirror. And who is the lucky peeper? None other than Mr. Stiller, the dirty old fart, who gets his rocks off watching his daughter getting poked.

The producer of *Happy Holiday*, Bette Ussa, is an ex-Luftwaffe pilot who also owns a chain of porno shops in Germany. Makes you want to jerk off into your yarmulke, doesn't it? Nevertheless, the excellence of this film is due to its liberal budget and high production values. In its own eclectic way *Happy Holiday* mixes the fascination of historical Europe and the postcard beauty of European scenery with hot, clinging, warm flesh. In fact, one could even use the word *elegant* to characterize this film.

Besides the dubious dubbing, the only other defect here is the voice-over narrative, which has the simplicity of a "see Dick, see Jane" primer, and which reminded me of a Walt Disney nature documentary. But, these technical flaws aside, *Happy Holiday* is easily this month's best erotic offering.



'Carnal Games': A muff-diver could get lost inside C. J. Laing.

BOOKS

Edited by Robin Keats

The paperback market in America is a booming business, mainly because softbound books are a cheaper alternative for the book-buying public and because they offer a wider selection of titles. With this in mind, *HUSTLER* will focus on the paperback market for its reviews, although worthwhile hardcover editions will not be ignored. We aim to provide information about the best works available for the least amount of money and about ones that attempt to serve our readers either as entertainment or as enlightenment.

Freaks: Myths and Images of the Secret Self

by Leslie Fiedler; Simon and Schuster; \$12.95

Human aberrations have been in constant public demand since prehistory. Their bizarre forms are somehow alluring, as if the beauty and perfection of



'Freaks': Correct posture for three-legged people while seated (left). And where's his pal's Trac II?

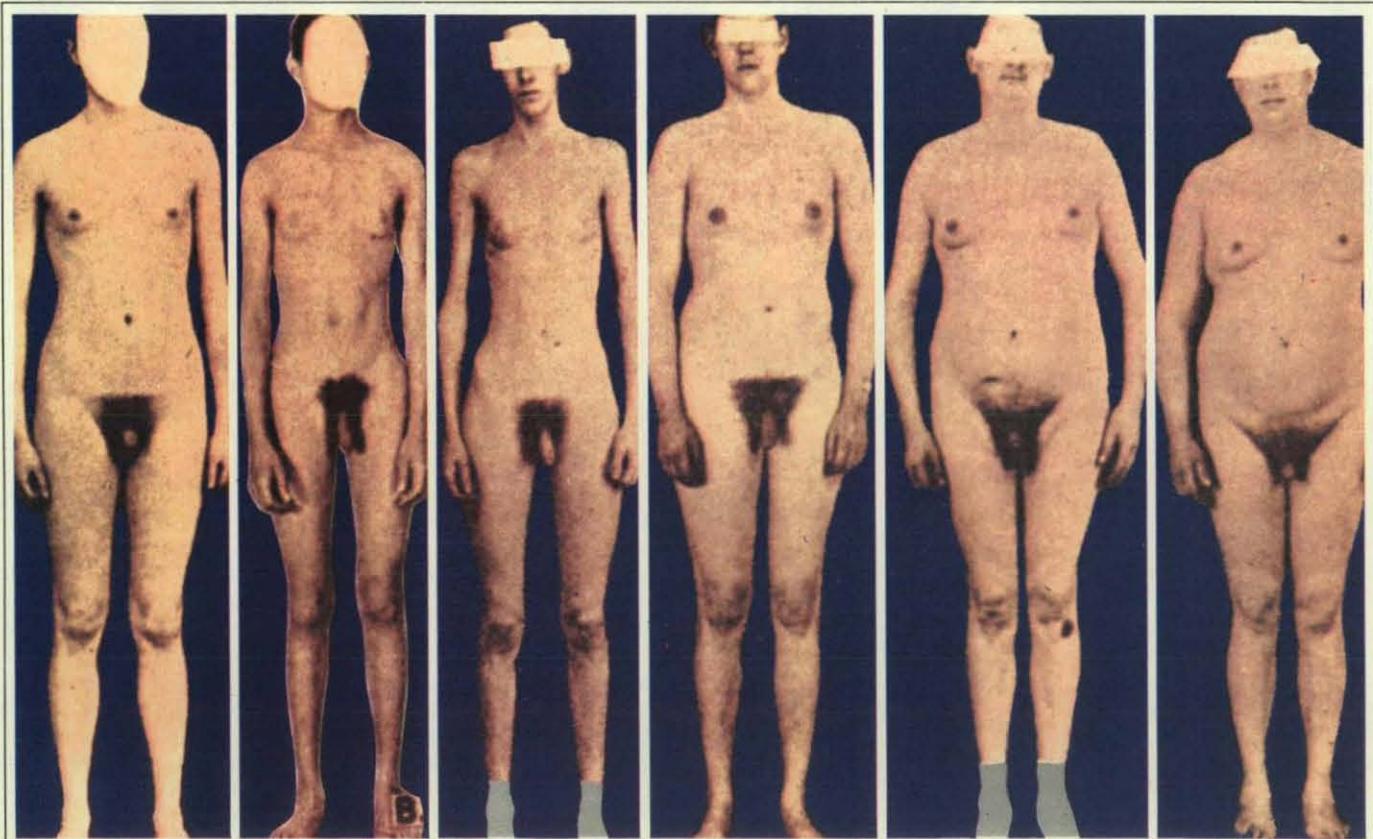
nature required an obscene condition of man in order to balance itself.

This demand, in ancient times, was so culturally widespread (from the days of past Oriental civilizations through the era of medieval Europe)

that freaks were even manufactured. For example, the ancient Chinese forced selected children into boxed traps, which severely limited the growth of the youngsters' trunks and limbs while allowing their heads to grow to full size.

The Romans, too, worked a ghastly human-freak factory. Infants were ritually fed lime salts in order to induce rickets, then (as they grew in deformed patterns) their spines were anointed with the fat of dormice, bats and moles. This

'Freaks': Not because they wear white masks while standing around nude, but because they came equipped with cocks, balls and tits.





He's called a "living skeleton."

hideous treatment caused spinal marrow to dry up, shriveling the body into the desired, mutated shape.

The sexual connotations of freakism are manyfold. Fiedler writes in the chapter "Beauty and the Beast: The Eros of Ugliness": "All Freaks are perceived to one degree or another as erotic. Indeed, abnormality arouses in some *normal* beholders a temptation to go beyond looking to *knowing* in the full carnal sense the ultimate other. That desire is itself felt as freaky, however, since it implies not only a longing for degradation but also a dream of breaching the last taboo."

The sexuality of the world's human oddities represents a gruesomely spectacular range of organs: giant and miniature penises, multiple-penis formations, penises with bones in them, no penises at all, multiple testicles, dual clitorises. Fiedler quotes Victor Hugo's *The Man Who Laughs*: "Ugliness is insignificant, deformity is grand. Ugliness is a devil's grin behind beauty; deformity is akin to sublimity."

Fiedler, who is perhaps the foremost authority on American literature, explores every deformed nook and shaded corner of freakism. He entertainingly sweeps from the religious to the sexual to the mythological to the artistic to the histori-

cal to the philosophical implications of generations of freaks. In so doing he grounds the live wire of his exposition to almost everything ever recorded about both false and true-to-life freak stories. The index to *Freaks* contains a register of everyone who has ever touched on the subject, including Truman Capote, Brian DePalma, T. S. Eliot, W. C. Fields, Arlo Guthrie and Adolph Hitler.

Freaks satisfies a very dark appetite—the need to know what may lie beneath our otherwise beautiful skin. Representing the flip side of mankind, the book is fleshed-out, bloody, bone-chilling reading. In fact, it is palatable, even gourmet-quality gore.

—Robin Keats

Baseball I Gave You All the Best Years of My Life

Edited by Kevin Kerrane and Richard Grossinger; North Atlantic Books; 456 Hudson Street, Oakland, California 94618; \$8.95

Those who claim that baseball has yet to inspire literature of quality are probably convinced that not much has been produced in the genre since Casey whiffed on that long-ago third strike. They'll be surprised by this hefty collection of free-swinging inkslinging.

The material included here is a little unorthodox for a sports anthology. Then again, editors Kerrane and Grossinger, who considered *Tales, Traces, Visions and Voodoo From a Native American Rite* as a working title for this book, have a perspective on the Grand Old Game slightly askew from the conventional view from the pressbox.

Anyone who has ever played baseball—on a sandlot or in the major leagues—will respond to the images of the game created between these pages; clearly focused, they take us back to great memories of our past.

For example, Roger Angell on the subject of the box score: "[Its] encompassing neatness permits the baseball fan, aided

by experience and memory, to extract from a box score the same joy, the same hallucinatory reality, that prickles the scalp of a musician when he glances at a page of his score of *Don Giovanni* and actually hears bassos and sopranos, woodwinds and violins."

Or savor Richard Grossinger's heated invective opposing adoption of the DH rule by the American League: "To state that a team with a Designated Hitter is better than a team without one is like Baba Ram Dass telling his Indian guru how much he made in America and having it translated into rupees."

For some contributors a nostalgia for games, heroes and days past plays a featured role: "Going for his 3,000th hit, Musial neglected to concentrate and took his stride too early. But he kept his bat back, as all great hitters do. On sheer reflex, he slugged a double to left" (Roger Kahn).

Perhaps John Sayles's transcription of game-time chatter ("Chuckeratinthereissgahcantitissgahcantit!") will give you some idea of the myriad responses to a child's game this anthology—another in North Atlantic's excellent *Io* series—provides. The World Series may disappoint; repeated readings of these stories, poems and memoirs won't.

—Jonathan King

The Seven Witches

by George MacBeth; Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; \$7.95

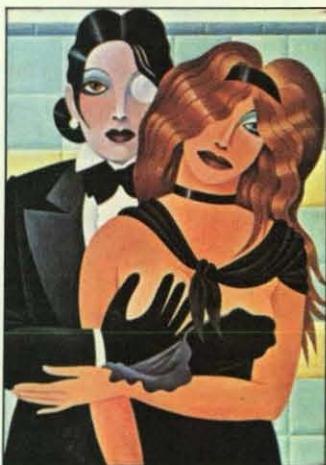
Cadbury may be the name of a chocolate bar, but in George MacBeth's latest erotic espionage thriller she's Agent 69 of the British Secret Service. As the world's most beautiful spy, Cadbury takes advantage of her "license to screw," while cracking a case of revenge and political intrigue in James Bondian style.

However, unlike Agent 007, whose wit and impeccable sense of timing ultimately put him in control of everyone and every situation he encountered, Cadbury is more of a pawn. For example, she is directly manip-

ulated by her boss, Loyola, a man who is something of a hard-nosed pervert with a great deal of pent-up personal vengeance to wreak.

Though sensational gimmicks are not a part of MacBeth's style, the novel is packed with explicit sex, described in a stinging and graphic manner that never becomes gratuitous or tedious.

Cadbury is sent to infiltrate a mysterious sex-research and fantasy-fulfillment center operated by Sapphire, madam of a world-renowned prostitution ring. Our heroine, armed only with her sexual expertise, dives into this perverse group of pleasure-seekers to uncover Sapphire's connection with



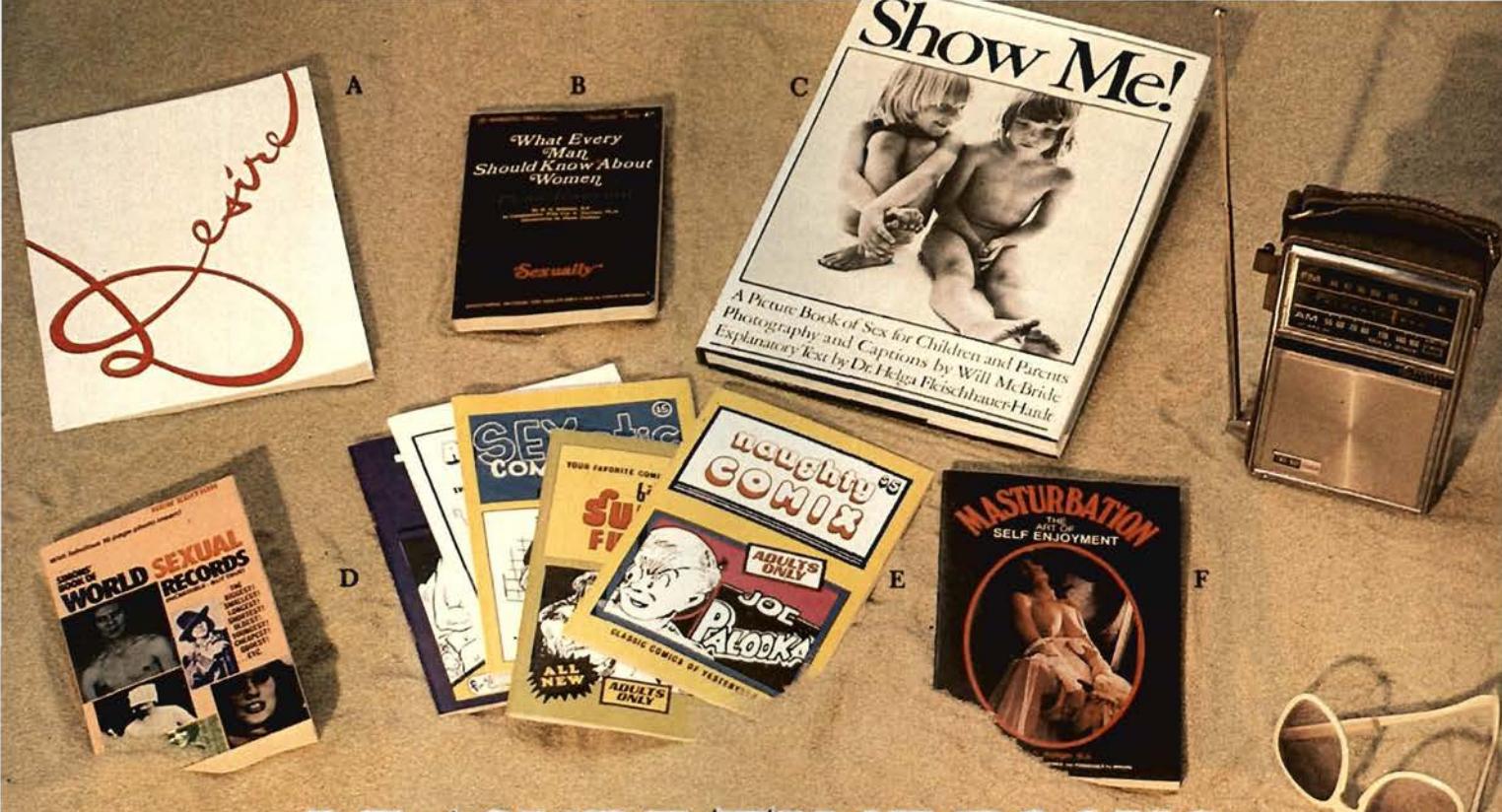
'Witches': A license to screw.

some Arab terrorists who have an unhealthy interest in British oil reserves.

Cadbury is never sure who's on her side and, as the plot thickens, she becomes not only everybody's pawn but their target as well. She's caught between personal vendettas and competing governments. In the end, her Mother England is saved from the forces of evil, and we learn no one can be trusted in the cold world of espionage, wherein everyone is corrupt.

MacBeth's terse but descriptive writing style is always to the point and without the over-indulgence characteristic of many novelists in this genre. It's both tense and erotic in a hard-edged manner, with a sinister tone that runs from start to finish.

—Kevin Merrill



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This is the last word in photographically explicit sex manuals for children. The text, by Dr. Helga Fleischhauer-Hardt, answers every question a child could possibly pose, and the photography by Will McBride is as artistic as it is informative. Highly recommended for its approach to what is often an awkward subject.

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The islands of Micronesia are strewn along the Equator like jade beads on the deep blue of the Pacific Ocean, more than 2,000 miles southwest of Hawaii. In part due to their relative isolation from the distractions of the outside world, the islands' peoples have developed diverse and exotic sexual styles. This is the tale of how two of these sexual lifestyles came together.

1963: My girlfriend and I are shacked up in a fourth-floor hotel room. She is talking on the telephone, smiling sweetly as she relates to her mother an elaborate lie concerning her whereabouts. I'm halfway listening while I read an article on the sexual practices of the people on Truk Island.

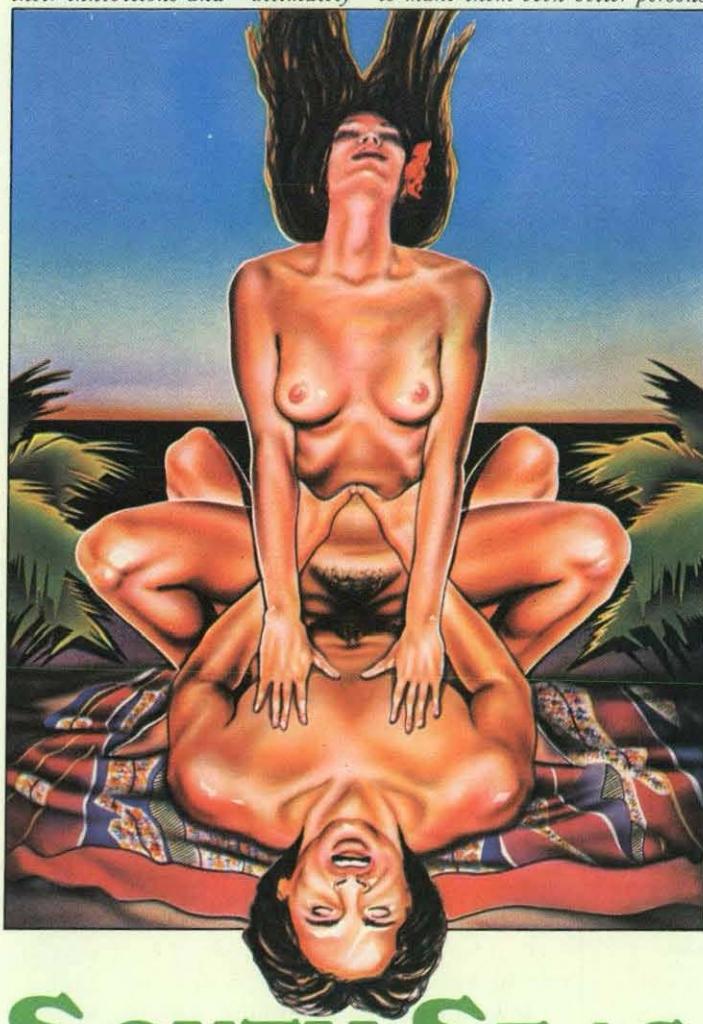
"Listen to this," I say as she hangs up. "The sexual technique of Trukese men is probably the most physiologically satisfying for women of any in the world. The male lies on his back with the woman kneeling over him. He slowly strokes the woman's clitoris with the tip of his penis. Only when she is at the point of orgasm does he penetrate her vagina."

"Good grief! Let's try it."

1966: I am put ashore on a small coral island on the Satawal atoll in the southwest Pacific, about 200 miles from the main lagoon of Truk. "The Peace Corps goes to Paradise," the hype said, and having frittered away my last minute of college draft deferment, I signed on in a hot second. Three months (and too many psychologists) later I'm classified "high risk/high gain" and given an airplane ticket to Guam.

Four o'clock in the morning: Sleepy and hung-over (from complimentary champagne), but giddy with adventure, the first contingent of Peace Corps volunteers to Micronesia tumbles off the chartered jet into the seedy collection of Quonset huts known as Guam International Airport. Then on to Truk.

Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy for too long. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that repression of natural, healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles on sex practices throughout the world. We do this to educate our readers on the varieties of human sexuality, to lessen their inhibitions and—ultimately—to make them even better persons.



SOUTH SEAS SEX RITUAL

Truk is a relic from World War II. Its beauty belies its name from those days: Fortress Truk. The Japanese, premier islanders of all the world, spent 25 years trying to make the world's largest lagoon impregnable to attack. They put bunkered antiaircraft artillery on the tops of the high volcanic islands dotting the lagoon. But they never fired a shot when the battle of Truk went down. Admiral Chester W. Nimitz cut the place off logically by sailing around it

to the Marianas, near Japan.

Then one afternoon late in the war he came back with a vengeance. Navy pilots sank more than 30 ships in minutes and blasted the starving Japanese soldiers in a Pearl Harbor replay with the tables turned.

As our DC-3 circles in over the lagoon 20 years later, we see the hulls of the Japanese ships rusting in the turquoise sea. After three days on a tramp steamer I go ashore in papaya/breadfruit land, mindful of the remarks from the article I had read three years earlier.

Trukese men are proud of their sex magic. It's not as if they lack inducement though. Trukese women have soft brown skin set off by long black hair scented with fresh coconut oil. *Mwaramwars* (wreaths) of sweet-smelling tropical flowers encircle their heads with perfume. Their eyes seem to smoulder and sparkle at the same time. The grass skirts are gone, but in their place are homemade skirts and dresses in whites, pinks, yellows and reds. They have a natural nonchalance in their movements and postures, as languid and sensuous as a Gauguin canvas. The seduction swings both ways.

There is a notion in the minds of most Micronesians that all the efforts of Jesuits and German Evangelicals have so far failed to change: Namely, that it is right and natural for sexually mature people to actively seek sexual union whether they are married to each other or not.

It is not unusual among Micronesians for sexual activity to begin in the early teens. This is regarded as natural and inevitable, but doesn't mean that sex on Truk or the other Micronesian islands is open or obvious. The opposite is true. Single men and women are rarely seen together in pairs—at least they shouldn't be. It's damn difficult to get a Trukese woman alone. During the



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daytime they are usually in pairs and groups, and it's just not kosher to walk up to a single woman and start rapping.

Trukese lovers don't waste much time on small talk. Messages are conveyed, however, in traditional ways. The kind of flowers in a woman's hair signifies whether or not she is open to invitation. There is a lot of broad suggestiveness in the daytime relationships between the sexes. The women act diffident face to face with men, but they also giggle and talk to each other behind their hands in groups, and their eyes . . . their eyes roll and laugh at the slightest suggestion.

Trukese sexual culture is complicated as hell, and I sure don't understand all of the rules, but one general maxim covers the essentials. I can relate to this concept because it is most succinctly stated by "Night time is the right time!"

Assuming you can get your message across to the woman of your choice during the day, what happens at night is officially nobody's business. Customarily, a Trukese man would carve a wooden love-stick with characteristic designs, approach the hut of the woman being courted and poke it through the thatch. If the woman liked your stick, she pulled it in and you had it made. If she didn't, she shoved the rascal right out again. The only tricky part of this is that, unless the man can arrange a clandestine meeting in an abandoned canoe-house or hut, he is expected to come in, step over the relatives laid wall to wall—peacefully feigning sleep—and carry out the act of love with Grandma snoring softly in his ear. This can break a man's concentration if he's not used to it. But somehow, Trukese lovers find their time together, and they certainly make the best of it.

Trukese men make a show of "suffering for love." Publicly, this is signified by self-inflicted welts and raised tattoos on the arms and/or face. More intimately, Trukese lovers are known to burn each other on the inside of the thighs with lighted cigarettes or coals. This is a way of "proving your love." Over the years, I have suggested this ritual of intensification to various American women of my acquaintance, with singularly poor results. Apparently, they felt no need to be that intense.

An irrepressibly randy old rancher I once worked with used to tell me that he liked "a great big pussy with a little-bitty hole." I repeat this dubious remark to illustrate certain aspects of Trukese sexual aesthetics. The women display their breasts more or less nonchalantly to the world, but exposing their pubic area and thighs is considered taboo.

Where female genitalia are concerned, the rule of preference is "the bigger the better." This attitude is reflected in the most common exclamation of surprise used among Trukese men: *mwasamwaseday*. This expression is used in the English context of "god-damn" or "far out," but translates roughly as "look at the size of it!"

Accommodating themselves to this aesthetic, Trukese women until recently pulled and rubbed on the inner lips of their vaginas until they hung down between their legs as long appendages. For a finishing touch these were tattooed black. This distinctive feature of their sexual anatomy was noted by members of the Pacific Fleet and affectionately dubbed the "Trukese apron."

This preference for size extends to the thighs as well. One female Peace Corps volunteer in Trukese was widely admired by Trukese men, though she was not considered particularly attractive by American standards. "What do you guys see in that girl?" I asked a Trukese friend of mine.

"Tuna thighs," he replied.

There is one aspect of Trukese sexual technique that bears mentioning: It is not uncommon for a Trukese woman at the moment of orgasm, or shortly afterward, to piss on her lover. Remember, she's on top! I never experienced this curious sensation, but a good friend of mine was once so honored. "I told her to never do it again!" he remarked. Then he added, "Now I know why all these Trukese guys wear those towels around their heads."

Until the 1950s there was practically no regular contact among the various island cultures of Micronesia. About that time, however, the civil administrators of Micronesia built a secondary school on the breathtaking island of Ponape in the Eastern Carolines. Promising students, both men and women, were selected for admission to this institution, called the Pacific Islands Central School.

It did not take long for the lusty nature of island sexuality and the natural rivalry of island cultures to assert themselves. This took the form of a jocular (but intense) debate on the question of which sex from which culture possessed the strongest sexual powers or love magic. If you study the sexual culture of any island group in Micronesia, you are likely to conclude that it contains secrets and techniques of great power. The Yapese, Palauans and Ponapeans all possess unique and vigorous sexual traditions.

But the debate gradually centered on the love magic of Trukese men versus the powers and techniques of women from the Marshalls. It was finally agreed that only a belly-to-belly confrontation between a representative of each would settle the issue once and for all. This unscheduled course in comparative sexuality was easily the most interesting part of the Pacific Islands Central School curriculum.

Perhaps no island in the world provides a better setting for such intimate competition than Ponape. It is a high, wet, incredibly lush locale, where yams are measured by how many men it takes to carry one. There are two-man yams, four-man yams and so forth. Add to this the Ponapean love for the juice of the narcotic kava root, and it's easy to understand why, when it comes to sensuality, the Ponapeans are nobody's fools.

A few words about the sexual techniques of the Marshallese women need to be added. When people think of the Marshall Islands, they tend to focus on the atomic test at Bikini atoll. But the real place of interest in the Marshall Islands, which are all low, sandy atolls and coral reefs, is Arno. This island is the holy place of Marshallese sexuality.

It was to Arno that young Marshallese women were sent by sailing canoe to

learn the secrets of sexual love. The school on Arno, known in the Pacific as the University of Arno, is conducted by the women of that island. Its curriculum is highly esoteric, but two main elements are well-known. First, young women are instructed to spend hours lying in the surging surf in order to internalize the cosmic rhythm of Mother Ocean. Second, they are trained in the technique that has come to be known as the "Marshallese helicopter."

The "Marshallese helicopter," an astonishing maneuver, is performed in the same basic position as that used by Trukese lovers. The surprise comes from the Marshallese woman's ability to spin like a dervish on the man's erect penis. This is accomplished by a series of short 180-degree hops over the man's body—while maintaining penetration. Planting a foot in your lover's solar plexus or crushing his nuts with a badly placed big toe is considered poor form.

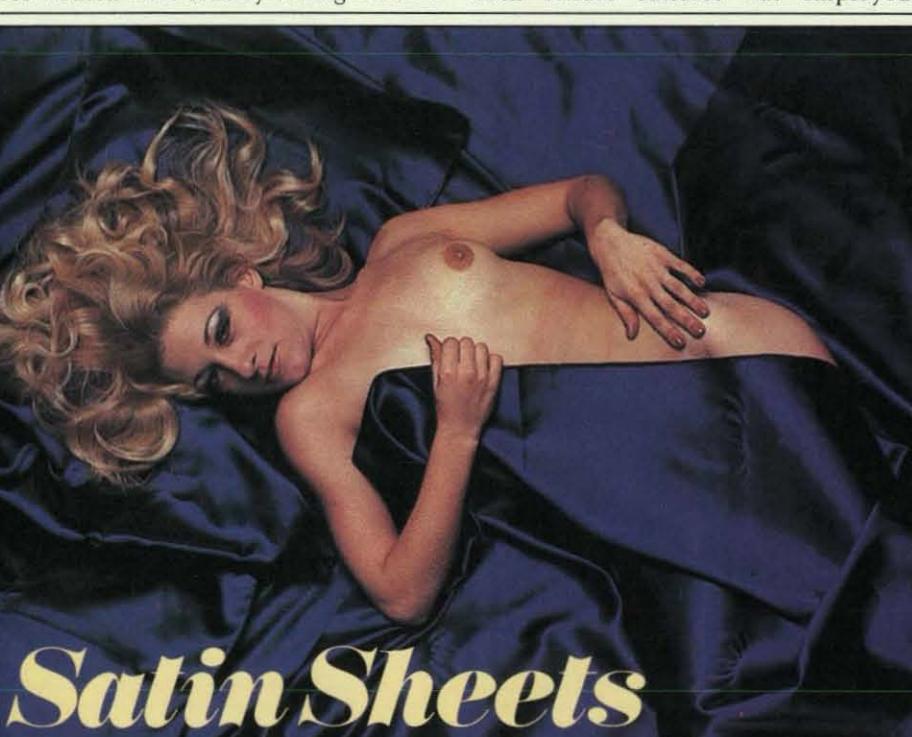
But let us return to the Pacific Islands Central School in Ponape in the 1950s. The Trukese men agreed to select from their number the most accomplished sexual magician—likewise, the Marshallese women. During the days preceding the evening of their encounter we may assume that all the esoterica of both sexual cultures was employed.

These included meditation, fasting, incantations and love potions of various kinds. In short, every known trick of making another susceptible to one's sexual power was utilized by the contestants and their supporters.

On the evening of their coupling the other students of the Central School hid themselves in the jungle surrounding the appointed place. As his loving adversary knelt over him, the Trukese youth began to strum a jungle rhythm of love across her nether lips. From her low moans it seemed that she was being swept away, taken off by a tidal wave of Trukese passion.

Sensing the imminence of her oceanic orgasm, the Trukese man plunged into her depths. Then, as the sensuous wave crested within her, she began to spin. This is the famous "Marshallese helicopter."

It is difficult to imagine a winner or loser in an encounter such as I have described. But, in fairness to the spirit of the experiment, it must be told that as the tide of loving energy receded, the Marshallese woman arose slowly and slipped into the tropical night. The moon shone down on the Trukese man as he lay on the pandanus mat in the jungle clearing under the coconut trees. He was unconscious.



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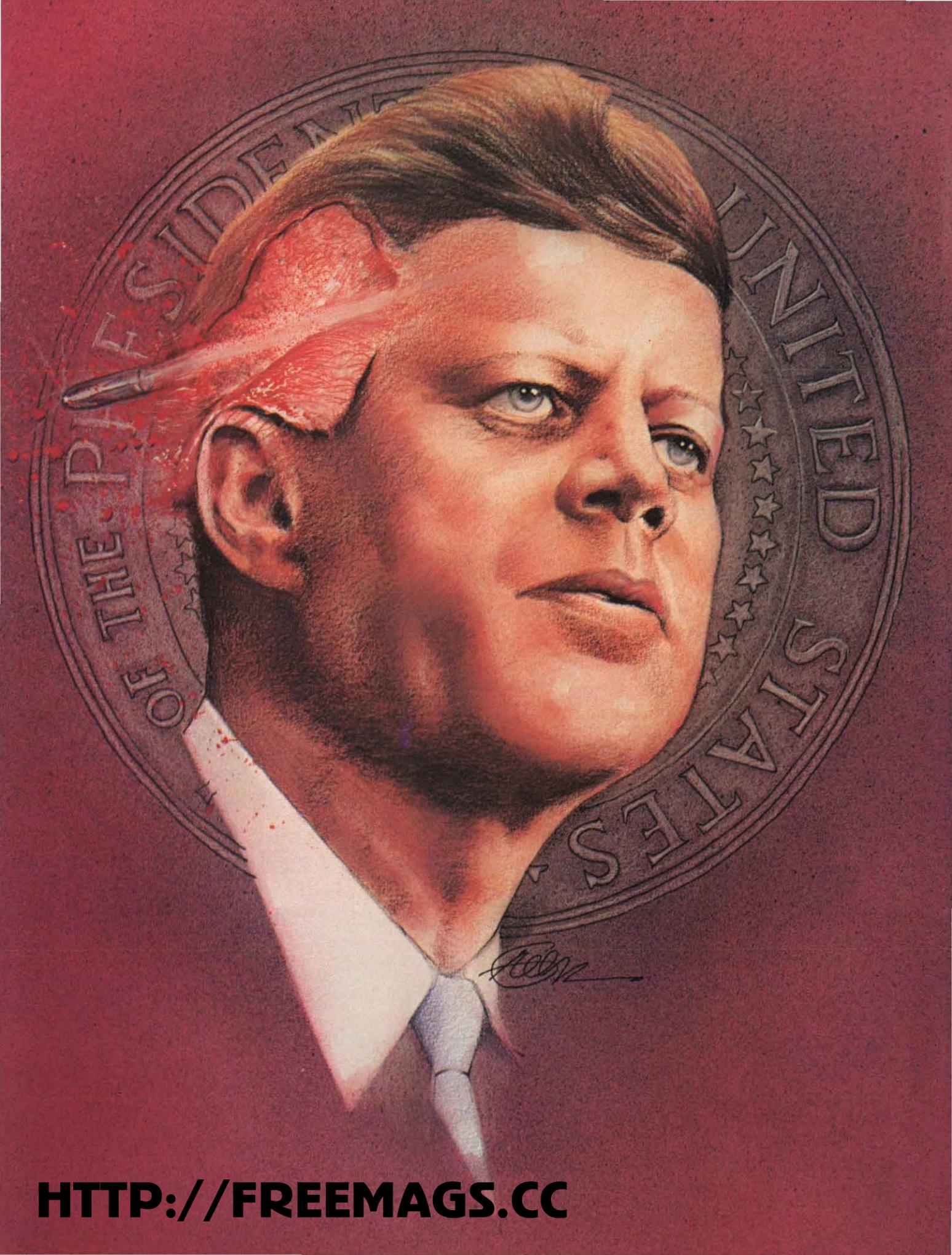
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THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT JOHN F. KENNEDY

HOW THE CIA SET UP OSWALD

Three men were assigned major and public roles in the historic events of November 1963 in Dallas, Texas—John F. Kennedy, Lee Harvey Oswald and Jack Ruby. Since those tragic days the American news media have devoted a great deal of energy to a critical examination of Kennedy's personal and political life. Indeed, books and even front-page stories in major newspapers and television news programs have delved into the murdered President's tenuous ties, through an alleged sexual relationship, to organized crime. It remains one of the ironies of the past decade and a half that Jack Ruby is now emerging as a patriotic nightclub owner who loved the republic not wisely, but too well, while Lee Harvey Oswald has been reborn in the *Reader's Digest* as a skilled assassin trained by the KGB (Soviet secret police).

In February of this year CBS aired *Ruby and Oswald*, a drama which told us that Ruby was an emotional man, that he truly cared for the President and the President's wife and that he killed Oswald not because he loved him less but because he loved Jacqueline Kennedy more, and therefore quite naturally sought to spare her the additional grief of returning to Dallas for a long and dreary trial. As the current media

revisionists tell it, Jack Kennedy was a lecher whose degrading sexual excesses betrayed a loving wife and a naive and trusting country. Ruby, on the other hand, suffered greatly through his pure and abiding love. In a sense, he both killed and died for us all.

And what of Lee Harvey Oswald? The forgotten, inept and hated loner of the early 1960s returns to us in the late 1970s as a cool, KGB-trained killing machine, courtesy of FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover's favorite transmission belt for the dissemination of false information, the *Reader's Digest*, and the questionable theories of an author who put his legitimizing credential as "critic of the Warren Commission Report" on the line for a budget of approximately \$2 million. No one dare call Edward Jay Epstein, author of the *Reader's Digest* book *Legend: The Secret World of Lee Harvey Oswald*, a cheap whore.

The lives and times of Jack Ruby and Lee Harvey Oswald were full and troubled. Neither was a loner. Both were deeply involved with American intelligence assignments, and Ruby had served as a front man for organized crime for most of his life. Even a cursory examination of their various assignments will

move us much nearer to understanding the implications of the assassination of President Kennedy. Before we look more closely at the *real* Jack Ruby, however, it may be instructive to look at the image of him now being promoted.

According to the television production, Ruby killed Oswald so that Kennedy's family—above all, the President's widow—would not have to suffer through a public trial. This media fabrication may now establish a trend. During May of this year David R. Berkowitz, the self-styled "Son of Sam" killer, pleaded guilty in New York City to having murdered six persons and wounded seven others during a year-long rampage with a .44 revolver. While entering his plea, he explained to the court (reportedly with a straight face) that he had decided to plead guilty "to spare the families of the victims the circus of a trial." Perhaps the TV "documentary drama" showing Ruby agonizing over Jacqueline Kennedy's forthcoming return to Dallas inspired Berkowitz.

Ruby, in fact, was a hired killer who worked for the FBI and organized crime. He murdered Oswald as an assignment. Shortly after Ruby's arrest—three cheers here for the Dallas police, who were able to apprehend the hit man in their midst—

Report by Mark Lane

Illustration by Peter Green

his attorney, Tom Howard, told veteran reporter Alonzo Hudkins that he and his client were depressed. They were unable to develop an adequate legal defense to the charge. Hudkins told me recently that he then suggested to Howard that Ruby adopt a story that might create some public sympathy for Oswald's assailant. At that point, according to Hudkins, he thought up the idea that Ruby should say he shot Oswald to spare Jackie Kennedy the trauma of a trial. Howard's face lit up, and he said, "Well, that sounds real good. I'll tell Jack about that today."

Later, Howard called Hudkins to tell him that "Jack loved the story and he is going to use it." A few years later the myth became reality as the American people saw an actor portraying Ruby going vicariously through Jackie's suffering until, as a man of compassion, he impulsively put an end to the threat.

Jack Ruby emerged as a central character in the Dallas drama when he shot JFK's alleged assassin on November 24, 1963, in the basement of the Dallas Police and Courts Building (and before a live-television audience). Oswald had been a prisoner for two days, during which time the local police and the FBI both silenced and isolated him. He had been interrogated for more than 12 hours by FBI agents, prosecuting attorneys and local and state authorities, and yet the Warren Commission reported without further explanation that no tape recordings, stenographic records or comprehensive notes survived the interview session. Therefore, we were unable to learn what Oswald had said during the lengthy periods of questioning. The suspect was further isolated when, after he requested that a lawyer come forward to provide legal assistance for him, the three lawyers retained for that purpose by the Dallas Civil Liberties Union were denied the right to talk with him. Unfortunately, neither the lawyers nor the American Civil Liberties Union made any effort to overcome the blocks set up by the FBI and the local police to deny Oswald's right to counsel.

Just after Oswald was murdered by Ruby, who had worked for the FBI in Dallas in 1959, the FBI destroyed a letter from Oswald, which was then in its files in Dallas. The forensic evidence alone provides ample proof of a conspiracy to assassinate President Kennedy. Therefore, if Oswald was guilty, he was part of the conspiracy; if he was not part of the conspiracy, he was innocent. From the viewpoint of the assassins it was necessary to silence Oswald while he was in police custody, for if guilty he might have incriminated others, and in any event his trial would no doubt have provided a forum for evidence of conspiracy. If Oswald was innocent, the evidence might well have established that fact, alerting the nation that the murderers were still at



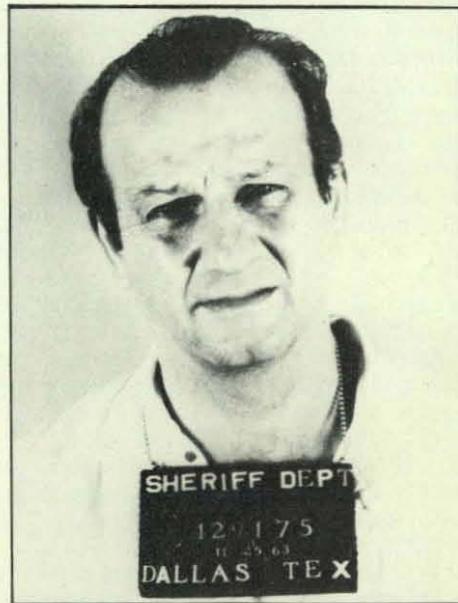
Lee Oswald: "Lone assassin," or pawn in a terrible game played at the highest levels of government?

large. Ruby, from the vantage point of the conspirators, met the historically necessary obligation that self-preservation imposed upon them.

Who was Jack Ruby, and how did he get into the basement of the Dallas Police and Courts Building to kill Lee Harvey Oswald? The Warren Commission pretended to confront these questions, secured some discomfiting information that it ignored or suppressed, and was both an accomplice and willing victim of the FBI's refusal to share its information.

With the limited historical perspective afforded by little more than a decade, it appears that Jack Ruby may be the Rosetta stone of the assassination. A new investigation might profitably begin by examining the many facets of his life. Only recently did I discover that he had received help getting into the Police and Courts Building and that he did not enter through the Main Street ramp. Witnesses in Dallas, alive although frightened, know that Charles Batchelor, then assistant chief of the Dallas Police Department, personally escorted Jack Ruby into the basement via an elevator and that moments later Ruby executed Oswald. Batchelor was later promoted to chief of police.

Batchelor had played a major and perhaps decisive role in determining the route of the President's motorcade. And several days before the assassination in



This is the last photo ever taken of Jack Ruby, whose connections to U.S. intelligence and organized crime have long been overlooked.

Dealey Plaza he was the ranking representative of the Dallas Police Department to drive over the selected route with federal authorities.

When the Warren Commission asserted that Ruby had not been part of organized crime, it did so by suppressing the FBI's information about him and by alleging

that local authorities stated that Ruby was not so involved. The local authority cited was Assistant Chief of Police Charles Batchelor.

The Commission's commitment to cover up the possibility of Ruby's involvement in any action other than one impulsive act on November 24, 1963, was no doubt responsible for its determination that Ruby was not at Parkland Memorial Hospital (where Kennedy and Texas Governor John Connally were taken) on November 22, 1963, in spite of very strong testimony to the contrary. For instance, Seth Kantor, a reporter for the Scripps-Howard newspaper chain, testified before the Commission that he not only had seen Ruby at the hospital that afternoon but had also spoken to him. Ruby, Kantor maintained, had tugged at his coat and asked him whether or not he (Ruby) should open his club that night in view of the tragedy. As a reporter for the *Dallas*

was out at the hospital." And the bullet, which tied Oswald's purported rifle to the assassination, materialized at the hospital while Ruby was there. According to the witness who discovered the slug—Darrell C. Tomlinson, a senior engineer at Parkland—it rolled off a stretcher, either President Kennedy's or Governor Connally's, after an unknown man "pushed the stretcher."

* * *

In 1959 the American intelligence community entered into a partnership with organized crime with the aim of assassinating Fidel Castro. Evidence uncovered in 1975 by the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence (Church Committee) revealed that a series of abortive efforts to kill the Cuban premier were undertaken by this partnership. Also in 1959, not long after the victory of the Cuban Revolution and while that country was still in a state of transition, Jack Ruby

Ruby's visit to Havana followed his effort to secure a letter of introduction to Castro. He offered to purchase such a letter for \$25,000, according to the statement of Robert R. McKeown.

McKeown might have been the most important witness to testify before the Warren Commission. Two of the Commission's lawyers felt his testimony was urgently required. Had McKeown testified, the course of the past decade and a half might have been materially different. Having learned what McKeown knew, the members of the Commission could hardly have insisted that either Ruby or Oswald were lone assassins. The Commission, determined to find no conspiracy, resolved its dilemma by refusing to call McKeown as a witness and by denying permission to the Commission lawyers to take his testimony. Robert McKeown remains a man of mystery. His life reads not unlike an exciting adventure story.

McKeown and an associate had invented and developed a machine to clean coffee beans. That task had been time-consuming and had previously been done by hand. "We took our machine to Cuba," McKeown said, "because of the cheap labor there."

Fulgencio Batista was running the country; his militia called upon McKeown and said the dictator wanted to be a partner in the venture. Batista wanted a 20-percent interest in the company. McKeown, stifling feelings of outrage, explained that he was an American citizen and businessman. The guards shrugged and left. They returned later, and McKeown offered a similar explanation. They again left. Other guards returned, and McKeown—at rifle and bayonet point—was thrown into a military vehicle and then flown to Miami. He was told he would be killed if he ever returned to Cuba.

McKeown brooded about his loss, and was then approached by a representative of Carlos Prio, the former president of Cuba who had been overthrown by Batista. Would McKeown like to meet Prio to discuss ways of regaining his business? The meeting was set up, and a 20-year friendship began.

Prio explained that a revolution to oust Batista was under way. It was to be well-financed and led in the field by a man named Fidel Castro. Prio was to be restored as president, and McKeown would get his business back. The operation needed a talented, sophisticated, well-connected, highly motivated American businessman to secure weapons and get them to Castro in Cuba. McKeown agreed. He was well-paid and anxious to again have control of his lucrative setup in Cuba.

McKeown spent more than a week with Castro at a hotel in Tampico, Mexico. He embarked upon a plan to get guns and ammunition to Cuba for Castro's troops. [Editor's Note: Following the successful



OSWALD IS SHOT: Lee Harvey Oswald cringes as Jack Ruby attacks him at Dallas jail. Policeman is J. R. Leavelle.

Times Herald, Kantor had known Ruby for years. In spite of repeated and disbelieving interrogations by the Commission, Kantor was adamant. He testified: "I did talk to the man, and he did stop me, and I just can't have any doubt about that."

Kantor's testimony as to Jack Ruby's presence in the hospital on that date was corroborated by several other witnesses, but to no avail. All the Commission could secure to support the preconception that Ruby was not there was its allegation that Ruby denied it—or, as one Commission lawyer told a witness in an effort to convince her to change her statement: "Jack himself has denied very vehemently he

visited Havana.

For the Cuban people the island's major harvests were agricultural, including sugar cane and tobacco, but for American criminal syndicates the harvest was freshly laundered cash taken each night from their casinos—the largest and most lucrative gambling establishments in the world. In August 1959 this cash-flow was threatened by the new Castro government. It was at this time that Lewis J. McWillie, manager of the Tropicana casino (the world's largest, owned by Meyer Lansky's syndicate), invited Ruby to Havana, paid his air fare and spent many hours with him there.

revolution Fidel Castro, not Carlos Prio, became Cuba's new head of state. Subsequently, Prio joined forces with the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency in an effort to overthrow, or assassinate, Castro.]

McKeown arranged for weapons to be taken from a U.S. Army arsenal in Arkansas and delivered to him in vans. He also handled large sums of money given to two United States senators. McKeown was a Houston-based engineer who had contacts in the business world, including the petroleum industry, and in government. He sent weapons to Cuba in oil tankers, ships carrying oil drums (in which machine guns and bazookas were stashed away) and in airlifts to the interior of the island. Before the operation was betrayed, resulting in his arrest in 1958, McKeown had delivered \$8-million worth of weapons and ammunition to the insurgents. He personally flew to Cuba twice during the revolution and met with its leaders.

McKeown's final plan involved the purchase of a strategically located house, in which he stored \$2-million worth of weapons, and the purchase of a ship to take them to Cuba. He was arrested, the ship seized and the weapons confiscated by the FBI. Charged with 15 felony counts, he faced a life sentence. But Carlos Prio and his CIA sponsors intervened, and McKeown was never asked how he secured the arms. He was sentenced in Federal District Court in Houston to 90 days, of which he served 59.

In 1959, after his takeover, Fidel Castro came to Houston, publicly embraced McKeown and offered him a place in the Cuban government, urging him to return to Cuba with him at once. But McKeown, who had been placed on probation for five years, did not wish to leave the country without permission. Castro said, "You will be the only American in our government. You can have your business back, franchises, anything you want. Without your arsenal we would have failed." But McKeown never could gain permission from a federal court to return to Cuba.

It was later that year that Jack Ruby visited McKeown and offered him \$25,000 for a letter of introduction to Castro. It now appears that Ruby was working for the organized crime/American intelligence partnership seeking to kill the Cuban leader. After the assassination of President Kennedy, FBI agents interviewed McKeown, who recounted the Ruby offer. One of the major scandals of the Warren Commission Report was the refusal of the Commission members to question McKeown, a point I emphasized in *Rush to Judgment*, published in 1966, long before I met McKeown.

Several months before the assassination Lee Harvey Oswald, together with a Cuban identified only as Mr. Hernandez, called upon McKeown. Oswald said that



Robert McKeown, chief gun-runner to the Cuban Revolution, chats with Fidel Castro in Houston in April 1959. Later, Oswald and Ruby both had occasion to call on the resourceful businessman.

he represented a movement in a Latin American country and that he wished to purchase weapons for a revolution. McKeown, still on probation, urged him to leave at once. Oswald returned minutes later and offered \$10,000 for four semi-automatic rifles with telescopic sights. McKeown was tempted, but declined. Had the rifle found on the sixth floor of the Texas School Book Depository Building been traced back to Castro's purveyor of weapons, a situation potentially greater than the Missile Crisis might well have exploded.

After the assassination George De Mohrenshildt called upon McKeown and tried to persuade him that an impostor, not Oswald, had met him. Since McKeown had told no one of his meeting with Oswald, he wondered how De Mohrenshildt had heard of it.

George De Mohrenshildt had been employed by the CIA and had brought Oswald from New Orleans to Dallas just prior to Kennedy's assassination. When De Mohrenshildt heard that Oswald had been charged with the shooting, he became irate and said, "The FBI in Dallas and Fort Worth both assured me that Oswald was harmless." Later he con-



Author Mark Lane managed John F. Kennedy's 1960 election campaign in New York City.

cluded that Oswald was innocent and had been set up to take the blame. De Mohrenshildt was completing a manuscript dealing with the conspiracy to kill Kennedy when he died under mysterious circumstances in Florida. Two days later Carlos Prio also died in Florida, likewise under mysterious circumstances.

In 1961, when Castro's political position was understood, Prio moved into American intelligence circles and became leader of the anti-Castro forces in America. In that position he offered McKeown a substantial sum to use his

Commission, terrorized by the possible consequences of a thorough investigation, decided not to conduct such a probe.

A serious investigation would have revealed that Ruby was part of organized crime in Chicago at least as long ago as 1939 and that at that time he may have been a Syndicate hit man. It also would have revealed that Ruby began working for the FBI in Dallas on March 11, 1959, and that when he was on assignment in Cuba, possibly to assassinate Fidel Castro, he was employed by the organized crime/intelligence alliance that had already tried and failed to kill Castro and was to try many more times in the coming years. A full investigation would have shown that Oswald had been given the intelligence assignment of buying at least one rifle with a telescopic sight from the man who had provided the weapons of war for Fidel Castro's guerrilla army.

that they knew just where it would lead.

While the information secured from McKeown permits us to place Lee Harvey Oswald in a proper historical context for the first time, and provides some evidence of his role as an intelligence agent, statements just made by Oswald's Marine Corps buddies provide proof of his espionage assignments.

In February 1977 a Gallup poll showed that approximately 81 percent of the population believed the Warren Commission Report to be a cruel hoax. The poll also showed that more Americans were inclined to consider the CIA and the FBI as the possible assassins of President Kennedy than were convinced that Oswald had acted alone.

Because of the public's attitudes, the police and intelligence launched a massive public-relations campaign to direct suspicion away from their respective organizations. In long-suppressed documents J. Edgar Hoover had urged the use of the *Reader's Digest* to deal with the question of conspiracy in these matters. The CIA's use of television and radio networks and of the *New York Times*, *Washington Post* and *Washington Star*, as well as the major news weeklies, had been suspected for some time.

Soon a full-scale program to connect Oswald posthumously with a Russian secret-police agent was under way—led, almost predictably, by the *Reader's Digest*. As previously mentioned, *Reader's Digest* Press published Edward Jay Epstein's *Legend: The Secret World of Lee Harvey Oswald*, and the magazine itself ran excerpts from the book in two consecutive issues, accompanied by a nearly unprecedented advertising campaign. Epstein had been given, as he described it, "an almost unlimited budget." He, being a modest fellow, spent approximately \$2 million to write the book, which cannot possibly earn for its sponsors any sum approaching the amount expended. This raises two questions: Why did the *Reader's Digest* embark upon a plan doomed to financial failure? And was the money, in this intelligence escapade, really provided by the magazine?

The extravagance of the project is hardly reflected in the book itself, a shoddy work in which obvious errors and blatantly false statements abound. For example, Epstein flatly states, "Ballistics cannot be done on pistols." What he meant to say is that a ballistics examination of a slug fired from a pistol cannot prove that the bullet came from a particular pistol to the exclusion of all other pistols in the world. However, that statement is false, as any teenager who has ever toured the FBI's headquarters in Washington, D.C., knows.

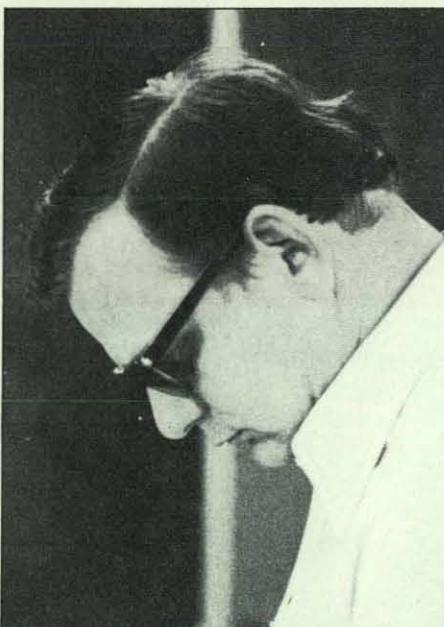
Epstein offers this thesis: Oswald was a KGB operative while still in the Marine Corps in 1958. At that time he was

(continued on page 50)



UPI photo

Some critics feel that Edward Jay Epstein's biography of Oswald continues the cover-up.



Marine Lee Oswald told David Bucknell he expected to return from the USSR "a hero."

Had McKeown sold that rifle and had it been found on the sixth floor of the Texas School Book Depository—followed by the "evidence" that only a month before the assassination Oswald had returned to Dallas from talks with the KGB officer in charge of assassinations (and a visit to the Cuban Embassy in Mexico City to obtain a visa, ostensibly to flee to a Communist country after killing the President)—the world might not be intact today.

Apparently, all that thwarted the mad scheme to make Castro appear responsible for Kennedy's killing was the refusal of McKeown to sell Oswald the rifle and the desire of the Commission to cover up all traces of conspiracy in the interest of "national security" and international peace. The frightened little men who ran the Warren Commission were afraid to conduct a search for the truth because they thought (incorrectly as it turns out)

friendship with Castro to kill him.

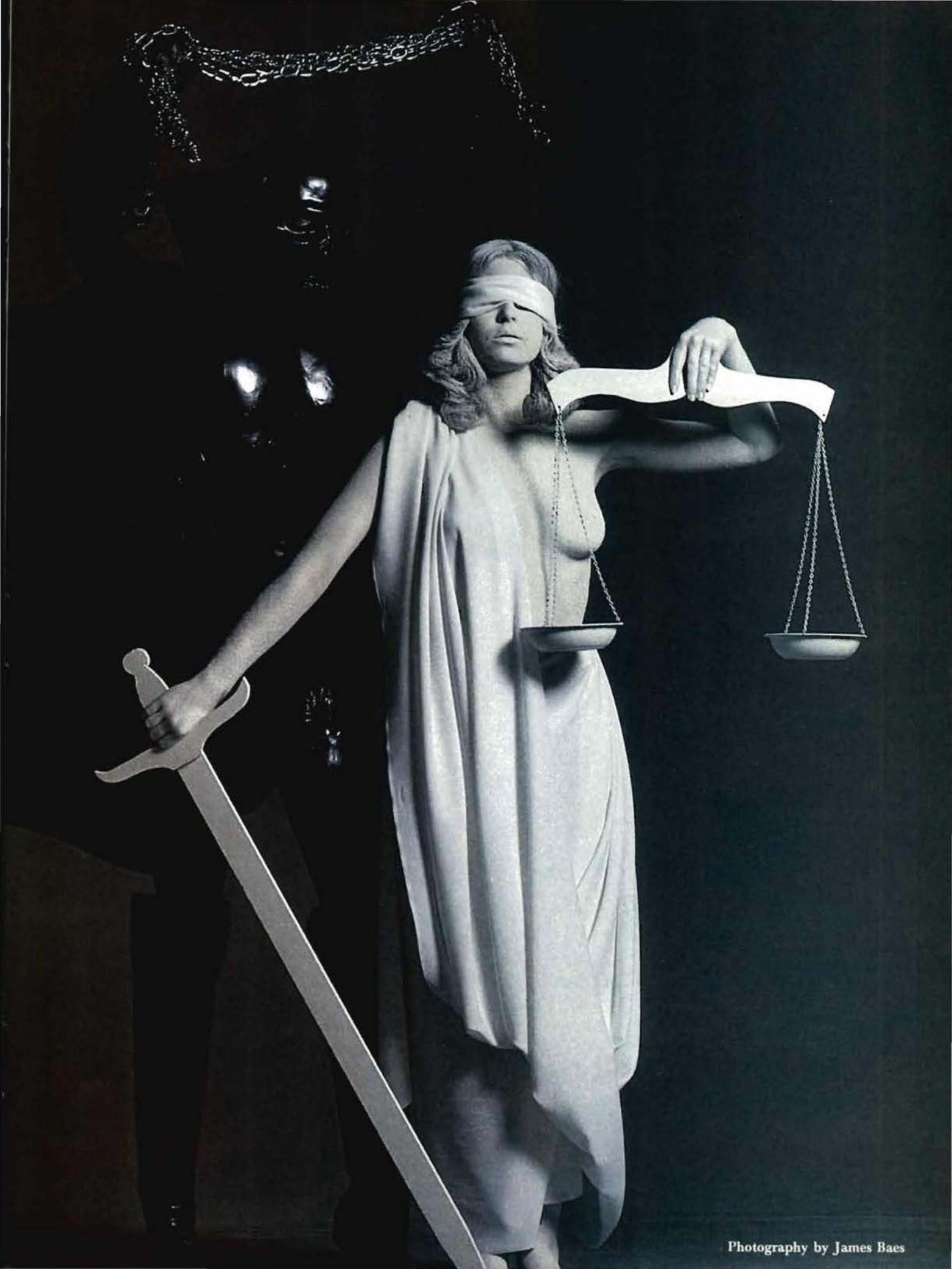
It seems apparent now that McKeown's statement to the FBI in 1964 and subsequent statements to me, together with other available evidence, indicate that in 1963 Oswald, who had been employed by American intelligence since 1958 while in the Marine Corps, was given the assignment of securing a rifle with a telescopic sight from McKeown. During that same general time-frame, October 1963, the Central Intelligence Agency established a series of charades in Mexico City for the purpose of making it appear that Oswald had visited the Soviet Embassy there and had met with a man, described in CIA reports as the KGB officer responsible for assassinations in the Western Hemisphere. The CIA effort to frame Oswald also included a trip to the Cuban Embassy in Mexico City by an impostor pretending to be Oswald.

FBI and CIA documents, now available, demonstrate that the "Oswald" who visited both the Cuban and Soviet embassies in Mexico City in October 1963 was not Lee Harvey Oswald. The Warren

THE RAPE OF JUSTICE

The killers of John F. Kennedy and Martin Luther King, Jr., wear well-cut suits and have impeccable manners.

They assume many names. They have lived for centuries, appearing through the ages in different uniforms—one year that of the Inquisition, one year the Gestapo, one year the CIA. If you could see under their three-piece suits and behind their bland faces, this is what their souls would look like. Theirs is not the kind of wanted photo you can hang in the post office. Yet it is a portrait of an assassin. Once he was a man; now power has made him grotesque. He says he loves freedom, but instead he enslaves it. He says he loves justice, but instead he attacks it. And she will never smile on him. So he must destroy her.



Photography by James Baes



She is justice.
She is mercy. But kindness only entices
him, and his erection is deadly.





Look as deep as you can and you see that
all his hate is just sex turned inside
out. Instead of giving his sex the freedom and
expression it needs, he tries to control it,
and control us. Everyone needs to
touch and be touched. But lovemaking needs
freedom—it can't be controlled. And
people who don't have the courage to try
to touch tenderly end up with the only
kind of touching that's left in
their control—violence.





Makeup by Rick Schwartz. Leather goods courtesy
of The Pleasure Chest, Los Angeles, California.



Control means to negate the human will and destroy the human spirit. It is a form of living death. Carried to its ultimate extreme, control ends in assassination. It ends in the rape of justice. It ends in concentration camps. It ends in blood. Lady Justice's blood flows softly. It cannot be heard above the buzzing of flies.

(continued from page 41)

stationed at Atsugi, Japan, and was assigned to work on the most secret of all military projects—the U-2 spy plane. Oswald, a mere private first class, was paid substantial sums of money by the Russians to pass secrets along to them.

According to the Epstein-Reader's *Digest* scenario, proof that Oswald worked for the KGB can be found in the fact that he frequented the Queen Bee, a fashionable Japanese club, and that he spent large sums of money there. Epstein was apparently informed by his intelligence sources that the Queen Bee was a place where military secrets were discussed and where the Office of Naval Intelligence knew that a spy might operate. He writes in *Legend* that Oswald was the only lowly enlisted man there and that even lower-ranking officers would stand out in that club. In addition, Epstein notes that Oswald entered into a liaison with a beautiful Japanese woman, a suspected KGB contact, and that he undoubtedly paid her a great deal of money. He even brought her back to the top-secret U-2 base, Epstein assures us.

If Epstein, almost 20 years after the event, was able to discover that Oswald was a Russian spy, based exclusively on

information well-known to Oswald's superiors in the Marine Corps at the time, is one not entitled, indeed compelled, to ask why the Marine Corps took no action?

Oswald rubbed elbows at the Queen Bee with high-ranking military officers and rubbed more than elbows with high-priced Japanese prostitutes. He was a big spender at the club, and was perhaps the only enlisted man who appeared regularly at the establishment. And he was assigned to the U-2 project. Had Oswald not been given permission to do what he was doing, he would have been suspected at once, and military justice—to use a self-contradictory term—would have had its harsh way with the soldier before his second effort to lavish funds at a club where he did not belong. Who, then, *did* give Oswald permission?

Recently, a former Marine who had served with Oswald in Santa Ana, California, after Oswald had returned from Atsugi, began to talk about his discussions with him. His name is David Bucknell. The Warren Commission never talked with him and neither did Epstein. In April 1978 French television presented three extraordinary documentaries about the Kennedy assassination. These incisive programs were developed by Jean-Michel Charlier, a well-known French filmmaker.

Following the program Wesley Leibeler and David Belin (two lawyers who had served as assistant counsel for the Warren Commission) and Epstein and I participated in a discussion. I played a portion of an interview I had recorded with Bucknell. Epstein only said, "They never told me that he was in Oswald's unit." Then he added, "His name wasn't on the roster I was given."

Yet Bucknell was there. I met with Bucknell and James Botelho at my apartment in Venice, California, in April 1978. Botelho, even Epstein and the Warren Commission agree, was Oswald's roommate when they were stationed at the Marine Air Control Squadron (MACS-9) at Santa Ana. Botelho and Bucknell asserted that they had been there together with Oswald. After his discharge from the Marine Corps Botelho became a police officer in California, and later a judge.

Bucknell told me that one day he and Oswald went to a tavern near the base to drink a few beers. Two women approached them. Later that day Oswald told Bucknell the incident with the women reminded him of an experience he had had at Atsugi.

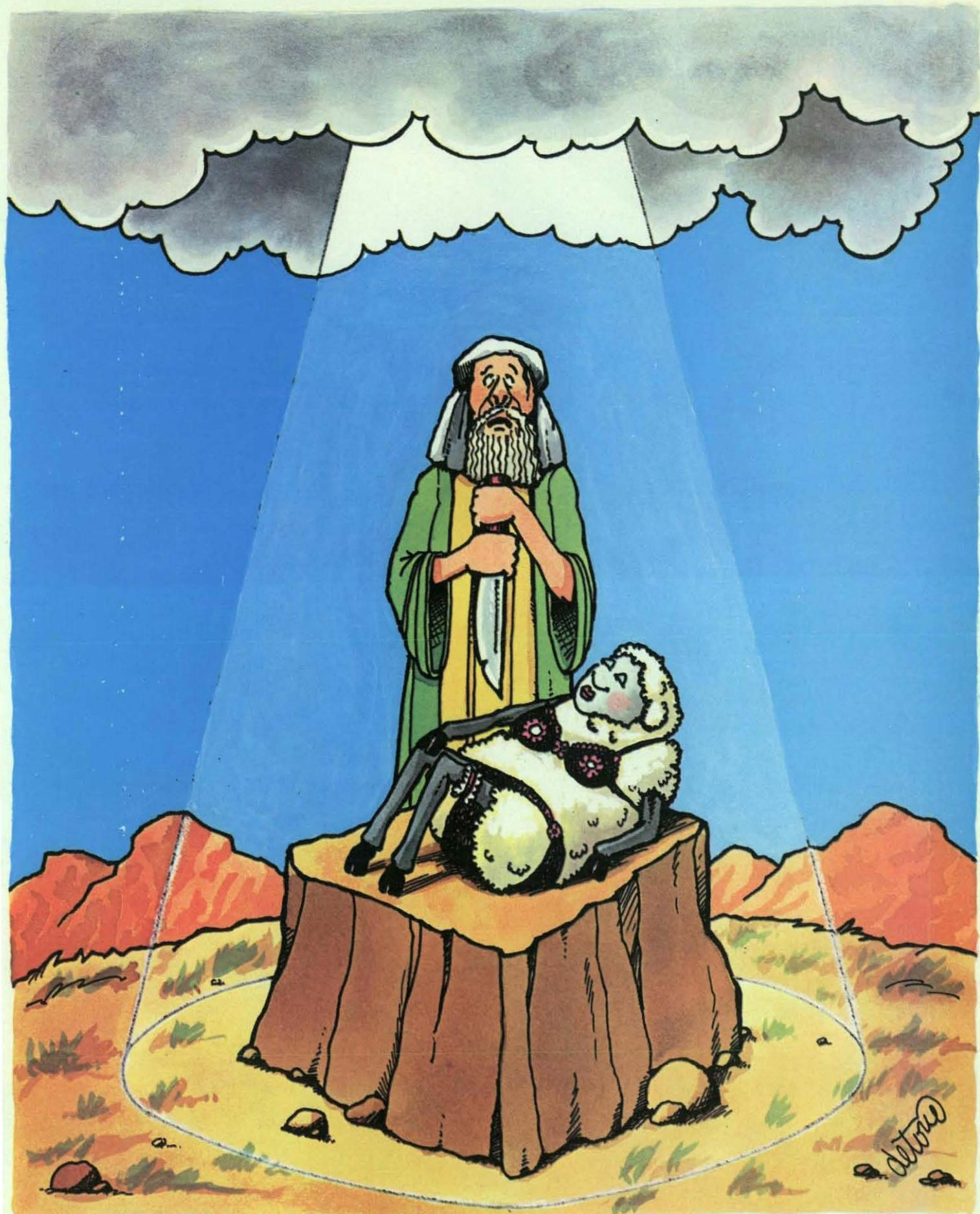
Oswald had been alone in a bar when an attractive Japanese woman approached him, he told Bucknell. She asked him some questions about his work on the base. That work was, of course, with the supersecret U-2 program. Oswald, predictably, reported that conversation to his superior officer, who then arranged for a meeting on the base between Oswald and a man dressed in civilian clothes.

The man, a "security" or "security intelligence" operator, explained to Oswald that he could do his country a great service. Oswald was told that the woman was a KGB contact and that he would be given false information to pass on to her. Oswald agreed, and while still a teenager in the Marine Corps he became an intelligence operative. His liaison with the woman continued; he was given money to spend at the Queen Bee, and apparently encouraged by American intelligence to enter into a sexual relationship with the woman.

Years later, while examining Oswald's medical records—released along with thousands of irrelevant documents by the Warren Commission in 1964—I discovered a most remarkable entry. The chronological record of medical care for Lee Harvey Oswald (published by the Commission as Donabedian Exhibit No. 1, Volume 19, page 605) noted that on September 16, 1958, he had been treated for gonorrhea while

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"Are you sure you wouldn't rather have me sacrifice Isaac?"

The Televisionization of Boxing

Article by Ed Kiersh

Of all the words and names on the Las Vegas Hilton marquee, only one message will whirl and scream out to 70 million television viewers: "CBS Sports welcomes you to the Muhammad Ali-Leon Spinks Championship Fight—The Greatest Night in Ring History."

A few hundred feet away, in the mobile control room, the ring-masters behind this P. T. Barnum-style showmanship are studying the souped-up message. It's only a few minutes to airtime, and they are wondering if their opening announcement is the best possible way to capture America's hearts, minds and dollars.

"Are you sure we should run this?" complains Barry Frank, vice-president of CBS Sports.

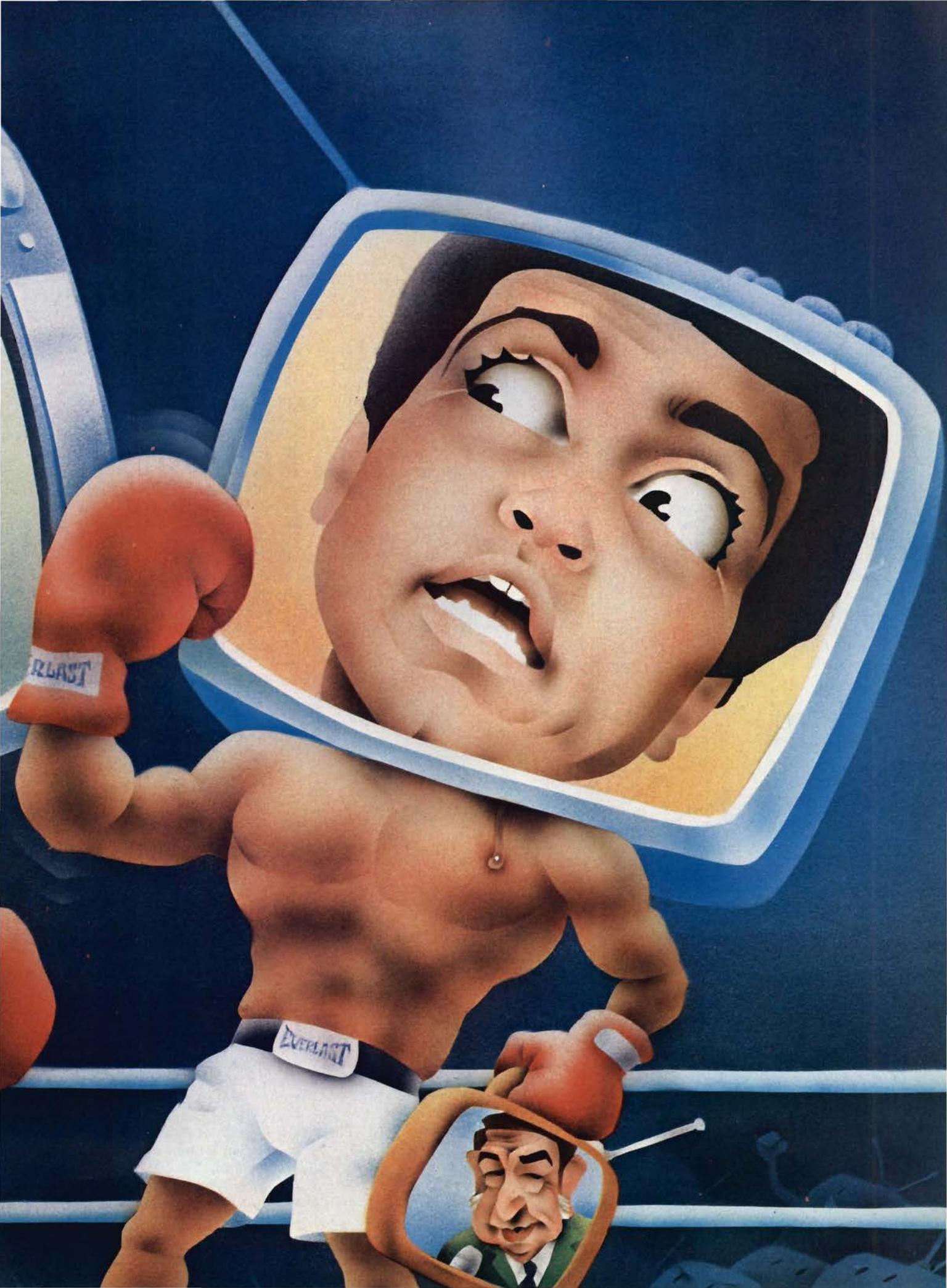
"You said you wanted hype," snaps Frank "Mad Armenian" Chirkinian, the producer.

"Yeah, but let's face it; it ain't the greatest night no matter what happens," counters Frank, looking more and more worried. "Perhaps we should have Brent [Musburger, the program's emcee] say 'Maybe the Greatest.' "

Not about to be persuaded, Chirkinian turns completely toward his console and says, "What the fuck is the problem? You know it's always 'The Greatest.' " Then he adds, "C'mon, you fucks, let's see the promos, and get me a shot of where Natalie Cole is sitting. Wait until you see all the tits tonight."

Despite the loose camaraderie, though, Barry Frank may still be nagged by doubts—about, say, the questions raised by the House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee's Subcommittee





on Communications last fall, when the networks' grip on boxing was investigated—and deplored. He also may be thinking of sworn testimony from TV's highest officials (himself included), pledging an end to such unscrupulous practices as false advertising, exclusive contracts with fighters and promotional ties to the sport's most suspect elements.

Yet Frank's quandary is quickly resolved. Instead of following his gut feelings about possible impropriety by demanding edits, he only mutters to himself. All signs of his being disgruntled fade. A freshly lit cigar causes him to smile, and he calmly says, "I'm glad I wasn't part of this decision."

So began TV's post-Ali era, on the night of an Ice Age for truth. Network executives have let Nielsen ratings blur and distort their vision. As evident from last year's scandal-riddled, ABC-sponsored "U.S. Boxing Championships" tournament and CBS's growing "stable" of fighters, now the only focus is on the body count. Although this thinking is wrapped in corporate-pinstripe respectability—as opposed to the fight game's cigar-chomping, low-slung fedora look—TV's current boxing craze is essentially a rerun—a throwback to the 1950s, when mobsters Frankie Carbo and Blinky Palermo schemed to monop-

olize the sport's most prized talent.

Again, using a heavy hand, TV has entered the fight-promotion business with an impressive lineup of "house" pugs, although the "exclusive-rights" deals made by TV with fighters are of questionable legality, since (1) the networks are not supposed to be in the fight-promotion business and (2) the various state athletic commissions have not given them sanction to do so.

At any rate, TV-network deals have garnered the signatures of 1976 Olympians Sugar Ray Leonard, Michael Spinks (Leon's brother) and Howard Davis. (And it is rumored that the networks are looking to sign lightweight champ Roberto Duran, light heavyweight Victor Galindez and heavyweight Ken Norton, the number-one contender for the World Boxing Council title held by Larry Holmes.)

ABC and CBS know these hot properties out-Neilson other sports programs, and many prime-time shows as well. So, by securing a fistful of "first-refusal" options, they can televise their young fighters as often as possible. As CBS Vice-President for Public-Relations Kevin O'Malley boasts, the network's intention is to "show true American heroes growing up on television."

However, besides being monopolistic or anticompetitive, this inspired game

plan has one glaring flaw. After shelling out huge checks the networks understandably protect their investments by having their own boys fight only "smear cases"—that is, fighters with little chance of winning. An obvious conflict of interest, this pits TV's assets against broadcasting standards. Or, in simpler terms, there's a "no-contest" fight that mismatches "star" Leonard with "tankers" like Rocky Ramon, a fighter who has a string of losses to a bunch of no-names, and that allows Olympic boxer Davis the contractual right to pay opponents out of his own purse and also gives him the right to choose whom he wants to meet in the ring. (Davis's first pro bout was against Jose Resto, whose 19 wins and 49 losses inspired one CBS official to say, "That's not his record; that's his birthdate.")

These manipulations amply illustrate TV's boxing muscle. Promoters' money-ties to the networks *guarantee* the take-over of the sport by TV. CBS aligns with Bob Arum, promoter for Top Rank, Inc., a boxers' agency, so often that it should give him offices at "Black Rock," CBS's Manhattan headquarters. While in ABC's corner, cotton-candy-haired, ex-numbers czar Don King, though cracking, "I have the station [sic] in my back pocket," wheels and deals before the big bucks of Roone Arledge, president of ABC's news and sports divisions. Each promoter must serve as talent scout, contract negotiator and logician. However, together they give the networks potential global control of the fight game, since Arum's and King's organizations have worldwide ties.

Responsible for bringing Leon Spinks, the new World Boxing Association heavyweight champ, to CBS, Arum gets a hero's welcome from network brass at a party after the Ali fight in Vegas. Buxom cocktail waitresses scurrying to the beat of a live band serve him drinks. Faces of executives, normally a reserved WASPish white, glow like gold CBS "eye" belt buckles. Gene Jankowski, the president of the broadcasting group—who had earlier walked into the production van demanding, "Where is Don King? I thought this was his fight"—now combines repeated shakes of Arum's hand with cries of "Boy! Did we make history tonight!"

Such praise seems odd, once it's noted that in televising the Ali-Spinks surprise CBS lost a bundle (more than \$300,000, since the commercial spots, which ranged from \$50,000 to \$90,000 each, didn't sell out). But the \$4.3-million extravaganza won CBS valuable points in the periodic Nielsen "sweep," the





"That'll teach him not to smoke in an elevator!"

time used to calibrate advertising rates. But TV execs are too concerned with instant profits to screen Jankowski's "best damn sporting event of all time" for only possible future revenues.

So why their boundless, near-orgasmic joy? Again, Barry Frank has the telling comment. The moment he spots Arum entering the banquet room, Frank runs to embrace him, and between kisses he roars, "We're now the home of the champ! We have the rights to Spinks's next three fights, and options on three more after that."

Only three months earlier, during testimony before the House Communications Subcommittee, Frank and CBS Sports President Robert Wussler had denied any "special relationship" with Spinks or Arum. First Wussler declared that separate agreements were negotiated for each of Spinks's fights. (CBS had aired seven of his eight pro bouts prior to the Ali fight.) And then, in reply to an inquiry as to whether CBS held contractual options on the heavyweight, Frank said, "The only one that has an option in it that I know of is the November 18 contract"—meaning that CBS would first air Spinks against Alfio Righetti, and then have the first crack at another fight.

Since it's now known that CBS holds rights or options to six fights, Frank's

testimony has raised many suspicions on Capitol Hill. The House Communications Subcommittee has asked CBS for all documents pertaining to its Spinks-Arum connection, and some members are demanding more hearings. Even worse for Frank, according to the subcommittee's chairman, Lionel Van Deerlin (Democrat-California), "There's something wrong somewhere when immediately after the fight we hear that CBS has future rights to Spinks. We're looking into how and when this came about. Nothing definite can be said now, but Barry Frank's testimony is being reviewed, and we'll decide if there's a basis for a contempt of Congress action against him."

One document the congressmen are sure to study is a memo to Jose Sulaiman, president of the World Boxing Council, signed by Arum two days after Ali lost his crown. The message acknowledges that CBS has a contract with Top Rank, Inc., giving them TV rights to Spinks's first title defense for \$1,550,000. Furthermore, the memo goes on to say, "We [Top Rank] are in an extremely difficult legal position in that Leon Spinks is bound contractually to Top Rank and Top Rank is bound contractually to CBS." This admission might possibly fit the House subcommittee's definition of "special relation-

ships," especially when the same memo divulges that Top Rank "arranged" for CBS's telecast of the Ali-Spinks bout as early as August 1977.

While it's still unclear how Barry Frank figures in this situation (Spinks's market value is certainly lowered by the Top Rank/CBS ties), Frank's leading role in CBS's hiring of fight manager Gil Clancy still demands close scrutiny. Frank describes the fight-game vet, long teamed with welterweight Emile Griffith, as "my boxing rabbi, the man who keeps CBS abreast of what's going on in the boxing world." And, consequently, he's helped crown Clancy as a network commentator.

"It was my idea to get Clancy involved," says Frank, sitting in a Las Vegas Hilton suite the week of the Ali-Spinks fight, his gold-buckled loafers easily propped on a table. "I knew we really wanted to get into boxing, so I wanted the best in the business. Clancy and [Ali's trainer, Angelo] Dundee were talking about boxing styles at a party. It was fascinating to hear them. I said, 'Why can't we put them on the air?'"

Clancy's background and commentator skills are such that he can be considered the Walter Cronkite of boxing. Barry Frank: "Gil counsels us on certain fighters, the styles that make fights, legitimacy of certain opponents, what youngsters we should be looking at and what's a good match. Since there are fighters I know nothing about, his opinion is invaluable to our making the fight. He's been terrific—[hiring him was] the most creative thing I've done at CBS in two years."

Aware that Clancy "owns" pieces of several fighters—or manages them—and that boxing is a world morally foreign to the Hammurabic Code, Frank goes on to say (perhaps optimistically), "I don't think he would lie about his own fighters."

Even though "rabbis" deserve more passionate trust, deception doesn't have to figure in Clancy's success. Influence alone guarantees him a Norman Lear-like parade of hits on CBS. Frank says Clancy steps aside when his fighters are involved in a programming decision and that (good pal) Dundee fills in. But why, then, do so many of CBS's worst mismatches and dullest bouts involve Clancy-connected fighters?

"Ownership" records in boxing are as elusive as the 18-minute gap in Nixon's tapes, but here are a few of the pugs said to be affiliated with Clancy and who have had fight fans thirsting for Lite beer commercials: Jose Fernandez (8-6 in the past three years), a junior light-

(continued on page 95)



HARD. DAY'S WORK





Laura's list of things for her handyman to do never seems to end: fix a leaky faucet, rake the leaves, prune the hedge, mow the lawn, haul the ashes. She used to have him come once a week, but now he's on the job every day.

"Come in here!" Laura demanded one day. "There's something that needs to be taken care of right now!" On the ball, he doesn't need to be told twice when his employer wants him to perform.

After explaining the prob-

lem to him, Laura lets him get an up-close look at what needs fixing. Since he brought his toolbox, the handyman doesn't waste any time getting to work. Laura knows he's a skilled craftsman, and she's anxious to have him plunge right in. She's more than glad to help him on this troubleshooting assignment.

One good thing about this handyman's job is that no matter how many times he solves this emergency, it's bound to arise again.









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HUSTLER·OCTOBER 1978

Timmy and Sammy grew up in the same neighborhood. Timmy became a priest and Sammy a rabbi, and they lived long lives and did good work until they retired. One summer evening they took a walk together and were remembering the good old days when Tim said, "Sam, me boy, you know I'll never tell a soul. Did you ever eat pork now?"

The rabbi put his hands over his ears, but it was too late. They walked in silence for a bit, and at last he sighed and said, "You shouldn't have asked. But you asked. Yes, Tim, yes, I did."

The old priest smiled, and the two walked on for a bit until Sam nudged his old friend and said, "Timothy, telling the truth now. Did you ever make it with a woman?"

"Oh Lord, you'll not be asking me that?! Oh, by the saints, you are, eh?" Then it was his turn to sigh, "Very well, then, it's the truth. I did."

The rabbi nudged him again. "Tim," he asked, "it's better than pork?"

The biology professor was lecturing his students. "In these two test tubes are the ingredients for the creation of human life: Solution A is a balance of chemicals from the female ovum, and Solution B is the male sperm. Mix them in an environmentally controlled test tube, and a new life will start to form. Are there any questions?"

"Could you give us a demonstration?" asked one of the students.

"Not this evening," replied the professor. "Solution A has a bad headache."

An American drinking in an English pub was amazed to see an Englishman sipping a Major Bailey—his favorite, a julep made with gin. They got to talking about pubs, then about music, theater, books, sports, politics, and found that they had identical tastes in everything. At last the bartender called, "Time, gentlemen." And they had one last Major Bailey and left together.

Outside, the American asked, "Going my way?"

"No," answered the Englishman, "I'm not. By the way, old chap, are you a homosexual?"

Startled, the American replied, "No, I'm not."

"Neither am I," the Englishman remarked. "Pity, isn't it?"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *pubic hair* as: nature's dental floss.

Question: What's a seven-course Irish dinner?
Answer: A boiled potato and a six-pack.

Two friends were walking downtown when the one who stuttered said, "Ma-ma-man, loo-look at that g-g-girl with them p-p-pretty legs."

"Where?" his friend yelled.

"Sh-sh-she's gone now," replied the stutterer. But after a while he started up again. "Ma-ma-man, l-l-look at that wo-wo-woman with the sh-sh-short dress."

"Where?" his friend shouted.

"Sh-sh-she's gone now," he answered. A little while later he started talking again. "Ma-ma-man, lo-lo-look!"

"I see it! I see it!" his friend exclaimed.

"Th-th-then why d-d-did you s-st-step in it?"

A man on a motorcycle went into a slide as he came to a cliff. He jumped off his bike, barely managing to get a finger-grip that saved him from falling. He was dangling there, nearing exhaustion, hundreds of feet above the ground, when a man pulled up with a stern expression.

"Please help me!" screamed the biker.

"Hell, boy," said the man, "thar ain't nothing in it fer me."

"I'll do anything," yelled the biker, his strength almost gone.

"Oh, you would? Well, tell me sumpin', then," said the man. "Would you kiss my ass?"

"Yes," answered the biker. "I would!"

"And would you suck my cock?"

"Anything!" yelled the biker. "Even that!"

"Fuckin' queer," the man said, stomping on the biker's fingers.

Far out at sea, a ship sank so quickly that there was no chance to use the lifeboats. Three days later a Coast Guard cutter sighted a survivor floating in the water and proceeded to pick him up. The captain was shocked to see that the man was not wearing a life jacket, and congratulated him on surviving without one.

At that instant the survivor let loose an incredibly gross fart. The crew all backed away from him. The captain shouted angrily, "My God, man! Why did you wait until you got on my ship to do that?"

"Are you kidding?" the survivor answered. "What do you think kept me afloat for three days?"

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CHESTER

BY DWAYNE B. TINSLY



"Y'know, I really like your style."

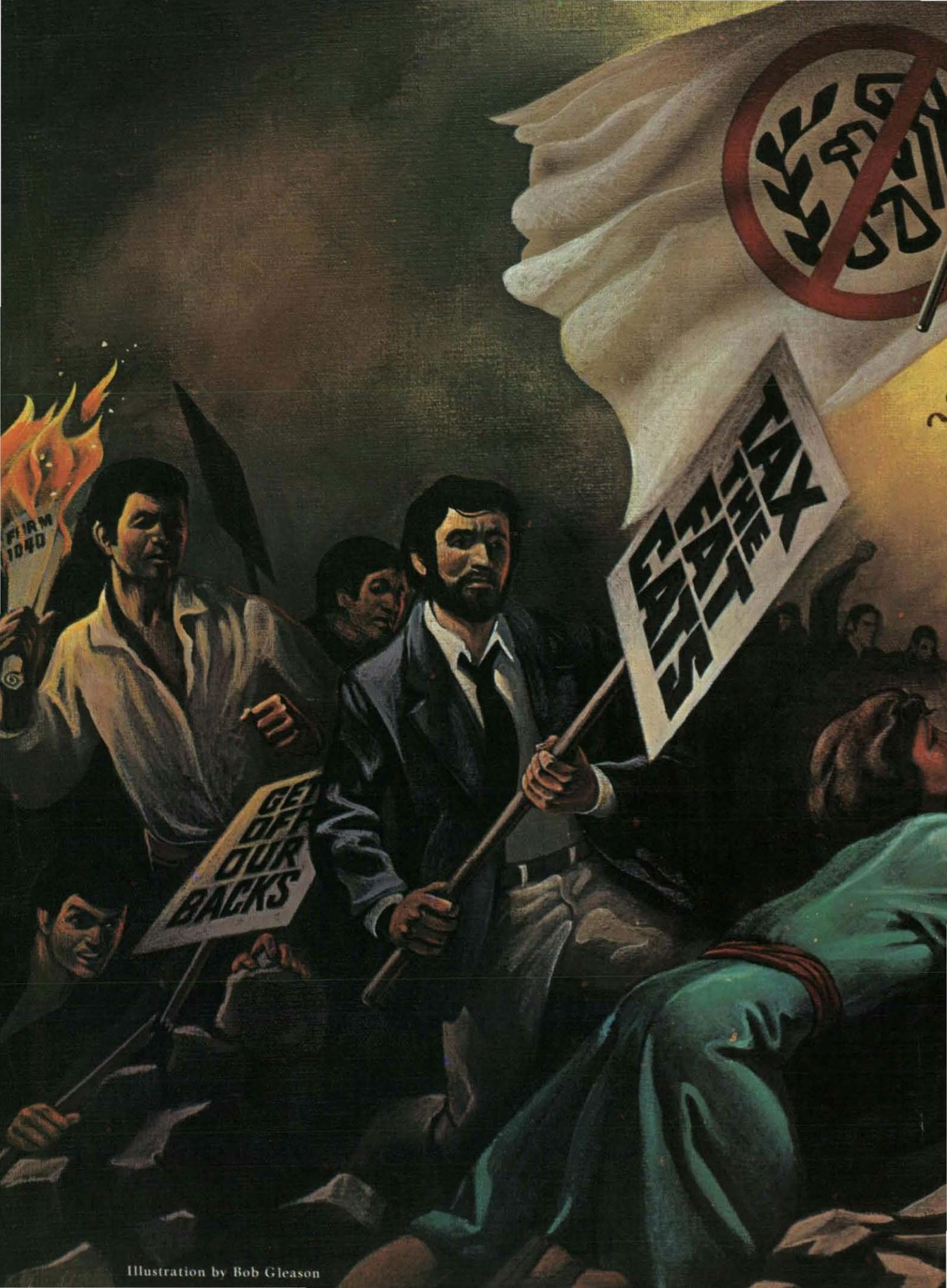


Illustration by Bob Gleason



THE TAX REBELS

ARTICLE BY ZBIGNIEW KINDELA

In June of this year, California voters overwhelmingly approved Proposition 13—a state constitutional amendment that allows a rollback of property taxes to a maximum of 1 percent additional of a property's 1975-76 market value. The passage of Proposition 13 means that billions of dollars will never get into the state's coffers, and already the politicians and government bureaucrats are wringing their hands in agony. State officials in California are claiming that public services, ranging from summer school to publicly funded abortions, must be curtailed and that public employees will be laid

off due to the loss of revenue, despite the state's surplus of more than \$5 billion. Most of the nation is closely watching what is happening in the Golden State, and already nearly a dozen states are considering similar legislation without waiting to see the full effects of Proposition 13.

One area of potential budget-cutting is public health. Public-health clinics and hospitals allow the poor to receive needed attention and care; yet Harry L. Hufford, chief administrative officer for Los Angeles County Health Services, recommends shutting down Long Beach General Hospital and closing 32 out of 57 health-care centers. Hufford no doubt wants this to be his example of saving bucks, since a statewide \$3.4-million reduction in public-health expenditures is planned. This cut, says Geraldine Dalleck, a public-health specialist at the National Health Law Program, "seriously limits [L.A.] county services for hemophilia, cystic fibrosis, renal dialysis, genetic-disease prevention, family planning, crippled children and Native American health services."

Apparently, it is much easier to allow the poor and aged to go without medical help than it is to trim vice squads, the protectors of public morality. Such

health-care reductions will hurt those people on the lowest rungs of the socio-economic scale, and one wonders what they will do in protest. Already, Chicanos have voiced strong opposition to the service cuts envisaged for their communities. To date, it appears that many of the ramifications of Proposition 13 may lead to more than anyone bargained for, since it seems that politicians are shirking their responsibilities in making the appropriate budget cuts, and instead are pitting one economic class against the other.

But the irony of the situation is that Proposition 13 will help the IRS collect \$2.3 billion more annually from the very people who voted for it. In the mad rush to save themselves money—and who wouldn't rush?—the voters forgot that their deductions on personal income tax will diminish since lower property taxes mean higher income taxes. Yet President Carter has said that he will not give out money from his budget to match losses brought about by Proposition 13. Ironically, 55 percent of those polled by the *Los Angeles Times* said that the wealthy will benefit most from passage of the new amendment.

But Proposition 13 is merely a state issue, directly affecting only California property owners. On the national level

an equally small but rapidly growing movement aimed at the mother of taxation—the IRS (and by extension, the federal bureaucracy itself)—is developing tremendous force.

"Proposition 13 will seem like a Sunday-school picnic compared to the income-tax-resistance movement when it starts gathering steam," says Lowell Anderson, one of the chief architects of the Wyoming Patriots, a group of tax-resistance people. The Wyoming Patriots, like the Montana Patriots, are a loosely knit group that has decided to file what they call the "Fifth Amendment Tax Return."

"If I fill out the [1040] form and sign it, the information can be used against me in court. And that's a patent violation of my constitutional rights," says the 47-year-old Anderson. "Under the Constitution, I cannot be forced to speak against my will—to incriminate myself—and the 1040 forces me to do just that."

Like his fellow resistance people, Anderson claims that the 1040's signature block—which contains the words "Under penalties of perjury, I declare that I have examined this return, including accompanying schedules and statements, and to the best of my knowledge and belief, it is true, correct, and complete"—forces him to incriminate himself. And his message must be gaining ground. According to Anderson, some 300 to 500 people have joined the resistance movement in his hometown of Casper, Wyoming, while nearly 5,000 to 10,000 have joined the ranks statewide.

Anderson, who stopped paying taxes in 1971 because "I haven't admitted I owe any," states that he doesn't approve of the mode of collection and the tactics used by the IRS. As a lecturer, he tells his audiences that they don't know their constitutional rights very well, and as a result they allow the IRS to "intimidate" them into paying. "The IRS," he likes to point out, "operates like the Chicago protection racket—through fear. And that's illegal."

"The Declaration of Independence was a grievance list to King George III of England. That document stated that colonial Americans were having their property confiscated illegally, without due process of law—namely trial by jury." Since he considers the taking of his money by the IRS as confiscation of his property, Anderson believes the Fifth Amendment filing to be the equivalent of a 20th-century Declaration of Independence.

The ever-wary IRS, Fifth Amendment cries notwithstanding, is not taking this movement lightheartedly. It is



"Sorry, but we'll have to cancel out this afternoon.
Bill isn't in the mood for tennis."



"Shut up! It's cheaper than a nursing home!!"

prosecuting, and most resisters accept that possibility. Actually, many of them don't mind it at all, largely because some of them are beginning to win in the federal courts.

Norbert Stelten of Avon, Minnesota, beat the feds at their own game. In February of this year the 51-year-old Stelten was charged with willful failure to file, although he sent in a Fifth Amendment return. Refusing to settle the problem in a tax court—where the chips can be stacked against you—Stelten opted for trial by jury. He also obtained the services of Clyde R. Maxwell, a noted tax-case lawyer from San Diego, since the presiding judge denied him the right to be his own counsel. Stelten then had to hire another lawyer—James Williams of Minneapolis—because Maxwell was not a member of the Minnesota Bar.

Stelten had filed two returns: one concerned his real-estate business (which he turned in according to IRS rules), and the other was his personal income tax, in which he claimed the Fifth Amendment. It was the latter that brought him to the doorstep of justice. Evidently, the jury believed in Stelten's sincerity about his fear of self-incrimination, for it handed down a not-guilty verdict. It's a safe bet that Stelten's win irked the IRS, especially after all the

time and money it spent in bringing him to trial.

Lawyer Maxwell says that "the IRS is criminally prosecuting these people out of a Watergate-like paranoia, simply because these citizens are protesting the government. It takes thousands of dollars to prosecute each individual, and some resisters are losing, but the losers then become martyrs to the cause."

Maxwell doesn't subscribe to the resisters' views but does believe that they have a right to protest under the rights guaranteed by the First Amendment. Ironically, it isn't easy to obtain the services of lawyers with Maxwell's attitude. According to many tax resisters, lawyers are afraid to come forward for fear of reprisals by the IRS. Maxwell doesn't believe a word of this, but there were some unusual occurrences with respect to the Stelten case.

James Williams had been audited by the IRS prior to accepting a co-counsel position on Stelten's defense team. At the auditing Williams claims to have come to an agreement with the IRS to pay \$10,000 in owed taxes. After accepting Stelten's case (at the hearings, incidentally, Williams said nothing, but merely sat in as the law required), the lawyer was told by the IRS that he owed \$35,000.

To say he's pissed off is an understate-

ment, considering there isn't much he can do about it. Williams believes that the Judiciary branch is failing to do the job entrusted to it under the Constitution. He feels that there are too few restraints controlling the various federal agencies, and that instead of offering the checks and balances imposed by the Constitution, the Judiciary is aligning itself with other branches of government against the citizen.

In his heart Williams believes the \$25,000 increase in his owed taxes was related to his participation in the Stelten trial, which was crucial for the IRS to win. The citizen, this time, was the victor. "His case was a key case because he was a protester, not a criminal, and because he differed with the way taxes are being handled," Williams points out. "It is my opinion that the IRS uses the tax laws in a punitive fashion against the tax resister and his defender. But what I would like to know, and this would be impossible because of the size of the bureaucracy, is who has the right in the government to make such a punitive decision. It's illegal."

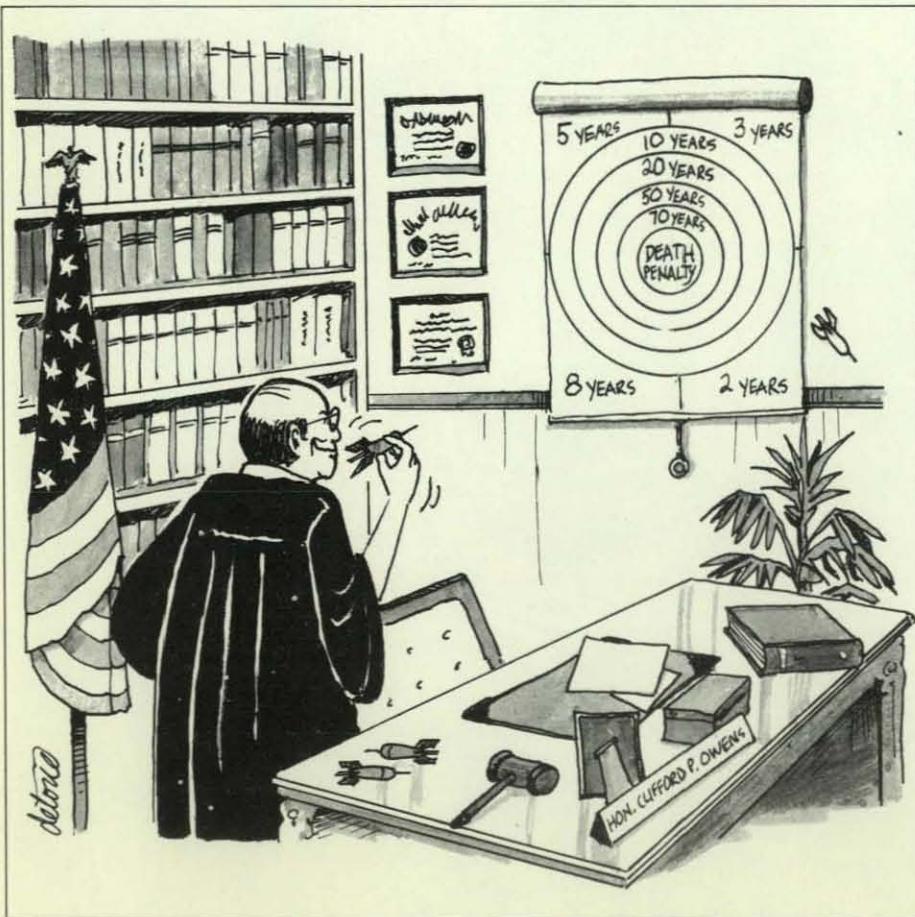
If you ask William Drexler (formerly of Minnesota), he's likely to say that threats of punishment can come from a mere auditor. According to Drexler, in 1965 he was called in for an audit and during the process became somewhat angered at the IRS's demands. Drexler says the auditor looked at him and stated, "Drexler, we know you're cheating. Next year we'll audit you again and put you in jail."

Not to be outdone, Drexler turned to the auditor and said, "Remember my name. We're through. I'll never pay a dime." Right then he became a Fifth Amendment tax resister and has filed that way ever since.

Several years later he was audited and told the IRS that he was willing to provide the information it requested with the proviso that the Internal Revenue Service grant him immunity. It turned him down, and he refused to comply with their requests.

In July 1973 he was indicted by the Federal Grand Jury in St. Paul, Minnesota, for willful failure to file. But, being a trial lawyer, he was prepared: He requested a jury trial and that he be allowed to represent himself; he was granted both. On September 23 his five-day trial began, during which time the IRS brought 155 witnesses (all of his clients) to testify. Through the witnesses' testimony it was ascertained that Drexler had made in excess of \$20,000 annually in 1968, 1969 and 1970.

(continued on page 76)





Nine-year-old Richard obviously realized there is something "wrong" about sex in public, as the "Verboden" ("Forbidden") sign indicates. Or does he mean to say everything that's fun, no matter how natural and harmless, is considered immoral in the weird world of adults?

No more than a generation ago people still liked to think—"make believe" would be closer to the mark—that children were sexual neuters. Like the angels, they were thought to have no sexual feelings and no sex life whatsoever. Then along came Dr. Sigmund Freud, father of the new science of psychoanalysis, who upset everybody by saying (and proving!) that children—even very young children and babies, in fact—do indeed have plenty of (and very intense) sexual feelings.

He showed that children may have a swinging sex life of their own—different, to be sure, from that of adults, but often much more interesting and exciting. So sexual did Freud find young children that he called them little "perverts." Actually, the fancy scientific term he used was "polymorphous perverts," meaning that, if left to their own devices, they'll do just about anything, just as long as it *feels good*. Unfortunately, most of us remember precious little or nothing from that blissfully innocent period in our lives when we were all—yes, *all* of us—a cute bunch of little Freudian "perverts," doing what comes naturally and not giving a damn what anybody else thought about it. The reason we don't remember much about our early sexual feelings and explorations is that the adults around us left us in no doubt—even before we could talk or understand spoken language—that they strongly disapproved of whatever we were doing in that department. So we started to push under

EROTIC ART BY CHILDREN

Text by Doctors Eberhard and Phyllis Kronhausen

("repress") these early sexual feelings and became proper (read: hypocritical!) young "ladies" and "gentlemen." And we don't remember anymore how much fun it was to stick our fingers (or anything else, for that matter) into every tiny orifice of our own and our little girlfriends' and boyfriends' bodies. A little later on, when we could talk and had learned to be secretive and hypocritical about all these naughty, fun things, we invented cleverly disguised sex games. Presumably

"playing doctor," for instance, children will use the opportunity to examine each other's sexual anatomy, feel each other up, stick things up each other's

behind or vagina (many a little girl's virginal membrane is lost to such early explorations!), and may even attempt intercourse before they really know what it's all about. Some children discover masturbation at a surprisingly early age. Masturbation-induced orgasms have been observed in girls only three years old. Dry orgasms may occur in little boys of about the same age. Mutual masturbation has been observed from about age five and six between children of both the same or opposite sex. But people just don't like to think of children—especially their own children—as having any kind of sexual desires, feelings or sex life at all. And yet even babies are already sexual little humans. They know how to give themselves sexual pleasure, whether by fondling their genitals or, more commonly, as a by-product of nursing, toileting, bathing and so on.

Eberhard and Phyllis Kronhausen received their baccalaureate and master's degrees from the University of Minnesota, and doctorates in education from Columbia University. Eberhard, born in Berlin in 1915, was a consulting psychologist at the Group Community Center in New York from 1953 to 1958. Since 1953 he has been a psychologist in private practice.

Phyllis Kronhausen, born in Minnesota in 1929, was assistant vice-counsel for the U.S. Department of State from 1951 to 1953, a lecturer at Columbia from 1956 to 1958 and has been a practicing psychologist since

1957. The Kronhausens, both members of the American Psychological Association, were married in 1954.

In collaboration, the couple has written *The Sex People: Erotic Art* (Volumes I and II); *The Sexually Responsive Woman: Pornography and the Law: A Gallery of Erotic Art*; and *Erotic Fantasies: A Study of Sexual Imagination*. They wrote the script for the West German film *Freedom to Love* and produced a short film, *Psychomontage No. 1*. Also, they helped found the San Francisco Museum of Erotic Art.

For the baby the *mouth* is the primary source of sexual or erotic pleasure. Freud called this the "oral" stage of sexual development.

Next comes the "anal" stage. During this period the sensitive membranes around the anus become the focus of pleasurable sexual feeling. That's why it is perfectly normal for little kids of both sexes to touch themselves there or try to introduce all kinds of objects into their little behinds.

Obviously, most of this early oral and anal sexual activity does not lead to orgasm. Nevertheless, it can be very "hot and heavy," affording the young "polymorphous perverts" all kinds of kicks and pleasures that may be hard to match in adult life.

In the final, or "genital," stage of sexuality, reached somewhere between, say, six and 12 years of age, the sex feeling becomes centered in the genitals. But, depending on the individual's physiological and neurological makeup, and especially on his or her childhood experiences, the oral and anal aspects of sexuality remain more or less important throughout life.

Recently we conducted a survey that dealt with the natural eroticism that children put into their pictures if allowed to do so. In the case of the drawings reproduced here, they happen to be by Dutch children.

The parents of the children who presented us with these drawings, or who allowed their youngsters to personally give them to us, are more liberal and broad-minded than most. The majority belonged to a Dutch nudist organization, which explains the numerous outdoor nude scenes.

One can see at a glance that essentially all of the pictures deal with adult, genital sexuality. That holds even for those pictures created by the youngest of our little artists. Only one picture (No. 2), by 10-year-old Edwin, shows perhaps some lingering effect of the anal phase. (Notice that the small, nude couple on the right is depicted as

simultaneously kissing and urinating.)

Another thing that strikes one immediately on seeing these drawings is the amazing degree of sophistication and actual sexual information that they reveal. Discussions with some of the parents confirmed that the children had indeed received a great deal of sexual knowledge, both in the home and during formal sex education at school. Some of the children told us they had had repeated opportunities to observe sexual intercourse, involving either their own parents, other adults or older children. By their account, these opportunities seemed to



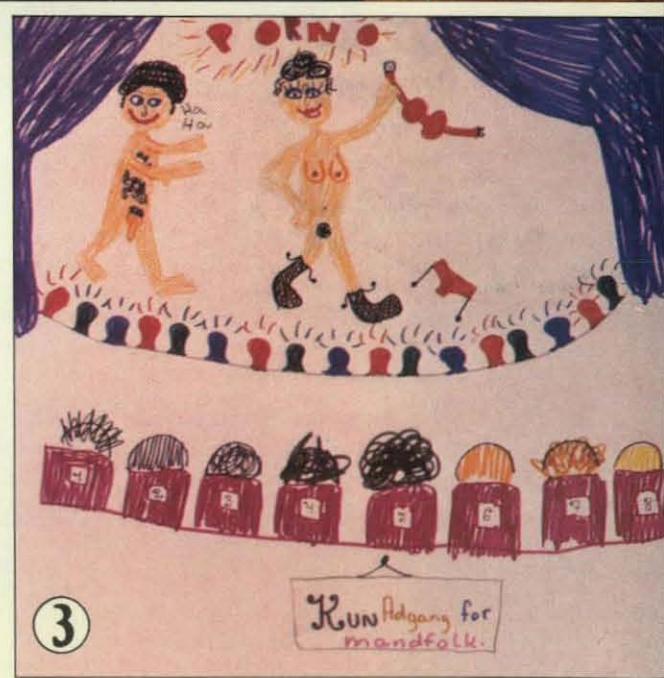
1



2

(1) In this picture by 15-year-old Michael we see an older man, armed with a telescope, watching a young couple making love. The magnified insert shows what the voyeur is seeing. The drawing shows the amazing degree of sexual knowledge and acuteness of observation on the part of the young artist.

(2) Ten-year-old Edwin shows us one couple standing up and kissing and another (or perhaps the same?) couple having intercourse. ("Neuk hok" is Dutch for "Fucking Corner.") The fact that the standing couple seem to be urinating while kissing strikes one as somewhat strange. It may represent a psychological throwback to an earlier phase of sexual development in which children frequently associate urination and defecation with sexual excitement.



3

have presented themselves rather accidentally. At the same time, one may safely assume that the adults in the liberal social environment of these children were considerably less protective of their sexual privacy than is generally the case.

One factor on which we would like to focus attention is, for instance, the recurrence of striptease and "porno-show" themes in Dutch and Scandinavian children's

erotic drawings. In the Netherlands, Sweden and Denmark so-called "porno shows," featuring live, on-stage sexual activities, are legal and fairly popular. Of course, children under legal age (usually 15 or 16 years) are not allowed to attend these shows. The drawings, however, reveal that the children are keenly aware of their existence and that they have a pretty good idea of what they are all about.

But, far from being upset or traumatized by this knowledge, they seem to be merely amused and to be poking mild fun at this odd type of "adult entertainment."

Also interesting—and heartening at the same time!—is the association between sexual and affectional feelings ("love") that these precocious children were making. Witness the many loving hearts drawn into one of these pictures (No. 4), the

tender embraces and the passionate kissing.

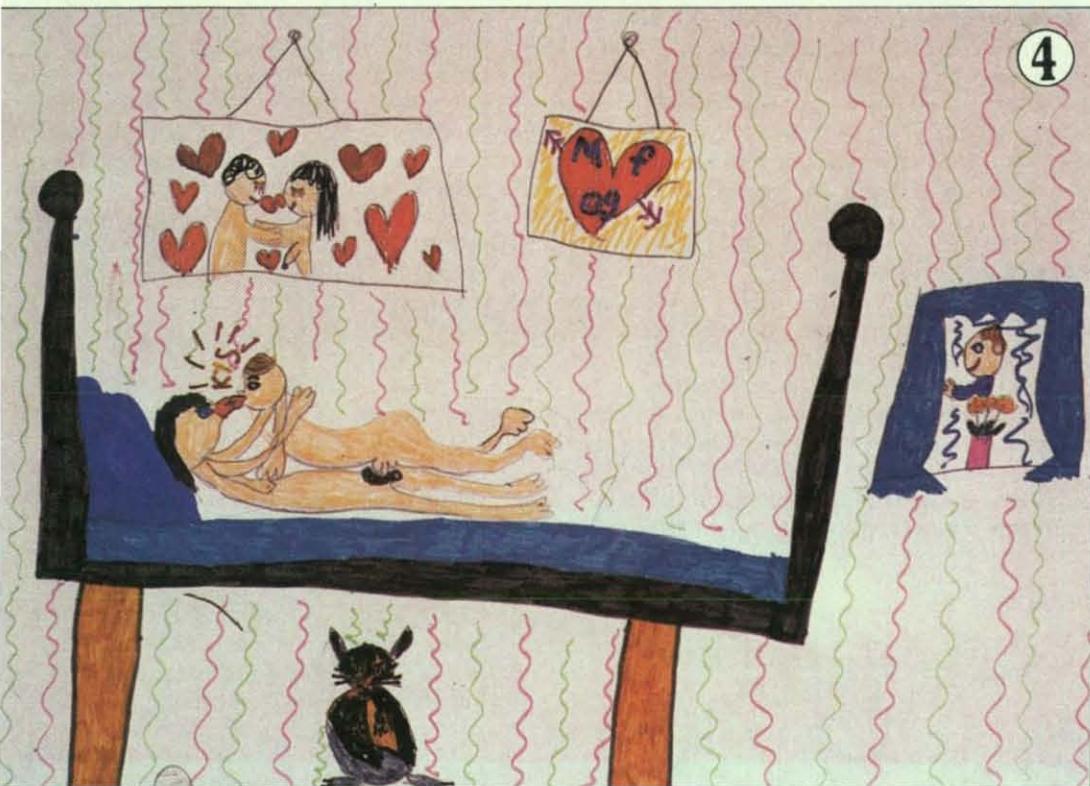
In picture No. 4 seven-year-old Vini depicted straight intercourse. It is as if, with this drawing, the young artist meant to deliberately draw attention to the connection between affectionate and sexual feelings—a natural connection that (alas!) so often gets lost in adult (including marital) sexuality.

If these children's erotic drawings show us anything at all, it is that childhood sexuality is here to stay, whether we like it or not. In fact, every recent study of the subject has shown that children are reaching sexual maturity at ever-earlier ages.

These, and hundreds of other children's drawings in our collection, are telling the same story. The sensible course of action would therefore seem to be to acknowledge this irrefutable fact and then take appropriate action.

What should that action be? First of all, adequate sex education. This must include frank admission of the role of *pleasure* in human sexuality. There is no reason why this cannot be done without undue titillation, with which the young person may not yet be ready to cope. Second, it must include practical information on contraception and venereal-disease control. This too can be done without arousing undue anxiety or alarm, which could have serious harmful effects for the later sex life of an individual.

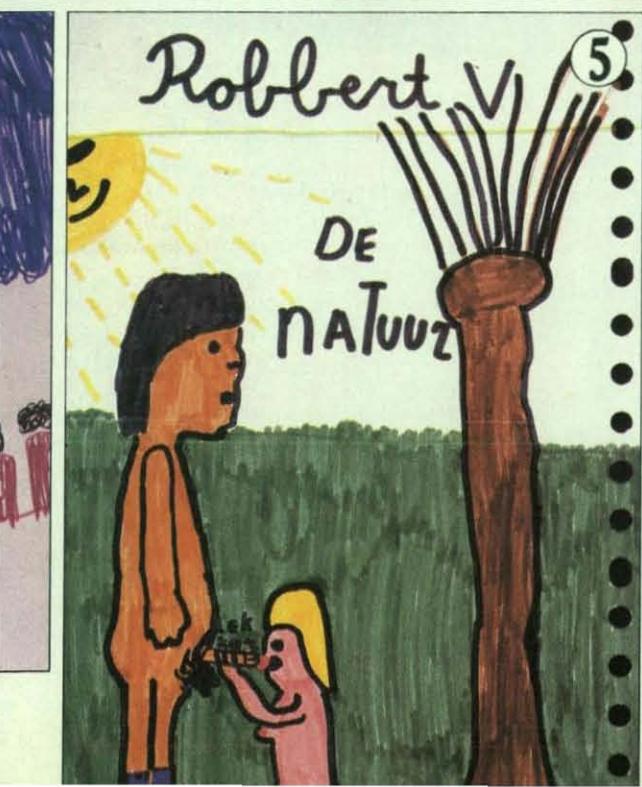
On the teenage level it would seem wise to assume that a very high proportion of the population in that age group will have sex, whether the adult world approves of it or not. Teenage pregnancy is already of epidemic proportions in both the United States and Europe. Many of these are tragic situations that could be avoided if we were more realistic. It is high time that we faced what "is" rather than what (perhaps!) "ought to be." That, to us, seems to be the only reasonable, responsible and, ultimately, loving and "religious" course to take.



(3) This picture by a ten-year-old boy, Puk, depicts what he imagines a "porno show" to be like. Since children are not allowed to enter clubs offering this kind of adult entertainment, his concept about such shows is a little fuzzy.

(4) Seven-year-old Vini shows that the young girl understands the connection between romantic feelings and the sexual activity that might follow. Here sex is associated with loving and affectionate feelings, as also evidenced by the heart-shaped picture on the wall.

(5) In this picture by 11-year-old Robert we see a fellatio scene, and in free nature at that. (Note the words "De Natuur," freely translated as "Out in Nature," with the double meaning that what the drawing shows is nothing but "natural.")



TAX REBELS

(continued from page 72)

During his own defense he claimed Fifth Amendment rights. He also used the 16th Amendment, through which he pointed out that only Congress can levy and collect taxes and that the IRS has no legal right to collect them. The jury, after 15 minutes of deliberation, returned a not-guilty verdict, and Drexler walked out of the courtroom with a smile on his face while the IRS got the egg. No one knows how much it galled the IRS to lose the case or the \$244,000 in supposed back taxes and fines it claims Drexler owed. And, as a consequence, perhaps that's why William Drexler is hailed as the "King of the Tax Fighters" by many tax resisters.

There is a sour note to this affair, however. Shortly after his win the Minnesota Bar disbarred the lawyer because it didn't approve of his tax protest. Subsequently, Drexler moved to San Diego and has begun conducting seminars nearly every weekend around the country, coaching both ordinary citizens and tax lawyers about their Fifth Amendment rights.

But ultimately, win or lose, the question arises: What are the root causes behind the Fifth Amendment resisters' desire to fight the federal government

head-on while accepting the possibility of a prison term? At a time when it is considered nearly proper to cheat on one's taxes, it would seem easier to under-report, keep one's mouth shut and end up with some extra cash.

Most Fifth Amendment tax resisters claim that their sole argument is with the assumed belief, fostered by the IRS, that it is compulsory to sign Form 1040, while providing all of the possibly incriminating information requested. In their defense they cite *Garner v. the U.S.* (1976). Roy Garner, a bookmaker, was convicted in court of sports-fixing and taking bets—with his tax return as the incriminating evidence. The U.S. Supreme Court concluded "that since Garner made disclosures instead of claiming the privilege [Fifth Amendment] on his tax returns, his disclosures were not compelled incriminations." Hence, the tax-resistance movement bases its Fifth Amendment filings, in part, on this case.

But in spite of all the rhetoric about freedom, some of the resisters, in their more vocal moments, are willing to point out the lack of parity in the tax structure. As one resister says, echoing many, "Under the mandates of the Constitution, taxes shall be levied equally; yet the Rockefellers, the Kennedys and the Nixons pay minimal taxes or no

taxes at all. And that includes corporations. The extremely wealthy pay no taxes; yet you and I are bled to death."

Recent findings justify the complaint. For the past six years Representative Charles Vanik (Democrat-Ohio) has been studying the corporate tax structure. The results of his study are alarming, to say the least. They have been placed into the *Congressional Record* regularly since the congressman began his work, and are thus a matter of public record.

In his 1976 study Vanik found that 11 major corporations paid *absolutely no taxes* in 1975 (Ford Motor Company, Delta Airlines, Chemical New York, Manufacturers Hanover, Western Electric, Bethlehem Steel, Lockheed Aircraft, National Steel, Phelps Dodge, Freeport Minerals and Northwest Airlines). Twenty-seven other corporations paid less than 10 percent of their pretax profits. Yet, as allowed by tax provisions for worldwide income and investment tax credits, Ford received a \$189-million tax refund for the combined years 1974 and 1975.

Vanik's 1978 study showed that 17 corporations paid *no taxes* for 1976 on \$2.6 billion earned, six more companies than the previous year. The following corporations cleaned up: U.S. Steel, Bethlehem Steel, Armco Steel, Republic Steel, National Steel, LTV, Chase Manhattan, General Dynamics, Singer, Phelps Dodge, Texas Gulf, Eastern Air Lines, American Airlines, Pan American World Airways, Southern Company, Pacific Gas and Electric, and Philadelphia Electric.

Furthermore, 41 corporations paid less than 10 percent on pretax worldwide profits, an increase of 14 companies from the preceding year. These included Allied Chemical, Standard Oil (Ohio), TWA, Occidental Petroleum, Mobil, Delta Airlines, Sperry Rand, Litton Industries, Gulf, Marathon Oil, International Telephone and Telegraph, Chrysler, Exxon, Texaco, Gulf and Western Industries, and American Telephone and Telegraph.

As if this were not enough to anger even the most liberal civil libertarian, Vanik's latest study also indicated that between 1972 and 1976 the effective tax rate of the 168 firms he surveyed was cut by more than half—from over 28 percent down to 13.04 percent. Just in case anyone misunderstood him, the congressman continued to present more facts. In 1967, he said, 23 percent of federal revenues came from corporations, but by 1976, corporations accounted for only 16 percent of federal

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Carla

CHARMING EXHIBITION

Carla's husband, Rick, was afraid that HUSTLER had scrapped its photo-spreads of luscious ladies like his wife. When he wrote asking us to let our readers get an eyeful of his gorgeous mate, we told him, "The reader is always right at HUSTLER." Besides, we'd have to be nuts not to share Carla's sensuous charms with you.





"She loves to show her stuff," Rick told our photographer as the lensman captured Carla's beauty on film at the couple's home in West Palm Beach, Florida. "Maybe she's a bit of an exhibitionist," he added, "but she really gets hot thinking of other guys getting horny looking at her body. Me too!"

Us too, Rick. And when you and Carla think about all the men who are checking out her charms, remember that in trying to satisfy our readers your wish is our command.

HUSTLER believes the human body is a thing of beauty. Nude bodies, human genitalia—they're not objects to be ashamed of. We congratulate Carla and other women who celebrate their beauty rather than repress it.







TAX REBELS

(continued from page 76)

revenues. And who replaced the lost money? The individual taxpayer, who was pumping more of his earnings into the federal till than ever before—while corporations were taking their money to the bank, and doing it legally under the provisions of the tax code.

Vanik addressed his colleagues in the House of Representatives: "Companies, just like individuals, take advantage of every tax provision they can to lower their taxes. They are foolish if they do not. The problem, however, is that while many of these provisions initially had admirable motives—usually to stimulate jobs—they often outgrow their intentions and turn into plain subsidies from the federal government....

"Additionally, although individual taxpayers have some special tax-reducing provisions, it unfortunately seems that one must get richer and richer in order to enjoy the dozens of tax-avoidance schemes that have come to be a part of the U.S. tax code." Driving home the point, Vanik concluded, "Corporate taxes are continuing to decline while individuals' taxes go up. Where will this trend lead us, and how soon will it be before all corporations are able to escape federal income taxes entirely?"

With all due respect to Congressman Vanik and his findings, the rank-and-file worker—the backbone of America—has known this all along, without the aid of statistics, charts and tables. He has felt the money slipping out of his pocket for many years now, and there appears to be no end in sight as long as the pencilnecks in Washington continue to have their way.

Currently, the average American has to work almost until the tax deadline before he can call his money his own; nearly 20 percent of his annual salary is swallowed up by Uncle Sam. And if one adds sales taxes, state taxes and city taxes, the worker can barely make ends meet. Meanwhile, the rich can drive to work and write it off, while the laborer who needs the same tax credit cannot. Tax breaks don't count when it comes to bread and butter, only caviar. Americans are coming to realize that what passes for tax reform has actually been lobbied for by national corporations, such as AT&T, which spend millions of dollars only to be able to recover billions in tax benefits. Someone must make up the difference.

So there's little wonder that America, like many European countries, is turning into a cash-based society. People have resorted to moonlighting (and demanding cash payment because they

are tired of paying ever-increasing taxes). As a matter of fact, an estimated \$195 billion went under-reported in 1977. But then little wonder. The theory goes: If the wealthy can get breaks and we, the workers, can't, then we'll make our own.

Following that reasoning, one is well within his rights—although illegally—considering some of the benefits of the wealthy. Recently, for example, the 500,000-member National Federation of Independent Business had obtained tax credits on oil and gas consumption, and all of the tax breaks were garnered through the efforts of the federation's badgering lobbyists.

But if you're wealthy, you don't even need someone to plead for you in Congress. All you have to do is ship your money to a tax shelter overseas. Switzerland, Monaco, Liechtenstein, Luxembourg, Andorra (a tiny country nestled along the French-Spanish border) and many other countries provide havens for avoiding taxes. It's not too difficult to drop \$200,000 into one of these shelters and get a warm smile from the banker besides. But, as an average worker, try to pop a paltry \$200 into the same vault, and you probably would have an officious teller glare at you.

Among the wealthiest tax dodgers are churches. Considered to be nonprofit organizations, they can pull in their tithes to the tune of millions annually, while supplying their leaders with private jets and expensive homes. It is speculated, for example, that nearly 40 percent of the real estate in New York City is owned by tax-exempt outfits, such as churches and nonprofit organizations; yet the middle-income people living there must pay more and more in taxes to enable a potentially bankrupt city to continue to operate.

Some churches have even gone into legitimate business ventures. The Peninsula Covenant Church in Redwood City, California, which owns a swimming and tennis club, was recently awarded a tax refund. Evidently, it is lucrative to be able to baptize and volley for the Lord.

All of these "special" breaks, plus countless others, are what make the tax resisters in America mad. "The tax system is inequitable, and the individual income tax is destroying the middle class," says Marvin Cooley of Mesa, Arizona. An ex-farmer and the father of ten, Cooley is considered by many to be one of the best Fifth Amendment lecturers in America. During his talks he emphasizes: "Right is on our side. If they [the government] don't prosecute

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"All this 'knowing and begetting' really turns me on!!"

PARISIAN NIGHTS

FICTION BY HAROLD NORSE

It was the cheapest hotel on the Left Bank. For \$2 a day (ten francs) you had a room, gas burner, heat, electricity and free access—no snoopy concierge to bug you. Which meant you could bring anybody to your room anytime without surveillance, an unheard-of thing in Paris. You couldn't beat it. Everything went on in that little street near the Seine: raw, crude life, always fascinating, sometimes dangerous. There were jam sessions, orgies, dope scenes, hustles, even bombings during the Algerian uprising. Across the street facing the hotel lived an ex-police chief who was on the death list of the FLN—Algeria's independence fighters. Cops were stationed around his house on 24-hour patrol, but that didn't keep the terrorists from trying to blow up the place with plastic explosives, shattering windows and making lots of noise. The bastards disturbed my sleep.





Besides, they never got him anyway. The gendarmes saw plenty at the "Beat" hotel, as we Americans called it. They watched a continual parade of creeps and crazies; they saw whores, pimps, junkies, beauties, drag queens, dykes and queers; they saw con men and ex-cons, famous jazz musicians like Bud Powell and Mezz Mezzrow (who would visit his son), writers, artists, students, professors—even millionaires in love with the seamy side. I knew a princess, a baron and two countesses who visited or lived at the hotel because of the prestigious writers there.

All these categories overlapped; that is, a writer could also be a junkie, con artist, aristocrat, faggot, dyke or whatever.

Among the geniuses at the hotel were two high priests of the new Beat religion: William Gallows, author of the outrageous sex novel *The Naked Lunge*, which created a storm of controversy when it was published in 1960 while he was living in a room above mine; and Alvin Glansberg, author of *Drool*, the dirtiest poem in the English language, a homosexual epic that made cocksucking a political act. Those were, indeed, revolutionary times.

I myself began to gain a somewhat sinister notoriety as an underground writer. My stories and poems appeared

internationally in magazines devoted to drugs, sex and the new religious awakening, most notably in the trendy *Evergreen Review* out of New York, in which the two other geniuses also appeared. Sex, so distasteful to the Puritan, was reinterpreted as a path (like the Hindu practice of Tantric yoga) to spiritual enlightenment. Consequently, I came into contact with some remarkable young freaks seeking salvation through the crotch, rebelling against the dead meat of conventional life-styles.

One of the most fascinating of these was a young black giant from French Guiana, who came and went almost stealthily, moving with the electric voltage of a horny tiger. He kept to himself mostly, but occasionally he'd be accompanied by a young white woman, blond and petite. I couldn't be sure if it was the same woman each time—perhaps they just looked similar. He had a tiny room on the second floor across the hall from mine, and sometimes we'd meet on our way to the smelly latrine and nod to each other.

Early one morning, about 3 a.m., we practically collided. This gigantic hunk of solid muscle towered over me stark naked; he was hung like a donkey. Stoned in the dim hallway, I thought I was hallucinating.

"Oh, pardon," he mumbled thickly.

Then, snapping out of a catatonic trance, we both broke into crazy torrents of dope laughter. He went, finally, to urinate, and when he was through I entered. When I came out he was waiting. In a low whisper he said, "Have you got any stuff?"

"Yes," I said, "from Morocco."

"Can I buy some?"

"Sure. But why not try it first?"

"Agreed."

I told him my room number, and we shook hands in the French manner—an abrupt shake, palms lightly touching. He whispered huskily, "Melo. A pleasure."

"Hal," I said. "Enchanted."

(Or, more freely translated, "Pleased to meet you.")

A few minutes later he showed up, looming in my room, which was just large enough (like most of them in the hotel) to accommodate a single bed, table, chair and chest of drawers. A bare light bulb dangled from the ceiling. We sat on the bed, and I rolled a joint of the best Moroccan weed, called Katami. Melo inhaled deeply, leaning back against the dirt-stained wall, cracked and peeling. But to us the room was a palace.

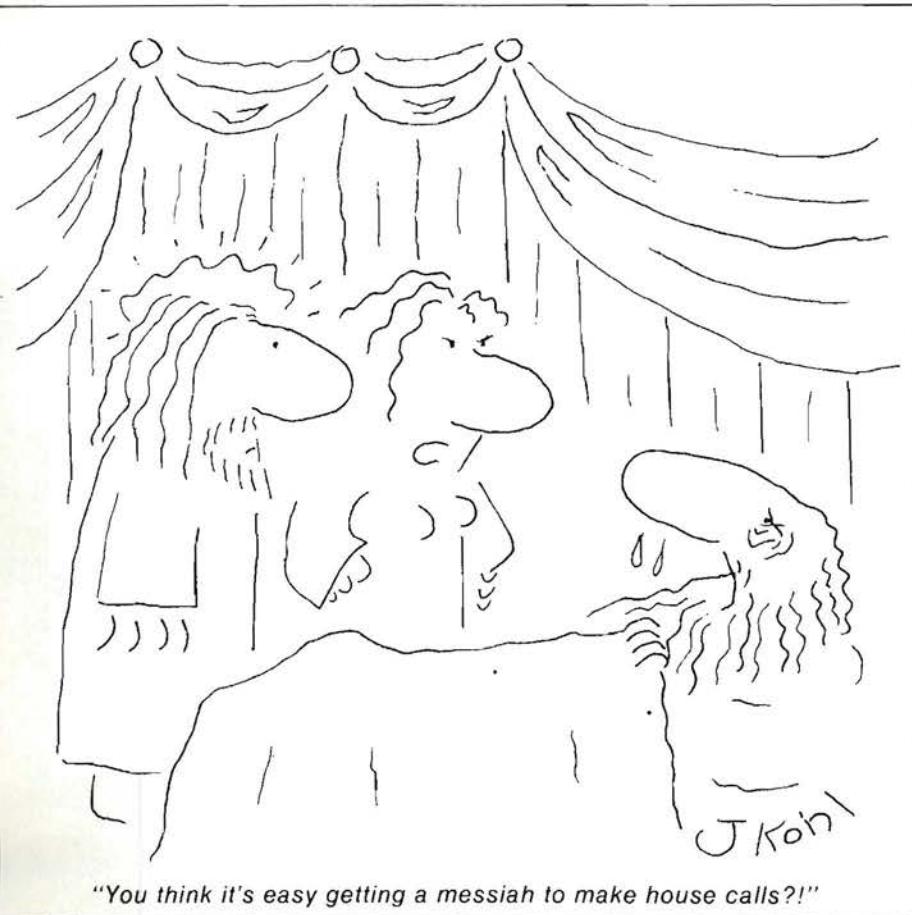
"Mmm, very good stuff, man," coughed Melo appreciatively, sharply exhaling the acrid smoke. "Very good."

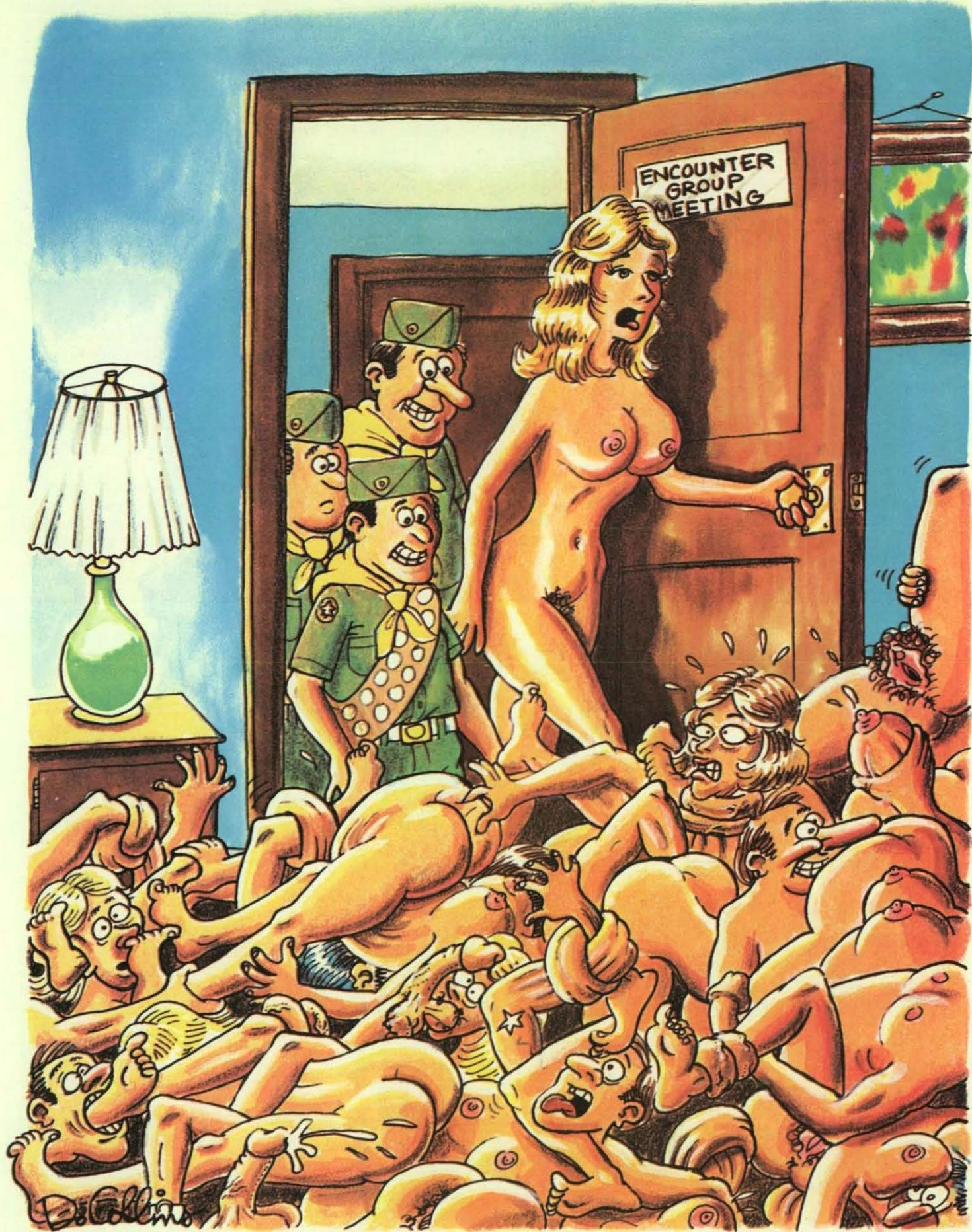
I leaned back too, and for a while, side by side, we smoked in silence.

Around 5 a.m., when he offered to buy some I said, "Forget it," and gave him a few joints for the road. I had a stash from Tangier, which I'd smuggled out in my boots for the equivalent of a few dollars. After that he came around practically every night asking the same question: "Got any stuff?" It became a ritual.

I enjoyed turning on with him. He was cool and intelligent, and we soon became great friends. He even took me into his confidence! His mother, he confided, was a nightclub dancer, half-Indochinese, half-African. Although pushing 50, she looked about 35, with a body like a juicy blood sausage, which she sold (in slices) after hours to the men she danced with.

Melo was 24 and followed the family profession. He hustled male tourists on the boulevards, especially at the Cafe de Flore on the Boulevard St. Germain, where the foreign gays hung out, and at the old Reine Blanche across the street, next to the Royale. He also worked the swimming pools along the quays, where you got a locker, jumped into the pool and surfaced with a girl or guy in your arms. You made it in one of the two-by-four rented cubicles that smelled of





"Stay calm, everyone! I've brought help."

jockstraps. The Piscine Deligny was the largest and best of the pools.

Melo was a cum-freak. He lived only for pussy. For this reason he was always broke. He spent on the ladies what he earned from the men. Pussy meant more to him than money. Yet he never seemed satisfied. A prick that big, I figured, must be a huge responsibility.

"I get very aroused when I see a woman in the pool," he confided earnestly. "You know, wearing only a bra and bikini, with the pubic hair showing just above the band. Oh, man! Especially *blond* hair! I *must* have her! TOOT SWEET. So I spend lots of my time swimming."

What woman could fail to notice this superb specimen? As for the monstrous weapon bulging out of his brief swim suit, only the blind or the brainwashed could fail to see it. Since many French-women are as loose as a goose's sphincter, and single tourists are generally on the make, eager to bring home an unforgettable experience, Melo had no trouble at all. He was naturally equipped to provide the biggest thrill they'd ever have.

As Melo was an existentialist with a keen, active mind, we'd sit for hours turning on and discussing the works of Sartre and Camus. Melo said this godless void of existence that they posited

was terrifying but true. Since he had come to Paris, he said, he had lived for one thing only—sex. He saw no other reason for existence. Everything else seemed pointless, dull. Only the orgasm meant anything: that blazing flash of instant release from tension and anxiety, that split-second illumination of the flesh.

Sex, he said, was like a powerful drug to which he was addicted. But he felt that organized religion was an addiction far worse, in fact, than sex or drugs because it was more emotionally crippling. Karl Marx, he affirmed, was right: Religion is the opiate of the people. They can be manipulated by unscrupulous, cynical leaders of church and state. "Religion is responsible," Melo stated, "for more inhumanity, for more bloodthirsty torture and torment, for more wars and deaths than any other single cause in history."

In primitive religions like his own, Melo explained, sex was central to the belief. Nature, including man's, was respected, not violated and polluted. Religion was based *on* nature, not *against* nature; it did not attempt to thwart and dominate our instinctive sex-urge, which he considered the cause of Western man's unhappiness. A religion that outlaws sex as filthy, he murmured, is barbarous and sick, truly insane.

"Innocent human beings are sacrificed every day to some cruel, abstract god in the Western world, and they call us savages!" he exclaimed. His religion was based on natural magic, its strange rituals almost unknown to white society. One of these, for example, takes place when boys are initiated into sexual rights at puberty.

"In Guiana when a boy comes of age," said Melo, "his mother rubs his adolescent prick with hot cantari, a black-magic grease that gives him a three-day hard-on. Makes you want to fuck all the time." (Cantari: Cantharis, more commonly known as Spanish Fly, a supposed aphrodisiac.)

A *three-day hard-on*?? At my questioning look of utter dismay he grinned.

"I know, you think the boy fucks his mother," he said, misinterpreting my expression. "Not at all. He goes around to marriageable girls, has sex with them and finally picks the one he wants for his wife. Sexual frustration is unknown among my people."

"What about other girls he's had?" I asked. "Aren't they disgraced?"

"Oh, no, no, no! We do not believe in silly Victorian morality, although the missionaries tried to make us feel guilty and unhappy—in other words, to become Christians. But we are not so dumb." He shook his head with exasperation. "We cannot believe that pleasure is immoral and suffering is moral. We do not accept this madness, this cruelty. We all take care of one another. When it comes to love we are never frustrated."

"It sounds like an island paradise," I said with a sigh.

"Well, no, it isn't," answered Melo sadly. "That's why I'm here. Too much poverty, too much enslavement to French masters. I figured, better come to France than be a colonial peasant. More opportunity to fuck the French, you might say."

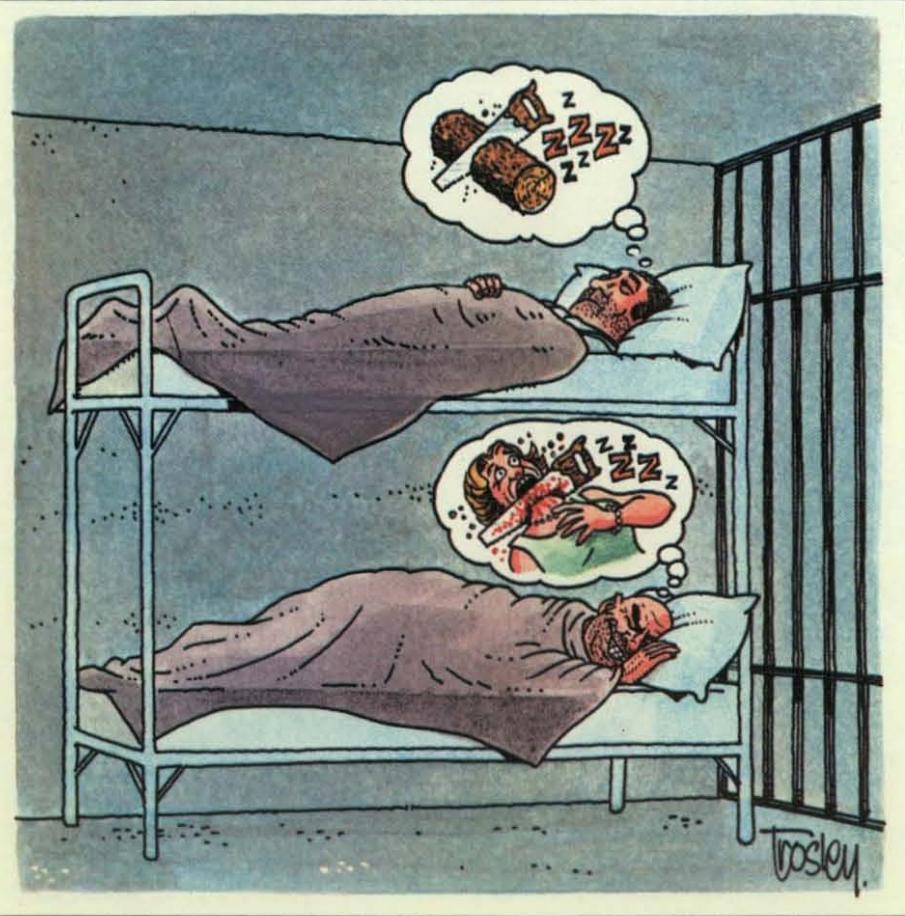
I had known Melo for several months when one night he said, "Is it all right if I bring my girlfriend tonight for a smoke?"

I didn't see why not, and he was very pleased.

"My best friend," he murmured, "and my best girl."

She looked like them all. I couldn't be sure but thought I'd seen her before. Small, straight blond hair, about 25. Her name was Odile. She wore bangs over her eyes. Algerian silver bracelets with garnets, mobile earrings, embossed silver cigarette case with a Buddha in relief from Cambodia. She spoke

(continued on page 114)



BEAVER HUNT



Last July we published our first *Beaver Hunt* couple, a loving duo from Newbury Park, California. Reader response was strong. Many of you obviously supported our earlier decision to seek couple-shots from all over America. That's why we're announcing a nationwide search for Beaver Hunt couples. Send us your loving-couples color photos, and we'll pay \$50 for each picture we select. All photos become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER. We'll choose the best couples and offer them *professional model rates* for an extended photo-feature.

As before, all entries to *Beaver Hunt*—male, female or couple—should be addressed to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. Use the model release on page 94, or a facsimile including all the information requested on the form.



L. E., from Van Nuys, California, works in an office and gets off on painting and music. This 20-year-old keeps her patch well-groomed with that razor blade. Someday she'd like to make love with the lights on, the curtains open and all her neighbors watching. Let us know when the show starts!



Photos by Julie S.



Les Coleman, 38, is a self-styled sexologist whose patent elixir for female sexual disorders is a mouthful of lollipop. To make sure his patients receive the right medicine, Les has labeled the container. This Clearwater, Florida, healer dreams of "fucking a female gorilla while her mate watches, then letting him in the cage with us to fight."

Photo by J. S.

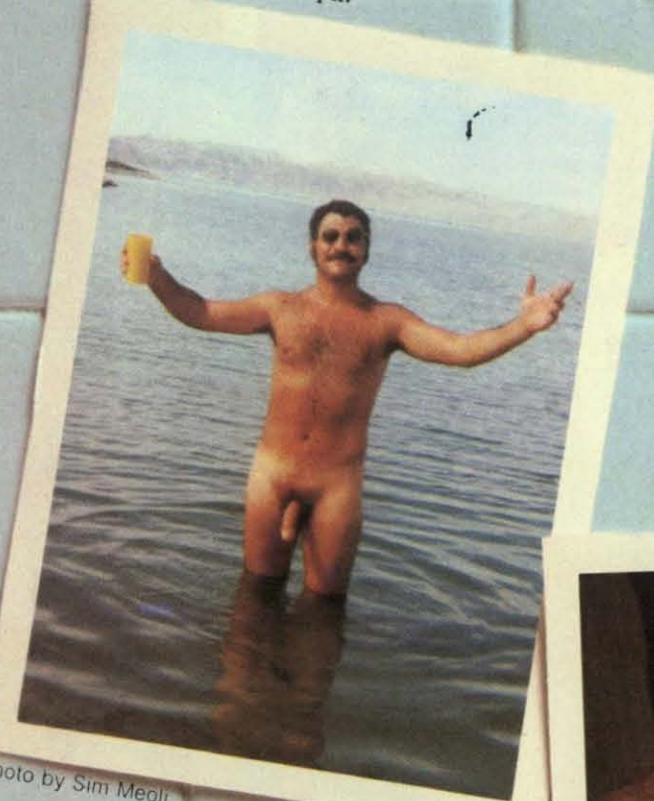
Las Vegas stud Mike Meoli is a chef whose secret sauce is the toast of the Strip. At 36, Mike is a boating enthusiast who would someday like to nail a woman from the rear while waterskiing at 60 mph.



Thirty-year-old G. S. from Kansas City is a secretary for her husband. She doesn't type or take dictation, so it must be her lip service that keeps business up. Someday she would like to blow hubby while chewing a big wad of bubble gum.

Photo by P. W.

Photo by Sim Meoli



Julie is a 19-year-old housewife from Guthrie, Oklahoma, who likes to swim when her chores are finished. Someday she hopes to be stranded on a desolate island with her husband and a suitcase full of sex aids.



Photo by T. A. Gregory III



Philadelphia's "Mother Nature," 26, is a dancer. Her fantasy involves the entire city fire department and an asbestos bed, but the smoke-eaters had better arrive with their equipment in good working order.

Marianne, from Rancho Cordova, California, is a back-to-nature nymphet who loves hiking, camping and astrology. Though this 20-year-old housewife spends a lot of time lounging around at home, she will someday fulfill her fantasy of making love while skydiving. We hope she doesn't pull the wrong ripcord!



Photo by S. S.



Photo by E. Brad

Twenty-three-year-old Dee is a seamstress from Lake Charles, Louisiana. During the hot weather she lets off steam by running, swimming and horseback riding. This Southern belle wants to make love in public without being seen. We suggest she put on a long dress with a midget on skates hiding underneath. He can tongue her cheeks while she walks down the street.



Photo by Christine

This 23-year-old **HUSTLER** booster is a Monroeville, Alabama, draftsman whose hobbies are art, music and photography. His name is Darrell Nelson, and he obviously has a lot to offer you Confederate coozies. Darrell's chief fantasy has now come true—to be immortalized in **HUSTLER**. With Darrell's equipment, we see no reason why the South won't rise again—and again and again.



Christine, an accounting clerk from Milwaukee, dances, draws and goes fishing in her spare time. At 27 she has yet to fulfill her fantasy of having three men make love to her at the same time—any more and someone may be left out.

Photo by Jeff Dean

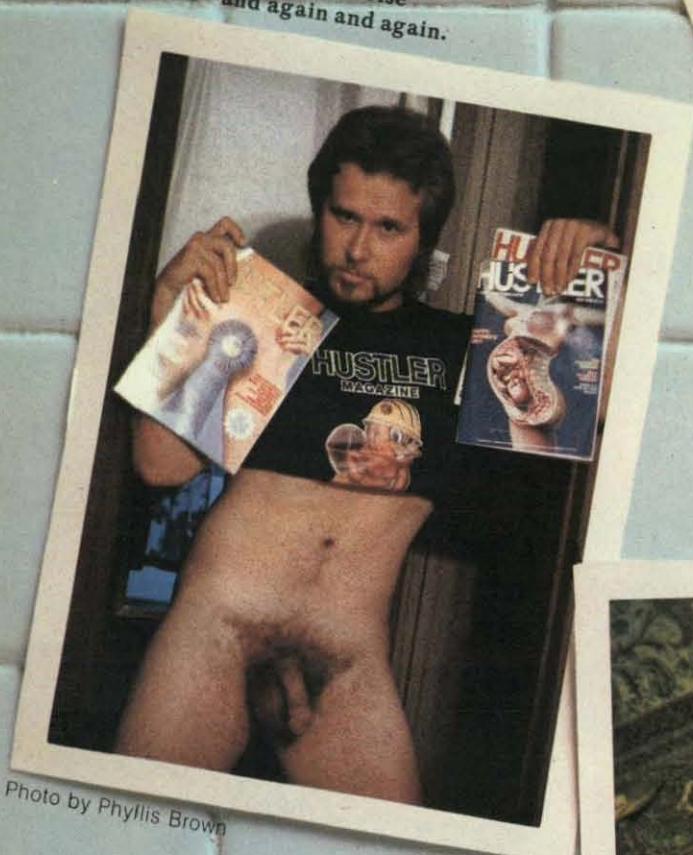


Photo by Phyllis Brown

A 19-year-old waitress from Davison, Michigan, Diane Boyer shaves her pubic hair just where it counts. Diane finds that it makes both horseback riding and sex more exciting. We're sure her boyfriend would agree; maybe the horse would too. Diane's fantasy is "to fulfill my man's creamiest dreams." We see no reason why this beauty couldn't fulfill any man's dreams, creamy or not!



Photo by Rodney



Joyce, 28, from Minneapolis, enjoys modern dance, tennis and, most of all, swinging. While bathing she likes her man to eat her pussy.

Photo by John P. Grabosky



Porquette Le Sow, a pink-thinking piggy from Swampscott, Massachusetts, is shown here at her favorite incestuous activity—bringing home the bacon to her swinish siblings, Winnie and Wiener. When not hamming it up with her mammaries, Ms. Le Sow ambles over to MIT, where she is studying mud. Pork it to her, kids, she's really swill!

Dan and Phyllis Wyley, both 26, are from Trenton, New Jersey, where he's in retail sales and she's a dental technician. For this candid photo Phyllis rigged the lights while Dan was the shutterbug. Right after this shot was taken, Dan tells us, Phyllis swung her honeypot right onto his eager tongue. He got so hot he fumbled the switch, and the next shot was lost forever.



Photo by D. W. and P. W.



(continued from page 50)

in the Marine Corps at Atsugi. The Armed Services tend to consider venereal disease a serious problem and punish enlisted men who contract a dose. The affidavit stated that Oswald got the disease "in line of duty." It further exculpated Oswald from any responsibility by stating, "Not due to own misconduct."

When this startling information was released on French television, Epstein answered, "They told me that they always write 'in line of duty' for any disease or injury. They told me that when Oswald accidentally shot himself with a

.22 pistol, they wrote 'in line of duty' on that medical report." Epstein never did reveal who "they" were, but anyone who has served in the American military knows that he was given—and he accepted—false information. Had Epstein merely turned to the next page of Oswald's medical record, he would have seen that the words "in line of duty" did not appear in connection with the self-inflicted wound or in connection with any other medical problem for which Oswald had received treatment.

Regarding Oswald's tour of duty in Japan, Bucknell can only report what Oswald recounted to him. However, he was involved directly with Oswald in an intelligence effort when they both were at MACS-9. In 1959 Oswald, Bucknell and others were ordered to report to the Criminal Investigation Division (CID) at the base. There a civilian began an effort aimed at recruiting those present for an intelligence operation against "Communists" in Cuba. Oswald was selected to make several additional trips to CID. Later he told Bucknell that the civilian who served as his contact or control at Atsugi had taken over the same job at Santa Ana. Still later, Oswald confided to Bucknell that he, Oswald, was to be discharged from the Marine Corps very soon and that he would surface in the Soviet Union. Oswald told Bucknell that he was being sent there on assignment by American intelligence and that he would return to the United States in 1961 as a hero.

Judge James Botelho probably knew Oswald as well as anyone at MACS-9. They shared the same room, and Botelho took Oswald home to meet his parents. Although the intelligence-inspired revisionists are attempting retroactively to make Oswald a Marxist Marine, Botelho denies it. "I'm very conservative now," he told me, "and I was at least as conservative at that time. Oswald was not a Communist or a Marxist. If he was, I would have taken violent action against him and so would many of the other Marines in the unit."

When they were in the service together, Botelho engaged in many discussions with Oswald. I asked him what he thought of Oswald when he learned that he had "defected." He said: "Well, when Oswald's presence in the Soviet Union was made public, it was the talk of everyone who knew him at the base. First of all, I was aware of the fact that the radio codes and other codes were not changed and that Oswald knew all of them. That made me suspicious. I knew Oswald was not a Communist and was, in fact, anti-Soviet. Then, when no real investigations about

Oswald occurred at the base, I was sure that Oswald was on an intelligence assignment in Russia.

"In Epstein's book he quotes a former Marine named Delgado as stating that civilians swarmed all over the base after Oswald surfaced in Russia. That is not true at all. Delgado had been transferred before that date, in any event, and if there had been such an investigation, he would not have seen it. Two civilians dropped in, asked a few questions, took no written statements and recorded no interviews with witnesses. It was the most casual of investigations. It was a cover-investigation so it could be said that there had been an investigation."

Judge Botelho concluded, "Oswald, it was said, was the only Marine ever to defect from his country to another country, a Communist country, during peacetime. That was a major event. When the Marine Corps and American intelligence decided not to probe the reasons for the 'defection,' I knew then what I know now: Oswald was on an assignment in Russia for American intelligence."

Very likely, the truth about the assassination of President Kennedy resides in CIA files and in the minds of CIA officials. After the House Select Committee on Assassinations was established in 1976 a tough-minded former prosecuting attorney named Richard Sprague was appointed its chief counsel and director. He pledged to subpoena every relevant CIA and FBI file and to question every pertinent witness from the intelligence community. The intelligence organizations, through what they refer to as their "assets" in the news media, launched a vitriolic attack against Sprague, who was then eased out of his position by frightened members of Congress.

In June 1977 Sprague was replaced by G. Robert Blakey, formerly of the Department of Justice, who has declined to subpoena any FBI or CIA documents and who has hired his staff only after securing the approval of both the FBI and CIA. He has also agreed not to disclose to the American people anything he might learn from those two organizations without their approval.

On the day that the Select Committee was established by Congress, George O'Toole, a former CIA agent, turned to me and said that the most corrupt and inept institution in America has just been called upon to investigate the two most duplicitous organizations in our country's history. He added, "The CIA and FBI will have that committee for breakfast tomorrow morning." He was wrong: It took several months.

HUSTLER

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Model's Legal Signature _____

BOXING

(continued from page 56)

weight who was KO'd by one punch in a fight just before meeting Howard Davis, and described later by the *New York Daily News* as a "guinea pig" and "punching bag"; Sandy Torres (22-6), a middleweight in an Ali-Spinks preliminary fight, whose pounding by Alan Minter was never aired but who still managed to turn his knockout into a payday for his "people"; and Horace "Big City" Robinson (7-4), a heavy whose record should induce sleepy-eyed yawns rather than a shot on CBS's current late-night version of Gillette's old Friday-night fights. (Other frequently televised Clancy fighters are Harold Weston and 1977 welterweight champ Rodrigo Valdes.)

A definite power in CBS's boxing department, Clancy is in a position to have an "opinion" on fights proposed by enemies as well as friends. In a business in which the operating ethic is "Don't get mad, get even," allies could conceivably get more than a fair shake, and foes the door-in-the-face brushoff. Already, rival managers have been charging Clancy with "keeping us off CBS."

If this is true, CBS is supporting a veritable stranglehold on the fight game. Even if this is not the case, the image is creating a dangerous anticompetitive situation. Young, paycheck-hungry fighters impressed by Clancy's commentator/consultant status could easily think Clancy is a ticket to TV time and sign with him—while other managers might want to woo Clancy and offer him all sorts of compromising temptations.

Clancy, the man who would be king, quickly soft-pedals any hint of unethical conduct, and says, "I can't prevent my friends from calling me, but I only make a match after considering the fighters. I don't think about who's managing. I do this strictly on a business basis. Ability is the only thing that counts, and I'm not out to enhance my friendships.

"Sure, a kid could be impressed by seeing me on TV, but if I become a manager for a kid, I would hope it's based on my past experience and record. My critics can't understand how much I've sweated in the gyms. CBS hired me because of my integrity, and I hope young fighters will do the same."

Monopoly has characterized TV's connection with boxing for years. Back in the '50s, when boxing was booming and the name of the game was Madison Square Garden, the TV boys craved a piece of the action. During a power struggle at the Garden they saw their

chance and lined up with "sportsman" James D. Norris against famed Joe Louis-matchmaker Mike Jacobs. The decision was pivotal: "Gentleman Jim" palled around with Frankie "Mr. Gray" Carbo and Blinky Palermo.

Crooked but also smart, the trio understood that TV was an unproven medium in need of a hot attraction. Needing to apply only a little arm-twisting, they sold TV on the idea of weekly telecasts, and soon there were Monday-night fights, Wednesday-night fights, Friday-night fights and Saturday-night fights. The Norris-Carbo-Palermo TV nexus cared little about overexposure, nor did it worry about boxing's lifeblood, the neighborhood fight clubs. These birthplaces of new talent were hardly a match for all the bouts on television, so the clubs lost their audiences and folded. As a consequence, the same fighters had to be televised again and again.

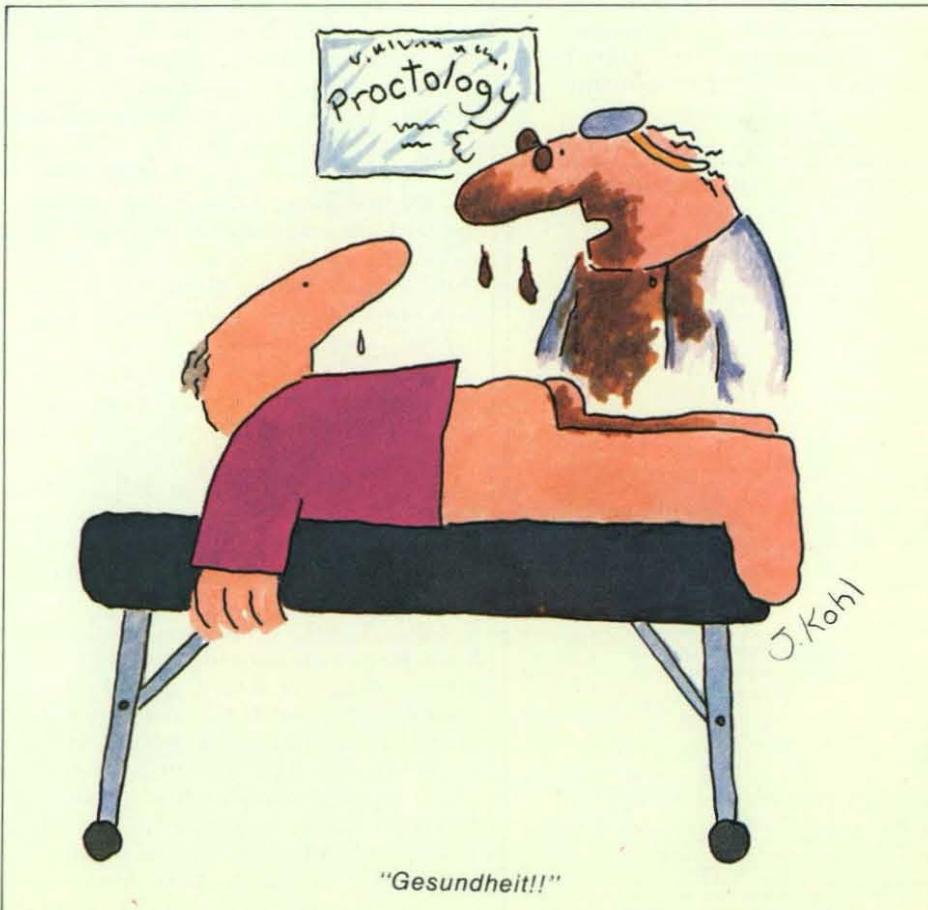
"What put boxing in hell was TV's not breaking in new fighters," argues Madison Square Garden's present matchmaker, Teddy Brenner, who staged the first nationally televised fights from New York's Eastern Parkway "House of Upsets" Arena. "The only thing TV has ever been interested in is marquee value. You always had to give them personalities—champions.

There never was the thought of nurturing unknown fighters, or even a regard for which fighters matched well. Names, that's all that counted."

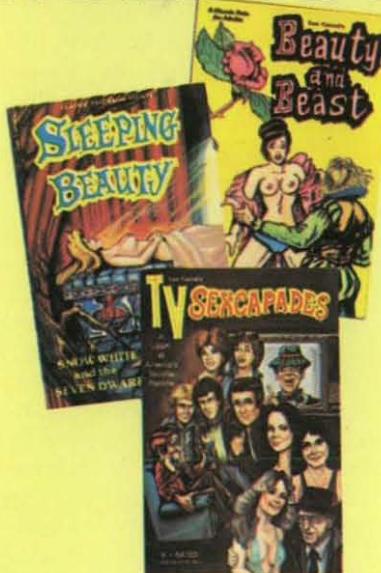
Along with viewers, Washington officials also got tired of watching Ralph "Tiger" Jones (he fought 46 times in a year and a half on TV), Carmen Basilio and Kid Gavilan bleed every week. Senator Estes Kefauver investigated the Garden's Carbo and Company operation, and eventually blew open the Mob's lock on numerous titleholders. For trying to muscle in on welterweight champ Don Jordan's earnings, Carbo and Palermo went to jail. And boxing was sentenced to years of disgrace.

With the death rattle distinctly audible in the 1960s, boxing in the 1970s could have been saved only by Herculean personalities. After holding the heavyweight title for four years Muhammad Ali (Cassius Clay) got sensational publicity in 1967 by battling to stay out of the Vietnam War. And in 1971 Don King entered the sport after his release from prison on a manslaughter rap. King's wit, grit and bullshit were equal to Ali's famed tongue, and together they revolutionized the fight world.

The closed-circuit era thrived. In rapid-fire succession the self-crowned "World's Greatest Promoter" pulled off Ali-George Foreman in Zaire (1974),



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Ali-Chuck Wepner in Cleveland (the 1975 model for the film *Rocky*), Ali-Joe Bugner in Malaysia (1975) and Ali-Joe Frazier in the "Thrilla in Manila" (1975).

Boxing was again on its financial feet, and in leaped a former assistant to Robert Kennedy—Park Avenue attorney Bob Arum. Described by King as "the master of vituperation, vilification and skullduggery" for "stealing" the Ali-Ken Norton Yankee Stadium bout in 1976, Arum astutely sensed that TV's megabucks would replace independent promotions. The networks, like the rest of America, wanted a string of 1976 Olympic-style heroics (the Spinks brothers and Sugar Ray Leonard had pulled down boxing's "Iron Curtain" and fired the public's imagination), and Arum opted to be the Great Provider, even if it meant yo-yoing from ABC to CBS to NBC.

But King had already secured the best post position. By signing George Foreman to an exclusive ABC contract, King was now that network's "Mr. Big" (a phrase coined outside ABC headquarters as King walked past women and shouted at them, "Make me big, darling; make me big"). The man held a stack of open-ended IOUs and was the catalyst for TV's no-holds-barred boxing war.

"The Foreman deal scared the shit out of us," admits Barry Frank, the man who replaced CBS Sports prez Robert Wussler and who has now been replaced himself. A note of envy is still clear in his voice. "This was the key to all of boxing at the time. We thought ABC had the heavyweight champ sewn up for the next ten years and felt we had to do something. If the guy down the block [ABC and CBS execs literally look into each other's windows] was going to sign fighters, we had to do the same."

"When King made the delivery, it was a quid pro quo for his getting all kinds of future consideration," Wussler remarks. "Cosell never liked King and would go against him in talks with [Roone] Arledge. But now the in-house politics [have] changed." King has been close to ABC's top brass ever since Foreman came aboard.

ABC Sports Vice-President James Spence sidesteps any suggestion of unethical conduct. But despite his repeated "no comments," only months after Foreman initialed a contract ABC came up with \$1.5 million for King's "U.S. Boxing Championships" tourney. Conceptualized to produce "honestly made, true American championships," the series of elimination bouts in various weight divisions, it was hoped, would

reignite Olympian fervor. Since flag-waving was meant to usher in "boxing's new Renaissance," dank arenas echoing the game's seamy past would be replaced by military bases and even an aircraft carrier.

Terms like "kickback," "fix" and "extorted booking fees" started to fly once the 1977 tournament began. These anti-King charges had a classic B-movie ring to them, but they had never been aired "live" until the February 13 production from Annapolis, Maryland. The now-legendary TV moment featured Scott LeDoux, a plodding heavyweight whose mouth was a lot faster than his fists. Enraged that he had lost a close decision, LeDoux stormed around the ring, yelling obscenities and abuse at opponent Johnny Boudreux. A few more blows were exchanged, and in the melee—before millions of startled TV viewers—Howard Cosell's toupee was knocked to the canvas. (A few months later, when asked about TV innovations in boxing, Cosell bristled, "What do you think we're going to do, put cameras under the canvas and get shots of the fighters' balls?")

A CBS *Who's Who* camera crew, filming a special on King, happened to be at ringside. They heard LeDoux detonate some long-buried time bombs. The accusations became part of a CBS attack against the highly rated boxing tournament of their rival, and started a host of investigations—by the FBI, the U.S. Attorney for Maryland and the Federal Communications Commission. The LeDoux essentials included: That King's "advisers," Al Braverman and Paddy Flood, fixed the outcome of matches and "owned" percentages of most fighters; that booking fees had to be paid or kicked back in order to get a tourney bout; and that *Ring* magazine, the "Bible of Boxing" and authority on tournament eligibility, was juggling its ratings in the *Ring Record Book* to favor those fighters "owned" by King and his "people."

Countering the allegations with some oratory of his own, King, the Grand Shakespearean, said, "These allegations, these ludicrous vituperations, are always at my doormat. The poison and venom are unconscionable. I have been pitted against the wildest and most vindictive villains in recent history. I won't take this niggerology, the bullshit that would have me apologizing to a master for putting my head in the way of his club."

Cosell also struck back at CBS, doing a "LeDoux" on some of its fight arrangements, but this radio shill was too little, too late. For in the next few months other fighters chorused tourna-

guards jump into place. Ali's wife, Veronica, clutches her husband's hand one last time. Manager Herbert Muhammad whispers some last-minute instructions and offers Ali an emotion-filled, deep-throated "Good luck. You're the greatest."

Winding slowly along labyrinthian corridors, the procession finally arrives at Studio 45, where they are greeted by a battery of kleig lights, cameras and personalities. The always-available celebrity-groupie, artist Leroy Neiman, sits pen in hand. The man of a thousand lives, George Plimpton, talks to Norman Mailer, with one eye fixed on a curvaceous redhead. At least a hundred reporters crowd beside CBS's highest officials. Female employees, when not batting eyelashes at announcers Pat Summerall, Jack Whitaker and Brent Musburger, are there to provide a chorus of *oooh's* and *aaah's*.

Once Ali seats himself centerstage, a deathly hush falls over the audience. Thirty-foot curtains surrounding the cavernous room creak shut and add to the funereal feeling. Already choking with drama, the scene is then pushed to overkill by Musburger. As clips from the Ali-Spinks fight flick across monitors, emcee Musburger characteristically welcomes TV viewers with "What a great night in Las Vegas. What tremendous warriors."

Ali, his face a lacquered TV bronze, now studies the cameras. Wearing a pin-striped suit, and unmistakably tense, the ex-champ appears as if he's about to declare his presidential candidacy. He steadies himself, looks for reassurance from friends and says, "Welcome to my fireside chat." There is a burst of predictable laughter, and then the real reason for the fighter's first "live" press conference is clarified.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Ali continues, "there's been a lot of talk about who Spinks will fight first to defend his title. Ken Norton and others are saying that they should get a shot. Well, I'm not here to beg, but it's only fair that the defeated champ gets a return. Now I'm hungry and I'm ready. I am boxing. The world is waiting for me."

A virtuoso performance is to be expected from Ali. Yet the impassioned plea falls far short of what CBS had promised in PR releases, telephone calls and commercials: "An exciting development that will greatly affect heavyweight boxing." Except for Ali's new outstretched-hand posture, little is newsworthy. And even more disturbing, instead of covering a genuine news event, CBS is now concocting one.

A close-up of the reporters also shows

CBS's tricky hand. Eager to make the event seem "authentic," the network has invited a broad range of media people, with emphasis on the "black press." However, the strongest critics of CBS and Bob Arum (whose Top Rank now handles Ali) are noticeably absent. The questions, therefore, are decidedly tame, and Ali only talks about how he "made" the other heavies (how he gave them a shot and made them wealthy), the different strategy to be used in a rematch with Spinks and when he expects to retire.

At this point it's asked, in effect, "Aren't you too old to continue fighting? Aren't you afraid of winding up like other punch-drunk fighters?"

Ali is caught off guard for a moment. His face sags. His pause seems interminable. His customary glow only returns when he confidently announces, "I'm not going to be a tombstone." Some patented theatrics follow, and Ali duels one-on-one with the camera: "Not a scratch, not a blemish. Who would believe looking at my face that I'm a champion heavyweight? I shall return. I shall return. I shall...."

The boxer's carefully choreographed script has CBS officials beaming. An otherwise dull Saturday's viewing has gotten a shot of adrenalin—Ali in vintage form. The jokes are good. According to Robert Wussler at the show's outset, "We debated giving Ali airtime for a day. We did it because we thought it would be a definitive word, not hype, or part of the skirmishings in the fight game at the present."

But does this lofty preamble matter now that the show's over? Hardly. The smiling Wussler looks like he just signed Farrah Fawcett-Majors to a ten-year contract. Other CBS officials rush to congratulate the network's sports president, and before leaving for a celebratory cocktail party, Wussler says, "Shows like this are as important as *Meet the Press* and *Face the Nation*. Americans thrive on sports. There should be more conferences like this. It's the electronic media's responsibility to give news an exciting format."

While the show's "newsworthiness" is debatable, it's strikingly clear why CBS would want to help Ali get a Spinks rematch (and why it broke precedent by getting involved in a boxing business dispute over Ken Norton's "rights" to Spinks's first defense). A. C. Nielsen statistics clearly show that only Ali insures their Spinks "investment." In eight of his fights broadcast by the various networks (against Chuck Wepner, Ron Lyle, Jean-Pierre Coopman, Jimmy Young, Richard Dunn, Ken

Norton, Alfredo Evangelista and Earnie Shavers), Ali garnered an average 44.5 percent of the TV-viewing audience.

Ali easily outslugs *Barney Miller* or *Rockford Files*. But he may not be able to "whup" CBS's fear of Washington officialdom. The repercussions of CBS's falsely advertised "winner-take-all" tennis match are still giving execs nightmares. (Wussler was unceremoniously dropped, Barry Frank is no longer with CBS either, and the Federal Communications Commission may deny full-term license renewals for several CBS-owned stations.)

And if this isn't enough to worry about, Congressman Van Deerlin poses another threat. He is currently studying the roles Arum and CBS played in offering the paltry sum of \$200,000 to Norton for the first shot at the title when Ali lost to Spinks. Both Ali and Spinks had given their word to the World Boxing Council that the winner would first fight Norton, though a rematch between Ali and Spinks would no doubt be more profitable. After that promise was made, Arum (who promotes both Ali and Spinks) revealed that he had sold CBS the television rights to Spinks's first title defense against anybody but Ali for \$1.5 million, the challenger to receive about \$200,000 of that sum. It was apparently thought that Norton would turn down an offer that low, thus freeing Ali and Spinks for a rematch. However, Norton, according to his manager, Bob Biron, "called Arum's bluff," and Biron described the whole thing as "a case of connivance between Arum and CBS." In spite of Norton's loss to Larry Holmes this June, which changed matters, CBS has already shied away from its Ali-Spinks II option.

This hardly portends CBS's departure from boxing. In fact, just the opposite is true. The network hopes to make Friday-night fights a regular feature, and this year it will televise 18 more fights than it did in 1977. The future is complicated by Arum, who talks of staging some fights this fall on ABC. (ABC purchased the right to air Ali-Spinks II in spite of a \$7-million bid by NBC.) And CBS does have its not-so-secret weapon: the ever-reliable Gil Clancy.

Co-combatant ABC is also digging in. By firming up its connection with Don King, the network gets first rights to his attractive portfolio—a constantly growing stable of fighters that includes Larry Holmes, the unretired George Foreman, Esteban DeJesus, Michael Doakes (a rising heavyweight), Alfredo Escalera and Jimmy Young (of whom the boxing grapevine says King "owns" a 10-percent piece). More amateur bouts are

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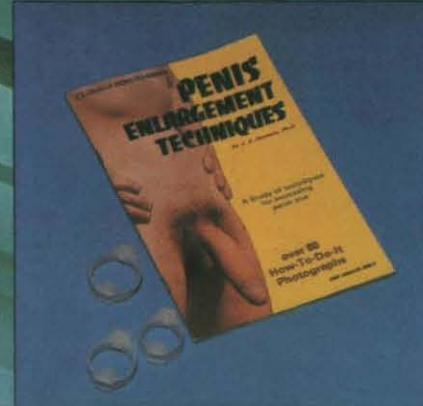
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KINKY KORNER

by Colonel Mark Liell, D.S.O.

I drink my own urine. I drink it daily, and every morning I massage my scalp, neck, face and feet with it. And I'm not a lunatic.

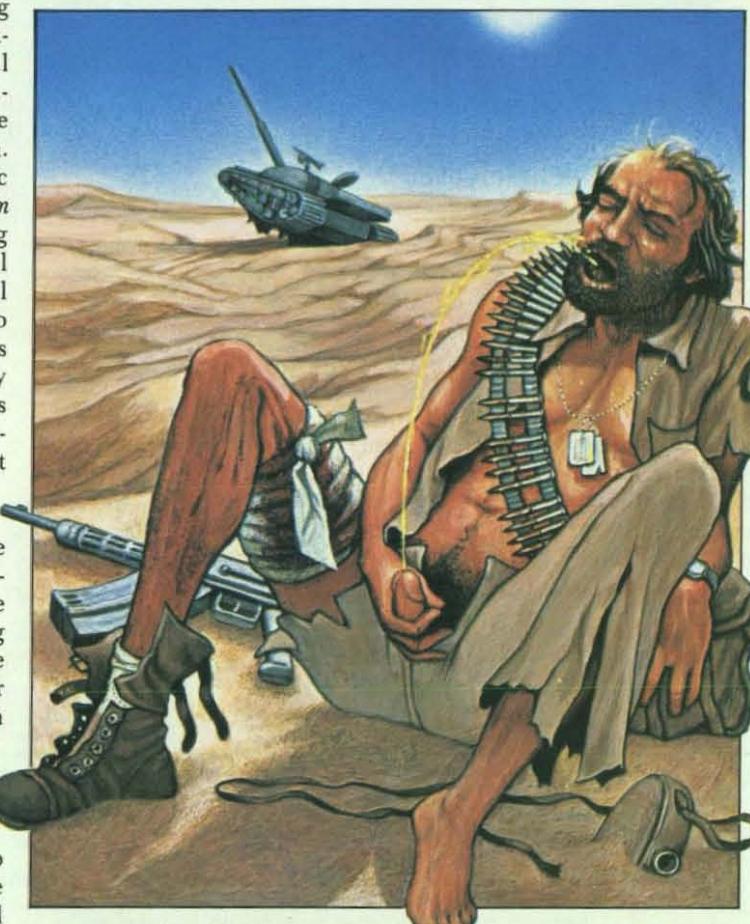
This account is not going to have anything to do with golden showers, or playing with urine for sexual gratification. I have several friends who are golden-shower freaks, and I have nothing against that fetish. But that is neither my topic nor my interest. What I am interested in is promoting one of the most wonderful unpatented medicines of all time—a nectar of health so chock-full of vital minerals and salts that it constantly amazes me that nobody has bottled it, labeled it and promoted it on television. It would make a fortune!

I first discovered the life-enhancing qualities of urine while serving with the British Eighth Army in the western Sahara during World War II. I had become separated from my unit after a night skirmish with an Italian armored-car column, and had been slightly wounded on the temple by a ricochetting bullet. I awoke the next morning to find myself alone in the lee of a sand dune, burdened with a ferocious headache. My water bottle was nearly empty, and caked blood matted one side of my face and head.

I had been unconscious through most of the night, and my first thoughts were of the horrors of dying of thirst. We had been taught in basic training that drinking urine could save one's life in a waterless emergency, and though I was repelled by the idea, I was determined to give it a try. Saving the last of my water for drinking afterwards, I staggered to my feet, found a discarded tin cup and urinated into it. Then, sitting in the shade of a wrecked jeep, I began to sip.

The taste was salty and warm, with a secondary flavoring that reminded me of the Australian canned beer I had drunk in the mess tent 12 hours earlier. I felt

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URINE-DRINKING THE RECYCLABLE MAN

like gagging only once, when a nervous jerk of my arm sent a larger draught than I was expecting down my throat. But I controlled it and, slowly sipping, drank two-thirds of the cupful. I used the remainder to moisten my handkerchief, which I made into a poultice for my head, having first sponged away some of the caked blood. Then I huddled in the shade, closed my eyes and tried to sleep.

I didn't know it at the time, but the fact is that I couldn't have drunk a more medicinal, curative elixir if I had been sitting in the saloon bar of a pub in Alexandria with all their available

drinks to choose from. Normally, 1,000 parts of urine contain about 960 parts of water and 40 parts of solutes. The solutes comprise a veritable cocktail of minerals and salts. To name just a few: sodium chloride, which helps conduct vital electrical impulses in the body and is a necessary constituent of the human body; urea, which is found in man and other mammals and which is the biological end product of protein metabolism; creatinine, a basic compound found in muscles and blood as well as in urine, and which plays an important role in muscle contraction and energy release; and uric acid, which is an end product of the metabolism of amino acids and which, if not excreted, results in the formation of kidney stones.

When my comrades came back to look for me, two days later, they frankly expected to find a corpse. Instead, they found a somewhat parched but cheerful and feverless fighting man who returned to action with his platoon three days later.

That was my first experience (born of dire necessity) with urine-drinking—but it was certainly not to be my last. In fact, I've been drinking most of my own urine every day ever since—nearly 35 years of pissimbibing—and at 59 I'm lean, strong and virile.

When, later in the war, my regiment was sent to the Far East to fight the Japanese, I contracted malaria. I cured it myself in just three days on a urine-and-water fast, and I've never had a recurrence.

At this point in my story you're probably thinking I'm some kind of imbecile; you may have a mental picture of some old, piss-stinking bum who sleeps in doorways and pees in public. I wouldn't blame you if you thought that—for most of us the taboos against urine date back to early childhood. We were all taught that peeing is something that is to be done privately in the

KINKY KORNER

bathroom; if we did it in bed we were punished. And we had to wash our cocks afterwards (if our parents were very fastidious) and then wash our hands. All of this hygienic propaganda led us to believe one thing: That what the body excreted was filthy and poisonous by definition. And it seems logical enough, doesn't it? After all, why would the body expel something unless it was valueless?

Such an attitude, though prevalent around the world, is based on a misreading of nature. The lush foliage of an untended forest is the result of dead leaves falling back into the soil to be used again. Dead leaves do not poison trees. On the contrary, they contain vital minerals necessary to a living tree's sustenance. Urine contains vital minerals also. The body, in its natural wisdom, decides to flush out surplus nutrients when it's had enough. When these nutrients are taken back into the body through urine-drinking, the urine is filtered again and acts as a *cleanser* for the body's organs.

In fact, urine can actually rebuild organs that have been damaged by disease, while helping to repair the linings of the bowels and brain, and to replenish and purify the new batch of urine the body is preparing. Kidney problems,

anemia, gangrene, tumors, fevers, the common cold—any physical ailment that is not traumatic (such as a sudden injury or wound)—can be treated, if not cured, by drinking urine.

And, incidentally, I am *not* a piss-stinking bum who sleeps in doorways. I'm a highly successful company president who dresses in custom-made tweeds from England and drives a 1936 Auburn *original* (I know how impressed you Yanks are by such materialistic flash!)

There is a great deal of historical precedent for urine therapy. The Hindus of India valued piss greatly, but only when it came from the sacred cow. They would follow the favored animal around, catch the urine in a special pot and then both drink it and bathe themselves in it.

"When so used," wrote a 19th-century English traveler, "it removes all external impurity, and when taken internally, which is very common, it cleanses all within." In Elizabethan England young women used their own urine as a hand-and-face lotion; they found that it softened chapped hands and made their complexions creamy and smooth.

In this country, in the late 17th century, Franciscan missionaries in South-

ern California noted that the ecologically minded Indians of Baja would drink their own urine when smoking peyote. Much of the drug would otherwise be urinated out and lost, as is the case with penicillin and other drugs and vitamins today. But by drinking their urine, the Indians would recycle the peyote and thus effectively double its hallucinogenic impact.

Of course, if you looked hard enough, you could probably find sound medical and historical precedents for hitting yourself on the head with a ball peen hammer. But the practice of urine-drinking, though still uncommon, has not been proved to be anything but beneficial by recent medical discoveries. T. Wilson Deachman, M.D., writes that the human body provides its own urine pharmacy. Outside drugs are unnecessary when urine, its chemical content varying according to the pathological state of the patient, is so readily available. "Its use is indicated," writes Dr. Deachman, "in all forms of disease except those caused by traumatism or those of a mechanical nature."

I mentioned earlier that besides drinking my own urine daily I also use it to massage my head, hands and feet. I started this part of my urine regime when I had put myself on an extended

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fast—urine and water—to cure my malaria. After the second day I was slightly alarmed, because my heart was palpitating loudly and my head felt dizzy when I stood up. These could have been malarial symptoms, of course; I was running a high fever.

But then I got an idea from the New Testament—the soldier's friend. In Matthew 6:17 I read: "...when thou fastest, anoint thy head and wash thy face." I consequently decided to rub my head and neck, dipping my hands first in urine that I had poured into a shallow bowl. I rubbed until my hands were dry, and then dipped and rubbed again. The headaches and heart palpitations ceased almost immediately. Think about it, and it makes perfect medical sense. The friction of my hands caused heat, and heat opened up the pores of the skin, allowing the valuable minerals and salts of the urine to seep in.

I might add that I have a very full head of hair—and no dandruff. I massage my scalp daily with fresh urine prior to shampooing with a "baby" shampoo, and I am convinced that the urine is just as good a conditioner as the expensive "health" products that you can buy today for hair care. In fact, if you look closely at the ingredients listed in small print on some of those products, you'll find they contain *urea*, urine's chief mineral component, and so do several brands of beauty soap and face cream for women. Why pay a cosmetics company for fancy packaging when you produce their "magical ingredient" yourself in unlimited quantities?

I use urine on my feet because I was born with slightly flattened arches, which used to give me considerable pain when I was a youngster. But ever since I began to piss-massage them daily the combination of friction and mineral osmosis has kept the pain at bay; I took up jogging a couple of years ago, and I find I can run three miles a day with ease *on my toes*, something that was impossible for me as a teenager.

Let me reassure you regarding the cosmetic questions you might have. Drinking urine is not a filthy habit that makes you smell like a baby's crib. The unpleasant smell associated with wet bedsheets and diapers is a result of old urine coming in contact with the air, promoting the creation of bacteria. When you drink it fresh from your natural cistern, it is no more unpleasant than warm seltzer. And the more you do it the more pleasant-tasting, smoother and purer it seems.

Bathing and massaging in urine is a little bit more smelly; but all you have to

do is finish your massage with a quick wash, using ordinary household soap or, as noted earlier, a mild shampoo. The rotting smell of old urine that we have all experienced some time in our lives *never lingers* on your body if you follow these simple rules.

Drinking urine for the first time takes guts. Germaine Greer, the brilliant Australian feminist and university lecturer, challenged the female readers of her book *The Female Eunuch* that they should not consider themselves truly liberated until they had tasted their own menstrual blood. I'm making a similar challenge. I don't believe that you can call yourself a real man until you've downed your first six ounces of fresh morning piss. Try it tomorrow as soon as you get up. Once you've tried it for the first time, you'll be ready to try it for medicinal purposes.

And that brings me to my second challenge. How many colds did you have last year? Probably two or three if you're an average citizen. All right now—the next time you feel a cold coming on, follow this regimen to the letter: First, eat no food whatsoever; that's very important. The idiot who first said "Feed a cold and starve a fever" got it all wrong. The original form of that adage was "Feed a cold and *you'll starve a fever*," meaning that if you stuff yourself with food during a cold, the cold will probably become a fever and you'll have to starve because you won't keep any food down! So don't eat; you probably need a good fast anyway if you're an average American.

Second, take no medication. I'm talking about everything from aspirin to prescription drugs. Cut 'em out! They're all garbage! And stop smoking and stop drinking alcohol. Limit yourself to *drinking urine and water only*—as much as you comfortably can. That's it. No fruit juice, no vitamins, no tea or coffee—nothing but urine and water.

Third—and this is important—use some of your urine to massage your head, neck and chest. Do it three times a day, then wash and keep yourself warm. You will shake that cold in *three days maximum*. And by the third day your whole system will be glowing with health.

Editor's Note: HUSTLER wishes to point out that Colonel Liell's article represents an account of a personal alternative life-style; HUSTLER readers who follow his instructions do so at their own risk. We caution, in particular, that drinking urine without additional liquids could lead to uremic poisoning.

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TAX REBELS

(continued from page 82)

us, we'll beat 'em, and if they do prosecute us, we'll beat 'em faster. Toil and blood and tears and sweat have always won—the history of the world proves that. You must dig in. You can't play it safe. You must take risks regardless of the consequences."

He speaks from experience. Cooley refused to answer questions during an IRS audit on his 1968-1970 income and was later sentenced to serve two years at a federal work farm in Arizona. After his release he filed a Fifth Amendment return and has done so ever since. He claims he's never lost a single subsequent audit.

Cooley now devotes nearly all of his time to lecturing, and he vowed to himself that he would speak in all 50 states this year. As of June, Cooley had spoken to groups in nearly 30 of them. He takes pride in the fact that he was one of the people responsible for Norbert Stelten's court victory in Minnesota. It is apparent that Cooley's message is getting out.

But it's easy to understand why Cooley is so successful at convincing others. First of all, his prison term has made him one of the martyrs in the tax-resistance movement and has created a

passionate drive that cannot be misconstrued as insincere. Second, his rapid-fire delivery, coupled with his Arizona, good-ole-boy drawl, casts little doubt that he means business. Finally, he knows his facts. At a near nonstop clip Cooley rattles off court case after court case, precedent after precedent, quotation after quotation, all interspersed with words and phrases such as "individualism," "fundamental law," "constitutional law" and "individual initiative." Cooley is a believer.

Headquartered more than 2,500 miles away from Cooley's Mesa home, in Washington, D.C., is another tax-resistance group, the National Taxpayers Union (NTU). Claiming to have 1,000,000 active members and 65,000 dues-paying members nationwide, the NTU wants to effect a tax reform through the legislative process, rather than coaching its members to file Fifth Amendment returns. It has been mobilizing to conduct a constitutional convention, which will seek an amendment forcing the federal government to balance its budget annually. At press time 23 state legislatures had accepted a call to convention, and by next year, claims associate director Grover Norquist, 11 more will have joined—the two-thirds necessary to propose an amendment to the U.S. Constitution. If the convention is

held and the representatives agree on an amendment, it would take ratification of three-fourths of the states, although most Americans don't wish to wait that long.

Time aside, why does the National Taxpayers Union wish to pursue this course? "There is waste in both state and federal government," Norquist told HUSTLER. "Each state could cut ten percent of its budget and run more efficiently. I could personally cut thirty percent of the federal budget without loss of services."

Strong words. And for many citizens that seems to be the order of the day. Murray Rothbard, professor of economics at New York Polytechnic Institute and editor of the *Libertarian Forum*, didn't pull any punches either. In *Skeptic* magazine he attacked the income tax and the IRS—the collector for the federal budget. Rothbard wrote: "The main evil of the income tax is that it provides a method by which the government pries into the lives and actions of every citizen in the country. No one is safe from the legalized spying of the Internal Revenue Service."

Naturally, the IRS doesn't like to see such allegations in print or even hear about them. It would be interesting to know if outlaw country singer John Austin "Take This Job and Shove It" Paycheck will be audited this year. His top country single "Me and the IRS" attacked Internal Revenue and the federal income tax.

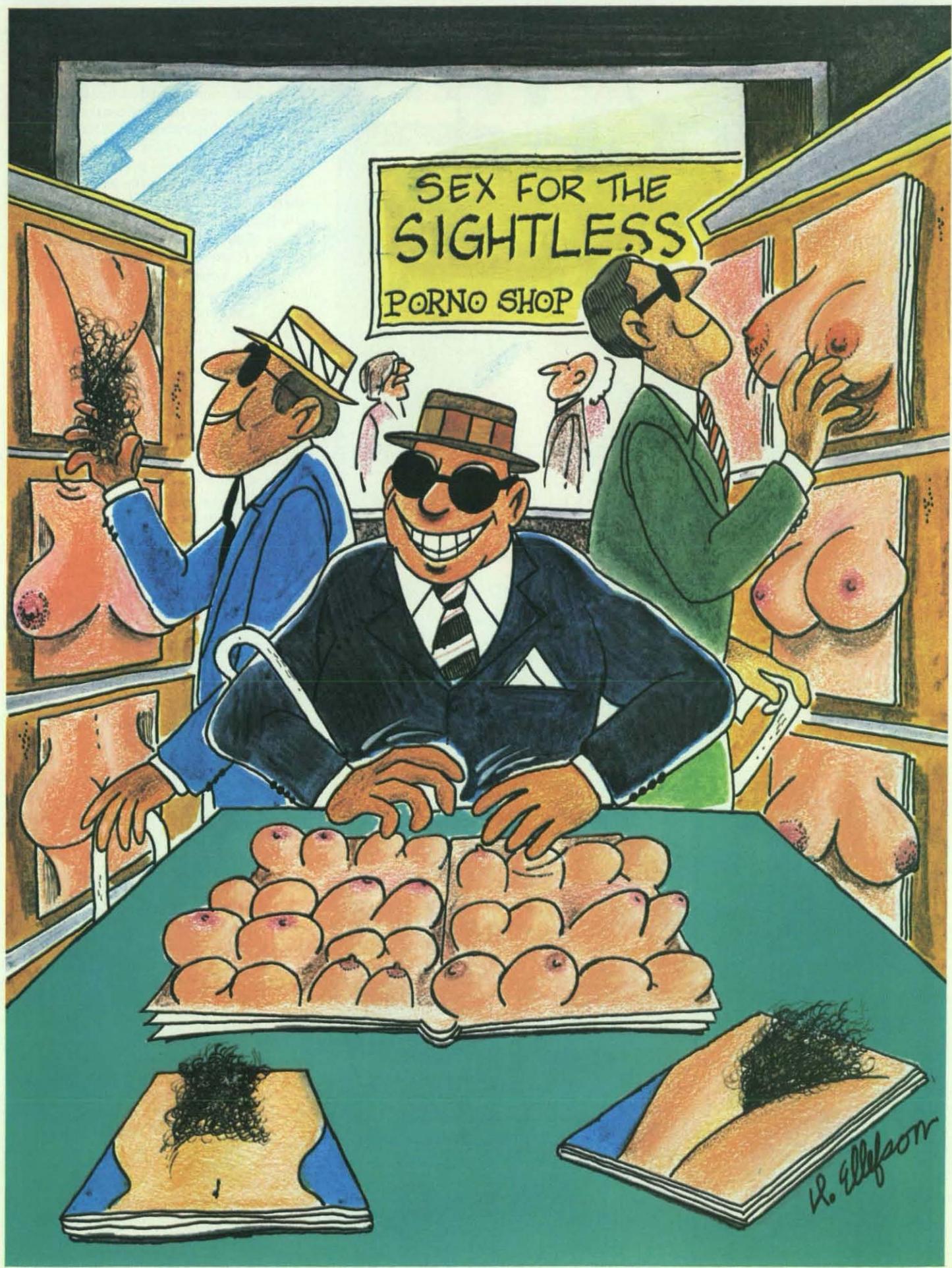
Perhaps even HUSTLER is putting its editorial neck on the line by running this article. But if that is the case, then the IRS should hunt critics in its own backyard first. As a case in point, HUSTLER offers the following.

In an interview conducted earlier this year a government official was asked by national columnists Rowland Evans and Robert Novak if he saw a coming taxpayers' revolt in America. He replied, "I think that is a dramatic way of putting it, but I think that if you mean by that, people are getting tired of paying so much in federal, state and local taxes, the answer is yes."

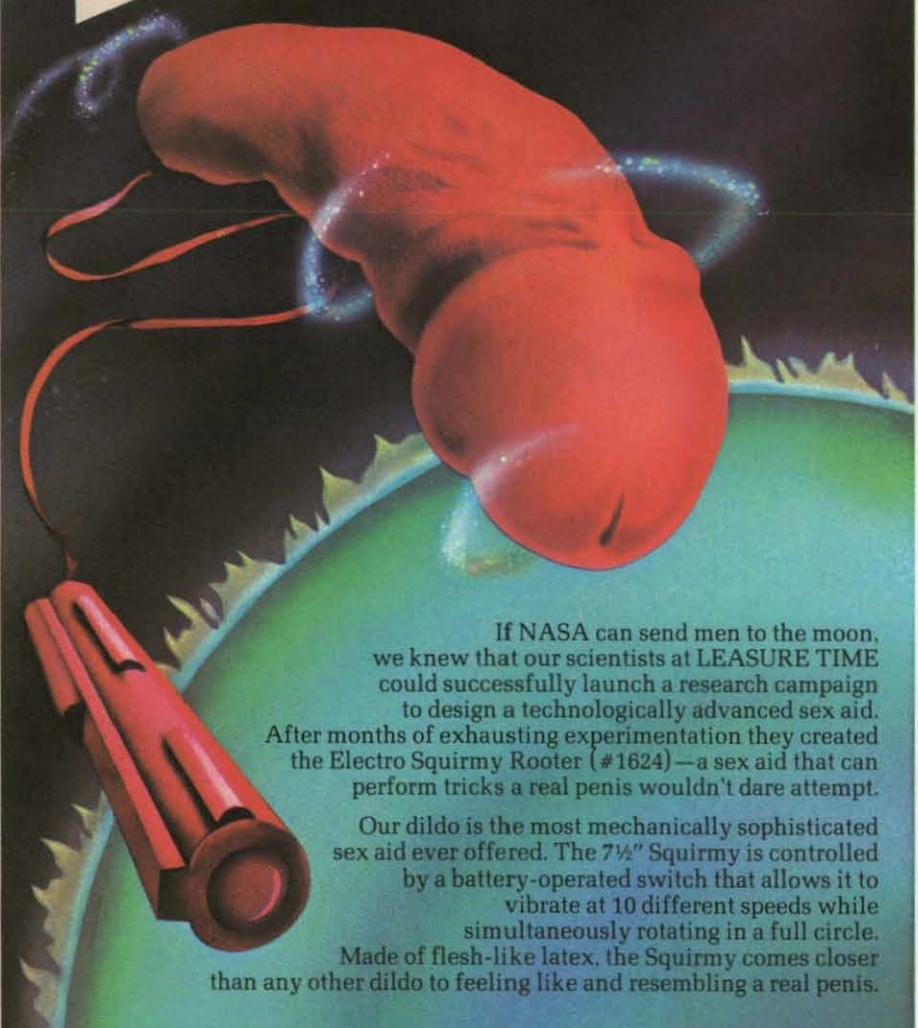
The official wasn't merely one of the federal government's economic advisers—many of whom cannot agree on how to curb inflation and excessive government spending or how to halt the growth of the federal bureaucracy and its insatiable need for greenbacks. He was none other than Secretary of the Treasury W. Michael Blumenthal. It was unusual for Blumenthal to admit in the interview that too many tax loopholes exist, that Americans have to shell out too much in taxes and that he



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feels "a great deal of sympathy [for the taxpayers]."

Sympathy notwithstanding, Secretary Blumenthal won't be touched. His song is the same song that has been heard for years, and not until recently has anything been done about it. What has been done, though, comes not from politicians looking out to preserve their polished desks but from the grass-roots element—the workers, laborers and middle-income Americans who would like some of those desks removed along with the bureaucrats sitting behind them. What has come about is not some passing fad but a revolution of the common man, a revolution in the spirit of the American colonists who fought against "taxation without representation."

And this year, called the "Year of the Tax Rebellion," that spirit has been rekindled and seems to be spreading rapidly. But the big question still remains: Can the rebellion succeed? Recently, many congressional leaders have made sweeping statements about Americans raising their voices in angry protest about unfair taxation; yet Congress has managed to lolligag in its approach to solving the problem.

In 1952, for example, House Joint Resolution 23—which would have made the federal income tax unconstitutional—was introduced and apparently lost in the bureaucratic shuffle. The same resolution was reintroduced on January 4, 1977, by John Rousselot (Republican-California). Further, in January of this year a dire forecast was introduced into the *Congressional Record*. It stated that Americans can expect to pay 50 percent to 60 percent in marginal taxes—that is, federal taxes, social security taxes and state taxes—within the next few years, perhaps as early as 1982. Ironically, no one dares say what will happen to the social, political and economic fabric of this country if that ominous prediction becomes a reality. But millions of Americans—from all walks of life and each fighting in his or her own way—are joining forces to prevent this reality.

To obtain additional information about Fifth Amendment tax resisters write: *We the People*, c/o Lowell Anderson, P.O. Box 56, Mills, Wyoming 82644; *Charles Riely*, c/o *Arizona Caucus Club*, P.O. Box 60, Mesa, Arizona 85201; *William Drexler*, P.O. Box 22569, San Diego, California 92122; or *Marvin Cooley*, 525 East Baseline Road, Mesa, Arizona 85204. To obtain information about the proposed constitutional convention write: *National Taxpayers Union*, 325 Pennsylvania Avenue SE, Washington, D.C. 20003.

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Besides us, we suggest you bitch about your mail order burns to your local Better Business Bureau or to the chief federal authority—the Consumer Advocate Office, U.S. Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024. You might also want to recheck our *Ten Commandments for making mail-order purchases*, in our May issue.

SIZZLING-HOT MAGAZINES: COLD AS ICE

Here is a rip-off I fell for that I thought might interest you. Enclosed are the 21 magazines, apparently ten- to 15-year-old junk, that I received from Bargain Discounts after answering its brochure for this \$20 offer.

In the order was another envelope with Cotner Distributors printed on it, so they must use several names. Also enclosed is my canceled check for \$12, which I sent to Film Collectors Association last November, for some magazines I never received.—C. D., Stevens Point, Wisconsin.

C. D. sent us all 21 magazines he received from Bargain Discounts, and we think he has a legitimate gripe, particularly since we've received complaints lodged against several companies (Bargain, Cotner and U.S. Dansk) that advertise this "sizzling-hot magazine" offer. The magazines, some of which dated back to the early '60s, ranged from girl-spreads to nudist publications, swingers' bulletins, *S&M*, *B&D* and gay-spreads. Most of the women were of the

canyon-cunt variety, while others were airbrushed.

It all boiled down to a wide assortment of skin-mag garbage that hardly lived up to the brochure's claims of explicit sex photography ranging from "women and their pets" to "incredible fucking." The order included none of the ten hard-core magazines pictured in the ad, which also contained some hardcore action photos with all points of contact and penetration teasingly obstructed. A footnote read: "Action photos on this brochure have been blocked out for legal reasons. However—all magazines you receive are guaranteed to be unretouched and uncensored."

Considering what this brochure offers and what the consumer is led to believe he will receive, the company is a rip-off. We also found several outfits using this same brochure—so beware! If you want to take a chance on a grab-bag assortment of low-grade, raunchy skin magazines, here's a way to spend \$20.

A basic rule to remember with all mail-order purchases is that you get what you pay for. Be suspicious of any bargain that seems too good to be true. In a case like this, \$20 will go a lot farther by purchasing two or three quality hard-core publications from a reputable dealer rather than ordering "21 different, hotter-than-ever magazines" (a good tip-off of a shady outfit) from a fly-by-nighter.

As for Film Collectors Association, we've received more than 50 complaints from irate consumers who sent away for films or magazines and have yet to receive anything but their canceled checks. The company (with an Inglewood, California, post-office box) was impossible to reach, so all we can suggest at this time is that you hold off doing business with the firm until it makes a move to clear itself.

NEW SWEDISH

Krow Enterprises, a firm with a long-standing reputation for dependability, now has available eight new numbers from the Swedish Erotica film series. Films #164 to #171 are all hard-core, 8mm color features clocking in at about ten minutes apiece. John Holmes, Johnny Keyes and a beautiful batch of supple ladies perform as couples or threesomes in a wide variety of combinations and positions.

Typical of the series, these films are quickies with plenty of sucking and

fucking. Kinkier viewers may want to see more in the way of orgies, bondage or golden showers. However, if you'd like to see three Oriental women getting it on with a dildo, a college coed finishing her anatomy class on big John Holmes or Johnny Keyes, and a friend giving a young lady a good stuffing—then these are for you.

Films #164, #166 and #167 have sound tracks and sell for \$35 each, or three for \$100. The others can be purchased for \$18 a reel. For additional information, write Krow Enterprises, P.O. Box 11023, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

FEEDBACK LETTER

Approximately four months ago I ordered a vibrator from Valentine Products, Inc. I have failed completely during this time to get anything from them. As a loyal reader of your magazine, I would like to ask you to help me. If I can get nothing else, then just something in writing from them showing my order was canceled would be great. Thank you for your help—L. B., St. Augustine, Florida.

Dealing in books, films, sex devices, creams and garments, Valentine Products is to Club magazine what Leisure Time Products is to HUSTLER. Since late last year we've received a whole file of complaints against this outfit from consumers who've received their canceled checks and Master Charge bills, but no merchandise.

We decided to expose Valentine, but upon investigating the many complaints, we found that most of the complaining customers had finally received their orders; some with an added complimentary gift to compensate for the delay. Anxious to stay off our Shifty Seller list, Valentine explained that problems with both their supplier and shipper had caused a delay in many orders—without letters of explanation being sent to many of their customers. There were also personnel problems, causing certain items to be temporarily out of stock.

We were assured that the situation is now under control and that Valentine is once again running smoothly. The company asks that any further questions or complaints be sent directly to 880 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10022 (Attention: D. Kepner), and the firm will clear them up immediately. If there are further problems, let us know.

MAIL-ORDER MANIA

JH JOHN HOLMES

IN ACTION

If you're wondering why JOHN HOLMES is the most sought after PORNO-STAR, it's because of his 14 INCH PENIS! If you'd like a close up look at that long, fat column of flesh hanging between his legs or watch beautiful young girls go crazy trying to stuff the massive head of his thick-necked pole into their bodies, look no farther! BRAND NEW 56 page (8½" x 11") MAGAZINE with nearly 100 photos, 17 in FULL COLOR, only \$10. Or if you prefer live action send \$14.95 for a 200' b/w film or FULL COLOR for \$24.95. (Specify reg. or super 8mm.) Combinations: Color film & magazine — \$30. B/W film & magazine — \$20. Watch BIG JOHN in action, it's AMAZING. BIG JOHN, Dept. 3537, 6311 Yucca St., Hollywood, Ca. 90028

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Brand new NATIONAL HOOKERS' GUIDE lists Hookers' names, addresses, phone numbers, descriptions and revealing photos. Available for straight, French, English, Greek or whatever you desire. Rates from \$5.00 up. Latest up-to-date information. Only complete directory of its kind. Choose your pleasure today! **2.95** State your age

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Combination of genuine imported spices give a very stimulating effect on her private parts. 1 oz.

4.95 for only 2.48

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5.98 for only 2.98

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4.95 for only 2.48

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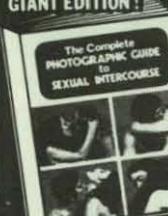
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They'll make her want you! Just a little help from **PASSION PLUS** and she'll be HOT TO TROT to your tune... no matter what you want to play. Put one of these in her food or drink, then just watch the fast results! Stimulates her desire and makes her crave you. Completely safe. Works fast and lasts for hours.

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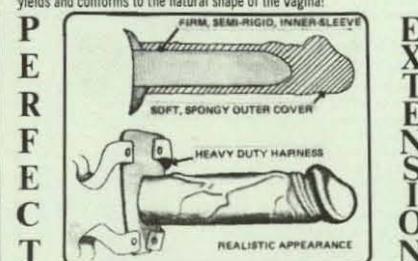
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Make male organ rock hard and help control ejaculation. This placebo can help restore vigor, potency and performance. Be BIG where it counts.

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Sexual difficulties such as: FAILURE TO RAISE AN ERECTION ... UNRESPONSIVE OR COLD WOMEN ... LACK OF SEXUAL ENERGY ... CUMMING TOO FAST and LACK OF STAYING POWER are not considered problems at all by the Chinese! THE CHINESE HAVE PILLS AND REMEDIES FORMULATED AND AT HAND TO OVERCOME THESE DIFFICULTIES THE MOMENT THEY OCCUR, as easily as we take aspirin for a headache! Only now have these Chinese SEX POTIONS and REMEDIES been analyzed and exactly duplicated!

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Now see it all — every conceivable sex act right before your eyes — see dozens of voluptuous girls and handsome virile men — each one outdoing the other in an incredible orgy of sex acts. See it now in over 2000 exciting Porno \$2.95 Pictures. Order today while supply lasts.

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A CONTAGIOUS GAG GIFT FOR ALL OCCASIONS

You've heard about the Pet Rock, Pet Cock, Legal Pot and others...but now here's something you can really spread around.

Better given than received, this attractive miniature beer case measures 6" x 9" x 5 1/2" and comes with a surprise contents.

You can make spreading a "Case of Clap" a truly enjoyable experience. No social contact necessary.

For friends or enemies, what better way to express your feelings!

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... now you can experience the heart-pounding excitement of watching life as it really happens, while you remain UNSEEN.

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"HOW TO SPY ON YOUR NEIGHBORS" will show you how you can watch your friends, neighbors, and people all around you, while you are never seen.

FEATURES

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Please rush me "HOW TO SPY ON YOUR NEIGHBORS" in a plain unmarked package. I may return the book within ten days for a 100% refund.

Full payment of \$9.95 is enclosed.

Please add \$1 for postage and handling.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

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I hereby certify I am over 21 years of age.

Signature _____

A FEW READERS' COMMENTS

I feel a strange power over my neighbors. Especially when I see them on the street or in the supermarket. If they only knew what I saw . . .

M.H.J., Syosset, N.Y.

I finally got a real look at the girl next door. The thrill was worth a million dollars. Thank you, thank you.

Name withheld by request.
Portland, Ore.

"How to Spy" is truly the "peeping Tom's" handbook.
Dr. S.S., Chicago, Ill.

"HOW TO SPY ON YOUR NEIGHBORS" comes fully illustrated with ACTUAL SPY PHOTOS...

PARISIAN NIGHTS

(continued from page 88)

standard whore's English: "Hallo, Joe. You like fucky-fucky? Feisty francs. No? You fuck off."

At my look of astonishment she burst into hoarse laughter.

"You see, I speak English," she said in French. Melo, who understood whore's English, smiled amiably.

"Odile," he said, "is a lot of fun. You will like each other."

"Hey, guys, how about going down for a few beers?" said Odile. "We've got lots of time; the night is young, eh?" She winked at me. "Business later, no? Ooo-la-la!"

I couldn't believe it. Was this a setup? Would I have to pay later? For what? She didn't give me a chance to figure it out. With swift, nervous energy she took over.

"Allez, allez!" she cried hoarsely. "Let's go, Joe! Come on!"

We went to the Bar St. Michel and ordered three Danish beers, Odile chattering incessantly with dizzy Parisian rapidity. She pounced on each subject and soon left it with the agility of a bored cat.

It was a hot August night. We sat on the crowded terrace of the Boulevard St. Michel under the trees, watching the

crowds pass on the street: long-haired boys with guitars slung over their backs and very trim young Frenchwomen, smartly made up like mimes. They really knew how to use makeup as an art form. A tall, thin, blond boy wearing a gold star of David with Hebrew letters, suspended from a chain around his neck, played the banjo badly on the street in front of us, massacring old folk songs from Dixie. Odile tossed him five francs, which he accepted with no change of expression. She was very free with money. She took each round of drinks. Melo and I made gestures, but she pushed our hands aside.

"Ah, cut the shit, boys. The party's on Odile, *compris?*"

She laughed and talked in a loud, raucous voice.

"Well, look at all those pretty boys," she sneered contemptuously, nodding in the direction of the guitar-slung longhairs. "All pederasts! Not one good fuck in the whole generation!" She downed a beer. "Me, I don't like pretty boys. Fags, the whole lot of 'em! Too skinny. Too delicate. Me, I like *men*. Like Melo. Built. Out of the ordinary. Know what I mean, Joe?"

She gave me a shove with her elbow and cackled. She looked around to see if anyone was watching. Then, with a broad wink, she held her forefingers

about 12 inches apart, nodding in Melo's direction.

"Him," she said in English. "Very beeg boy, on'erstan'?"

She burst into gales of laughter.

"Odile is very entertaining," said Melo in his mild, unflappable manner.

"She sure is," I agreed.

"No, no, I mean it, goddamnit!"

Slightly drunk, she was getting more boisterous. "Melo knows I mean it, don't you, you big black hunk of sensational man! I'm crazy about him. Nuts. He is special. Made to order."

Melo showed gold teeth in a dazzling smile.

"She is a good sport," he beamed.

They seemed to have a lot of affection for each other.

"Ah, listen, you two," she said, rising. "I'm going to take a piss."

"How do you like her?" asked Melo when she had left. "She's very nice, no?"

"Yes, she's certainly lively," I said. "I really like her." Melo seemed pleased at my approval. "She seems very attached to you," I added.

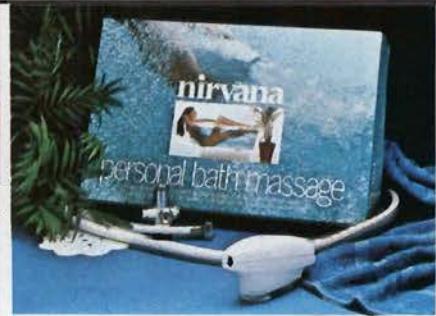
Melo sighed and nodded somewhat wistfully. "Oui, that's right, man," he said.

He went into one of his thoughtful pauses, leaving me to speculate on their relationship. I was hoping she would not



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return before I found out more about this.

"Melo," I prompted.

"Ah, yes, yes. She loves me. You know how we met? Two years ago. At the pool. I'm looking for tourists, you know? I see this blond, well-made, petite. It's Odile. We swim around together. Suddenly she gropes me underwater. When we go to her place we find out we are both hustling. We laugh. Then we get down to—professional tricks. My god, the things she can do! Like nobody else. We have been friends ever since."

"So you were—lovers?" I hesitated before using the word.

"Oh, certainly. She has plenty of money. She runs a bar—for Arabs and roughnecks. She is good to them. They would kill for her if she needed anything. Her husband was her pimp at first, but she divorced him a few years ago. She wants to marry me—not for protection; she don't need it. But, you know—" He shrugged. "I guess I still want to play the field. To be free."

Odile appeared, and Melo grew silent.

"Mecs," she announced drunkenly, "drink up! I'm bored. Let's go! The fuckin' night—is—young...."

She had a few more at the bar and staggered as we left and returned to the hotel. It was midnight, just the shank of a Parisian evening.

When we got to his room Melo asked me if I had some "stuff." I went to get it. When I returned he opened the door, naked.

"Come in, man," he said softly.

Odile was sitting on the bed, wearing only her earrings and bracelets.

"Ah, my leetle Americain, seat down, baby! Come seat next to mama!" she crooned. "Take off your damn clothes!" she ordered in French. "It's hot in here!"

I passed around the joint, and while they were taking hits I began to strip down. I stood close to Odile. Lowering my shorts, I got a hard-on.

"Mmm, very interesting," said Odile with professional appraisal, my erection not more than nine inches from her face. And that, my friends, is also the size of my weenie.

Melo lit a candle and switched off the glaring overhead light. In the candlelight I saw his monstrous prong, like a giant black snake, slowly begin to stiffen and rise.

It was easily 12 inches! He, too, stood in front of her, beside me. Cupping his balls with one hand, she reached along his rippled belly with the other and pinched his bronze nipples.

"I fuck you in the mouth," he murmured huskily.

The immense tool penetrated her throat. Odile looked like a sword-swallowing. God, was I hallucinating again? Melo's sweaty, dusky body glistened magnificently in the fluttering candlelight as his buttocks undulated in sinuous sculptural animation, in slow jazz rhythms. With voyeuristic excitement I began to jack off in time to the jazz beat of Melo's powerful baton. With my free hand I reached under him to finger Odile. Then I crouched between Melo's muscular thighs and fixed my mouth to her pussy. Melo's balls banged overhead like the bells of Notre Dame. When he came she thrust upwards and climaxed as I spattered their legs and the bedsheet with my cum.

We sat cooling off, and after a while Odile said with feeling, "Only Melo makes me come!"

They both looked genuinely pleased. They seemed to share an innocent animal pleasure in sex found only among children or among those who have experienced much and have no illusions. But what was I doing there? Certainly not to supply dope. With her contacts and money this was no problem. Why did Melo want me to share this *partouze*? It soon dawned on me that this was his way of repaying me for our friendship, a way of feeling closer to each other, as men. This was borne out by the rest of the morning. He took great pleasure in the various combinations of our threesome, as did I. I was touched and flattered by his tenderness, a mark of true friendship.

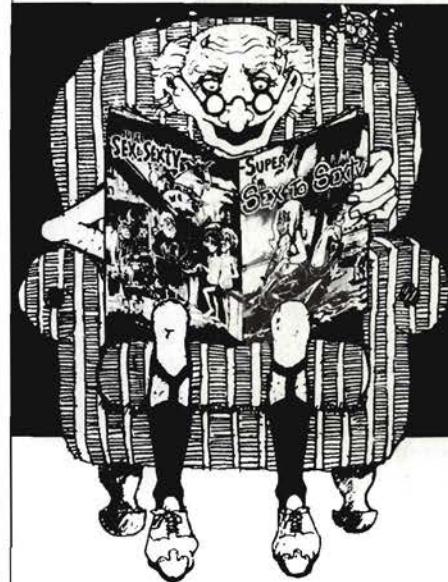
After Odile departed that day for her country home, Melo and I continued having *partouzes* with pickups. We became inseparable buddies. But although we enjoyed these adventures enormously, none of them ever had quite the same intense quality as the one we'd had with Odile.

* * *

Ira had just arrived in Paris. He was telling me about his spiritual and sexual adventures in India, where he had just spent a year on a Fulbright scholarship studying Sanskrit and Yoga. He was a tall, nice-looking Jewish boy from the Bronx, about 22, with sandy blond hair and blue eyes. He was describing the Kumbha Mela, the most important religious festivity in India, which occurs every 12 years:

"I saw the sacred confluence of two rivers, the Ganges or Ganga and the Jumna or Yamuna (in Sanskrit), with a third imaginary or invisible underground river called the Sarasvati. On

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the sandy banks where the rivers meet are hundreds of tens and millions of people. Sometimes there are stampedes on the auspicious day, and many die trying to reach the sacred mixing place of the two (or three) rivers. The Ganges is muddy and full of silt; the Jumna is perfectly clear; the Sarasvati is invisible.

"Some come naked on elephants, carrying tridents—or they may be wearing leopard skins—these are called *nagas*, followers of Siva. They are traditionally the guards of the *sannyasi* hermitages. The Nath yogis have pierced ears with wooden earrings. I saw one huge 300-pound yogi, stark naked, with the most enormous wang, wearing a lock and chain on his balls. The chains were incredibly large and heavy. This was to discourage anybody from groping him! He had long hair smeared with ash and wound around his head—like old-fashioned pottery.

"He was walking toward the river, and coming toward him was a whole group of Indian nuns in white, heavy-linen saris—they never looked at him; they walked with downcast eyes. They're tough, those bitches! I know because I finally stayed with 'em, the nuns. They're really pure; they've got higher things on their minds. They're not gonna waste it on some shmuck, ya dig?

"There's incense all over on the big day—loudspeakers, policemen on horseback to tell people where to walk so they don't trample one another. Each year thousands used to get killed in this way. The whole thing is like a fair, a circus.

"When I was in the river participating in the ritual with my guru I saw a corpse float by. I didn't know what it was, only that something very white, which looked like wood, was drifting on the surface. I asked my guru what it could be, and he said, 'It's a corpse; what do you think it is?'"

"The Hindus are too poor to burn dead bodies completely—that costs money. So they burn them a little, just enough to fry the skin, and throw 'em into the river. The body came downstream. It must have floated all the way down from Benares, where they have all the cremation grounds. At that moment I thought of the four great sorrows: birth, disease, old age and death. My master was swallowing palmfuls of the water and, man, when I saw this I sort of wanted to avoid *that* part of the ceremony. But he gave me a look, almost as if he knew what was in my mind, and held out his cupped palms for me to drink, and I drank three times. All the diseases of the world were being dunked

in that water, and there I was, standing naked and drinking.

"Well, nothing happened to me. The guru was at my side. I had the shits for a few days afterwards, nothing worse.

"I stayed at the ashram six months. I was really serious. I mean, I was a very good boy. Had no thoughts other than those required for training myself in strict Yoga. I wore a beard, untrimmed, that went down to my navel. It had a fork in it, because of the cleft in my chin. And I wore a *kopin*, that's a loincloth, and nothing else. Six months without screwing or touching myself. Have you ever done that? Ya know, it's true—if you observe all the rules like that long enough, you get incredible power; your sexual force rises up through the spine, through the seven *chakras* (the nervous centers). Things start happening in your head. The third eye begins to flutter and one day it may open, if only for a split second—but that's all you need. Once that happens, you know everything. The veils fall, and you really *see!* You can prophesy, control your heart and blood circulation, walk on hot coals, sleep on nails, tame tigers, levitate, go without sleep, *anything*. That's when you become a magician, able to work so-called miracles. *Jarna, vyadh, budha-pan, maut*—birth, disease, old age, death—they're all conquered, so to speak. Transcended while you're still alive. You know the sorrows for what they are—*maya*, or illusion, a lower order of matter and nature, perpetuated by conditioning.

"Of course, there are black magicians too. The Nath yogis. Man, they're really evil! Those are the guys who can turn themselves into any form they want, to eat whatever they want when they're hungry. If there's garbage and all kinds of shit on the ground, they turn themselves into pigs and root around gobbling it up. If there's raw meat they become tigers and tear the burning meat from the burial grounds. Everybody fears these bastards and runs like hell when they see them coming.

"When I left the ashram I stayed in Bihar, at the house of a retired postmaster general called Chatterji. He was an old man, with many titles, who had been a cocksman and lived now with only a servant. He wore a pith helmet and spent his time translating a commentary of my guru on the Yoga sutras. I had a room for myself where I sat and practiced, mostly at controlling the senses.

"There was a girl from across the street, called Mamata, a very pretty chick with large brown eyes and silky black hair, who used to come over and help with the housework. The first night

she came I was sitting there—I didn't look at her eyes—and she touched our feet in salutation, calling the old man Tata. I excused myself and went back to my room.

"The next night (she had planned it) I heard her in the room. She had a Bengali lisp. When I walked in she was standing there, and our eyes met. She didn't lower her eyes. This time I stayed. But when Chatterji went to bed I excused myself again. As I was leaving she made a movement towards a chair, and our hands met. We stood there like that, touching and squeezing each other's hands. Six months of dominating the flesh went down the drain as my penis, which suddenly appeared to have a life of its own, no longer a recognizable part of me, stood up like a steel ramrod, shot off in my loincloth, soaking it entirely, and still refused to go down. In fact, it seemed harder than ever. She didn't fail to notice.

"I slipped both arms around her waist and pulled her to me, pressing hard against her. Her odor intoxicated my senses, which had for so long gone without the animal smell of hair and skin. I was surprised when she responded without the slightest resistance, which is unusual for Indian girls, as far as I know, and hungrily returned my kisses. She pulled my head down to her mouth, her pupils wide and staring, and made a gentle hissing sound. She had placed one foot on mine, and the next thing I knew she wound the other around my thigh, both arms clasping my neck, as if to climb me like a tree. I had all I could do to keep from coming a second time.

"I reached down and grabbed her by the ass. She bolted as if she had received an electric shock. In a second I was carrying her like a baby monkey into my room, her legs around my hips as I held her up by the ass. Our mouths were glued together into one mouth. She dug her nails into the back of my neck like a cat. Both my thumbs were pressed against her yoni, which I was rubbing so hard that I pushed her underdrawers into the dripping wetness.

"We tumbled onto the bed, still locked together. I was tearing at her clothes and had slipped off her drawers and my *kopin* and then we were stark naked. In the candlelight I could see her full, round breasts with black nipples. I spread her thighs wide open until her knees were against her chest. Her cunt was enormous—an elephant woman! Her glazed eyes were staring hungrily at my prick, which had never been stiffer and more swollen in my life—eight fat inches with a giant bullet head. The

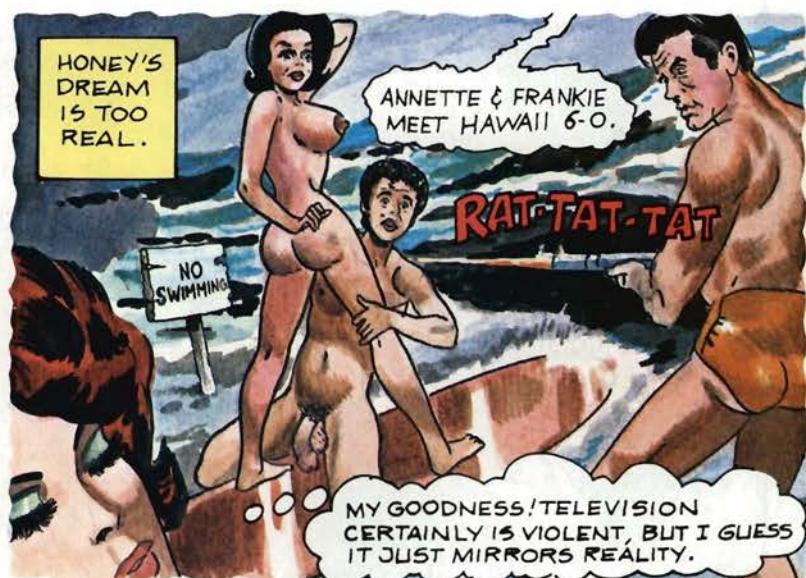
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Honey

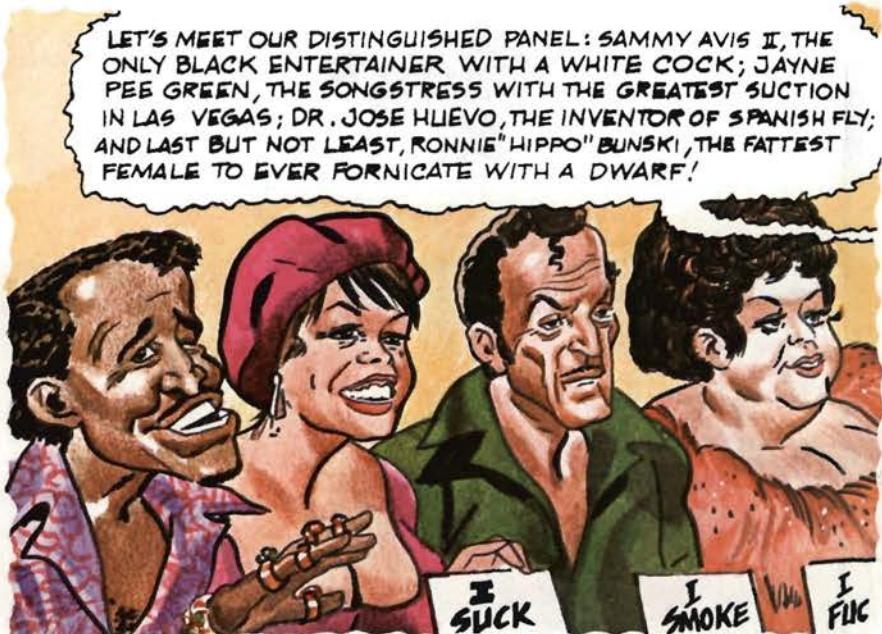
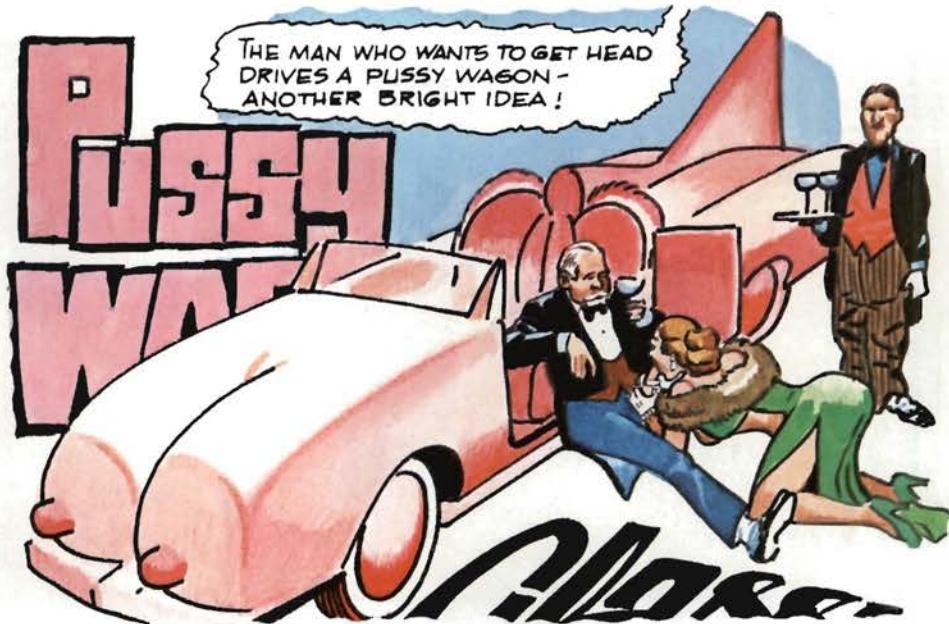
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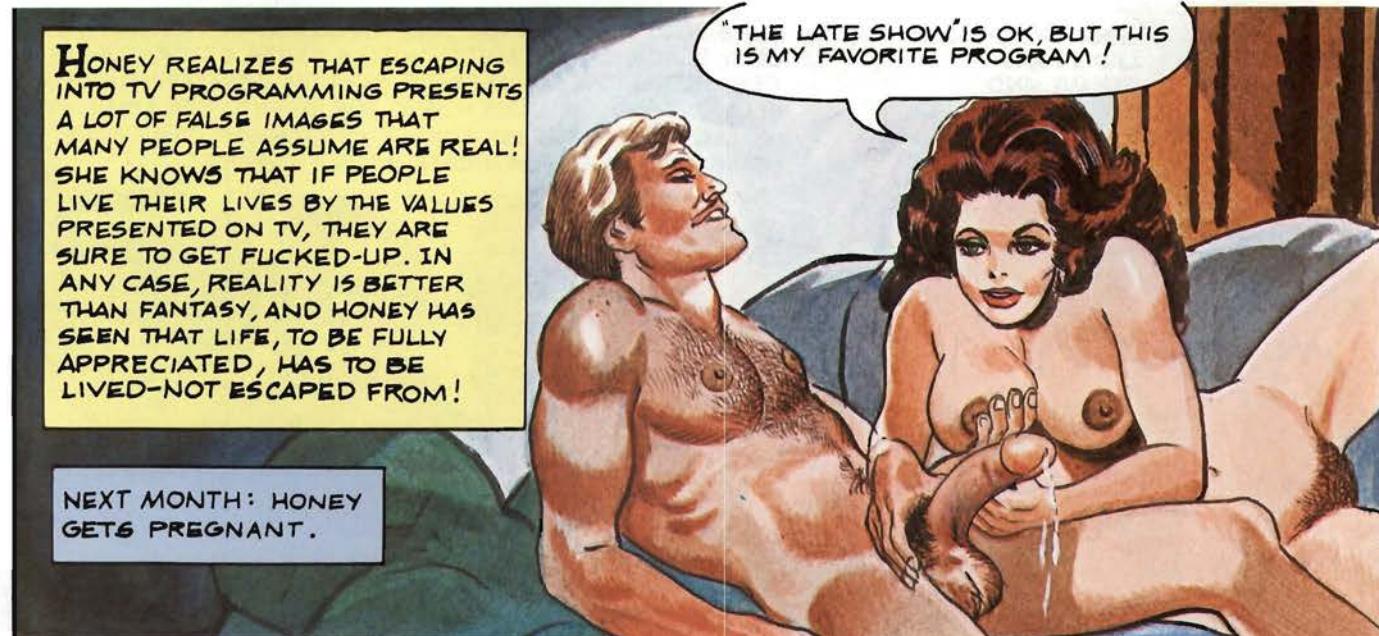
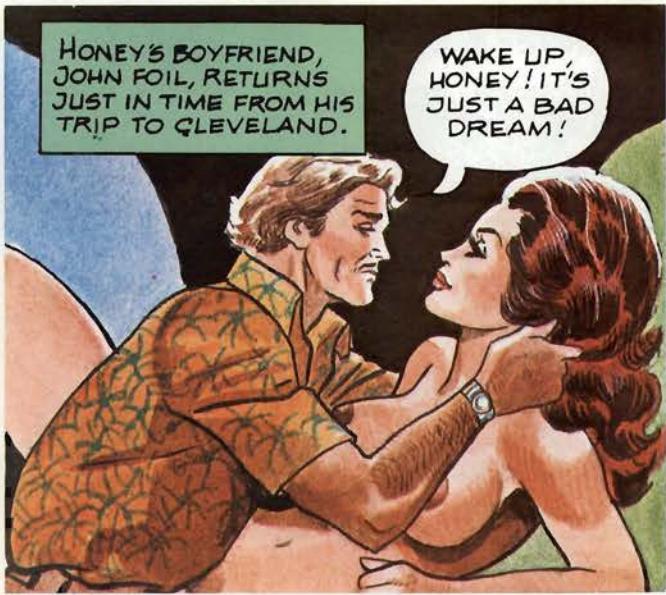
With Honey no longer a hooker and her boyfriend out of town, Honey and Token resort to watching television.

PLEASE TURN ON THE TV, TOKEN! MAYBE IT'LL GET MY MIND OFF SEX!









PARISIAN NIGHTS

(continued from page 116)

horse/lingam and the elephant/yoni about to join in equal union—just like the *Kama Sutra*! I couldn't wait. I shut my eyes and rammed the head of my lingam between the hot, juicy lips of her dark yoni with a swift thrust, feeling her whole body shudder as I entered. I continued forcefully, hitting bottom and staying there. We both emitted a sighing groan of pure ecstasy.

"I allowed my cock to rest in her for several minutes while I fucked her mouth with my tongue, which was as rigid as my cock. Her burning lips clasped and sucked all the while. The muscles of her cunt clamped my cock so hard I felt as if I would never free it again. When these muscles began to contract and expand I lost my senses completely. With a mad moan I felt my brain draining out through my cock as I shot into the deepest recesses of her womb, as if I were trying to squeeze some terminal meaning from my balls.

"Now it may sound incredible, but my cock remained as hard as ever! It simply refused to slacken and grow soft. We lay together about five minutes, nibbling and tonguing each other greedily. She ran her fingers lightly along my back and thighs, reaching under to cup

and weigh my heavy balls. I began to suck and bite her breasts, while with equal passion she dug her nails into my ass and the back of my thighs and pulled my balls as if she would rip them off. This made me ready to go again. I had never withdrawn.

"With a sudden movement, just to cool it, for I intended this time to throw her a fuck she would never forget as long as she lived, I withdrew all the way. She uttered a cry of mortal anguish when my cock pulled out, frantically raising her whole body and pulling me towards her with insane force. But I rigidly tensed all my muscles and raised myself higher in an arch over her so as to avoid entry, teasing her. She flung both thighs around the small of my back in a vise-like grip that was quite painful, from which my only relief was to pierce her again, which I did with slow, deliberate pressure, with only the head of my cock.

"Finally, with tears streaming down her cheeks, she begged me, like a tortured victim impaled at the stake, to stab her, murder her with my cock, to tear her insides apart, only to move, to push and plunge with all my might, to finish her off. I felt a thrill of sadistic power, like a king or a nobleman, a powerful potentate of undisputed importance. I was King and I knew it. I wielded my magic scepter for her to wor-

ship, to die for. Crazy fantasies raced through my brain."

Ira paused.

"What happened?" I cried.

He looked at me with a strange smile but said nothing.

"Oh, no! You're not gonna leave me with a raging hard-on, are you, you bastard? Finish the goddamn story!"

"I was just thinking," said Ira very slowly, "that I can hardly believe it myself, now that it's over. It seems incredible that it happened."

"I oughta shove this up your ass!" I yelled, jumping to my feet and grabbing my stiff prick.

"Hey, wait a minute," he said, laughing. "I didn't mean to get you all upset, man. I was just thinking, you know, about that fantastic experience. Nobody's gonna tell *me* that sex is not a religious experience."

I groaned. "And frustration is hell," I said.

"Don't take it so hard," Ira joked. "After making it with that amazing chick I left India with a great sense of peace and fulfillment. It seemed to climax my study of Yoga. After that I decided that sex is really a form of Yoga, common to everybody if they would only understand it and quit acting like it's dirty and shameful."

"What's shameful and dirty," I said,

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"is frustration. My frustration. I could screw a pig in the ass right now."

"Well, don't look at me, man," said Ira. "I'm not a pig."

"Too bad," I said, taking a step toward him. "But you'll do."

"Not me," said Ira, heading for the door. "I'm Jewish."

Among the more colorful residents at the hotel was a German beatnik called Sasha and, among the less colorful, an uptight young English writer called Peter, who constantly asked me where to score. One day I took Peter upstairs to meet Sasha, who lived in one of the attic ratholes at the top of the long spiral staircase. Heavy beams slanted down over the record player, and there was just enough space for a bed, table and chair, so that two or more people were practically thrown into each other's arms. Sasha had dark brown hair and a bushy beard; there was a terrific smell of feet, socks and armpits. He wore thick-rimmed glasses and looked like a chunky young rabbi. As we entered he greeted us with a broad grin.

"Sit down, baby; find yourself a seat," he said to both of us.

I took the chair, leaving Peter standing stiffly beside me.

"How much shit you want? It's the best—Kamata, you know."

"You mean Katami? From Tangier?"

Sasha's mistake didn't dampen his cheerfulness or slow him down one bit. "I like it better uncut like this. It's better for a joint because more air goes through. You want I should make you a stick chust to try?"

He rolled some of the uncut weed into a fat joint. He handed it over to Peter, who took a deep drag, thrusting his neck and chest forward and straining to get as much smoke as possible into his lungs, looking at that moment very much like a ship's figurehead in a storm. His stiffness and uptightness contrasted strongly with Sasha's complete looseness. Peter passed the joint to me, and I took a drag between tightly compressed lips.

"It's very good," said Peter in his clipped accent.

"How much you want, baby?" asked Sasha, beaming.

"Five mille."

"Good. I gif you seven matchboxes."

He fell upon his job with the energy he threw into everything. First he unstrung the mouth of a plastic bag, then he dipped into it and scattered the weed on the table. He started chopping, not very fine, just enough to make it manageable, and pressed some into a matchbox.

"I see from your accent that you are a

subject of Her Machesty, the Queen," he said.

"Yes," said Peter, "and you?"

"Bavarian, baby. A real genu-vine Kraut. Heh, heh. But I've been everywhere, and I might chust as well be a Chew, a Wandering Chew. All my friends are Chewish. I had lived in Israel. They love me and I love them."

Sasha prided himself on being the embodiment of hip. This was just before the term "hippie" came into existence. Sasha was one of the original ancestors.

"I don't care if one is French or English or black or anything, man. I think maybe one day I will become a Chew chust because I like them. They are great people. I make myself look as Chewish as possible."

His bushy beard was forked, and he could have passed for a muscular, latter-day Moses. In fact, all of a sudden, in his messianic way, Sasha embarked on one of his interminable verbal flights of factual information, goodwill and sheer baloney. He was unstoppable, a long-playing record, stuffing awkward or embarrassed silences with sound. He was really good at this and enjoyed it immensely.

"You know, there are three main kinds of Chews in Israel? The Ashkenazim, who come from Germany and Eastern Europe and speak Yiddish. The Sephardim come from Spain and North Africa; they speak Latino, and they are more or less the stupid ones, thieves and liars. Whereas the Ashkenazim are the professionals, the ones in high places, the intelligence of the country. They both have an ancient aristocracy, man. The Sephardic nobility goes back before Charlemagne. Did you know that? Anyway, the Yemeni are very simple and real; they are peasants, very honest. Maybe that's because they can't read or write. How many matchboxes is it now I made? I forgot the number."

"Four," I said.

"Listen, make yourself comfortable, baby. We got plenty of time. Blow your joint, man. You can play a record if you want."

He went on talking and counting out the boxes, giving Peter a very good count.

I passed up the Beethoven symphonies and stumbled upon *La Ralente* by Henri Michaux, spoken by an actress with appropriate noises supplied by eerie arrangements of drum and wind instruments. The poem spun out weird images like "electric currents shot through my ass and bones"—at least that's what it sounded like to me, as I was already high and my French was pretty surrealistic at this point. Sasha

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counted the stash, and Peter inhaled the joint, which we passed to each other, as if he would sail off through the beams and into the stars.

One of the nameless girls from the hotel appeared, and Sasha said, "Hello, baby. No, don't go away. Don't take your Schonberg record yet. Wait, they wanna hear it, baby. No, sit down and turn on, man. Don't be afraid. I'm a virgin. Heh, heh."

She giggled nervously and took a light puff of the joint as if to show she was a member in good standing. But I could see it was a thing of fear to her, and when Sasha suddenly jumped up in his busy way and took off his pullover and then his shirt, exposing powerful, bare arms and a thick neck, she kept turning her head toward the door like a frightened doe, as if she wanted to run.

"No, no, sit down, baby. Wot's your name? Here, on the bed, next to Uncle Sasha, the Bavarian beatnik. Heh, heh, heh. That's right, baby, great. Don't be afraid."

He patted the bed reassuringly with a big paw while she stood hesitantly for a moment. Then, in a shy, bashful way, she took a seat beside him.

"Ah, that's right, man," crooned Sasha soothingly. "You're among friends. Ain't she, fellows?"

I smiled amiably, and Peter stood like a wooden idol, staring inscrutably at the frightened girl.

"Tell them your name, baby," said Sasha.

"Marie," she said, almost inaudibly.

"Fine," said Sasha. "Now we is all friends."

The presence of the girl, sitting uneasily in the cramped room, lent a sexual tension to the atmosphere. She was Dutch and looked about 18. As grass has a marked aphrodisiacal effect on me, although it does not affect everyone the same way, I began getting highly vivid sensations of an erotic nature. I told myself to cool it, to control this urge. It did no good. The heat of the bodies, their proximity in that tiny space, and the funky smell of armpits, hair, feet and crotches, made me woozy with lust. Sasha, who now looked like Hercules, had hard, bulging muscles but was a very gentle, nonviolent type. Peter was thin and dark and handsome in an old-fashioned Basil Rathbone way. And the girl—well, she was one of those delicate young Flemish types, all pink and white, with a slender beauty that seemed to cry out to be ravished and eaten. Was she, in fact, playing Rapo? I wondered. She seemed to be struggling against her curiosity about sex but playing hard-to-get.

My mind went galloping into a polymorphous fantasy of the four of us, interlaced, interfaced, hardly coming up for air.

Sasha's voice broke into this pleasantly perverted reverie.

"You are a writer too," he said to Peter. "I can see."

"That's right," said Peter.

"Ja. And what have you got to say?"

"I don't know what you mean," said Peter, not losing his English cool.

"You know, man, like what is your right to existence?"

"Just being here, I should imagine," said Peter, totally unimpressed by the German's pseudomystic hype.

"The best thing I heard for anybody's right to existence," said Sasha, "was on the island of Hydra, Greece. We is working the tourists, you know. They come every two hours on the boat, and we live off them. Tony, my friend, he say, 'Man, I sing my song! That's my right to existence.' Ja, that is the best answer I ever heard. Ain't that right, baby? Hey, Marie, what do you say?"

"Uh huh," murmured Marie obediently. She looked like she was afraid of being spanked if she came up with the wrong answer.

It was all I could do to keep from pulling down her blue jeans and turning her over my knee. I took another hit of the joint, now nearly a roach, and got a rush that almost made me pitch forward toward the girl and grab her.

"Who is saying anything important now, huh? Can you answer me that?"

From the hush in the room I realized Sasha was addressing me. I tried to look thoughtful. My brain was scrambled, oozing around with the young bodies in the room.

"Musil," said Sasha. "Have you read Robert Musil? Very important. And Hesse. *Siddhartha*, man."

His voice was coming from somewhere near the ceiling. *Oh, fuck*, I thought. Sasha was going to make one of his mystic literary spiels. All just to impress the girl. I, too, wanted to impress her. But not with my mind. With something a bit more substantial. Yet I knew Sasha was right. *If anything is going to happen, it will have to be through this metaphysical bullshit*, I thought. The only way to impress these honeys nowadays. Sasha knew the score. He never lacked a piece, however occult it all sounded. He made them think they were getting fucked by God. Well, he got them into bed; that's really all that mattered.

"Listen, baby," he was saying when I came down from the rafters. "Do you know what is going on in the world

everywhere? It is like psychic electricity, man. Like Ouspensky and Gurdjieff. Madame Blavatsky. And all over from the East is coming things like Meher Baba and Subud. Something terrific is happening. Here, look, do you know this? *The Lost Continent of Mu*. Wow! A whole continent more advanced than ours sunk under the sea before Atlantis even!"

The girl's eyes were wide as he showed us a book and a sheet of paper covered with symbols which he had neatly copied from the book in India ink. *Everything from India*, I thought, even his goddamn ink. Gurus, ideas, symbols, even his shirts from India. But Sasha was going full-steam-ahead, hypnotizing the girl into passive obedience.

"These symbols occur in every civilization, like the alphabet. Only it is a symbol-alphabet, not chust sounds. Each letter means something, is a phrase, a sentence, telling a story. From Mu and ancient India and Egypt. They all mean something important. Like there is some message, you dig. We gotta get the message or we is fucked, baby. It's no good we go on masturbating and fucking each other. No good, baby."

His words reverberated through my head as if in a cavern with the sea breaking against the cave's mouth. *Masturbation—and—fucking—each—other—no—good—no—good—good—good...*

The girl was nodding as if in time to a steady rhythm, in religious rapture. She was slightly bent over, and Sasha's hand grazed her cheek, her mouth, her ear, sensuously stroking. His other hand was also stroking. Her jeans were down around her ankles, exposing long, white legs, Sasha's hand between them. Her denim shirt was open. His voice droned on with the deep resonance of a Zen monk chanting a sutra. *Good...good...good...*

The girl's head nodded, her body swaying further toward me until we connected. Deep gurgles of infant joy rose from her throat. Peter, on his knees, was handjobbing himself.

"Good...good...good..." Sasha kept intoning, keeping the rhythm, the faith. His fingers worked skillfully, expertly. "Come...to...God...yeah..."

After a wild dervish dance the top of my head blew sky-high, whirling way above the Eiffel Tower. Marie shuddered as she swallowed the holy wine, eyes closed prayerfully. *If this is the third eye, I thought, which opens when the others close, mine must certainly have opened with a bang*. Then three more third eyes opened in a chain reaction, popping off one after another like Chinese firecrackers. 

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